The Saturday Evening
POST
December 31, 1955 — 15¢

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THE GLORY OF THE SEA

By Jan de Hartog

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Having fun is good for you...

Dancing . . . skating . . . fireside dreaming . . . it makes no difference what you enjoy —you need to have fun to relax and get the most out of life.

Feel good so you can enjoy your fun!

Sometimes you don't feel up to fun. And no wonder! After a rough day, you may be sort of all-in, all-over with a headache, upset stomach or a general achy feeling. That's when you should . . .

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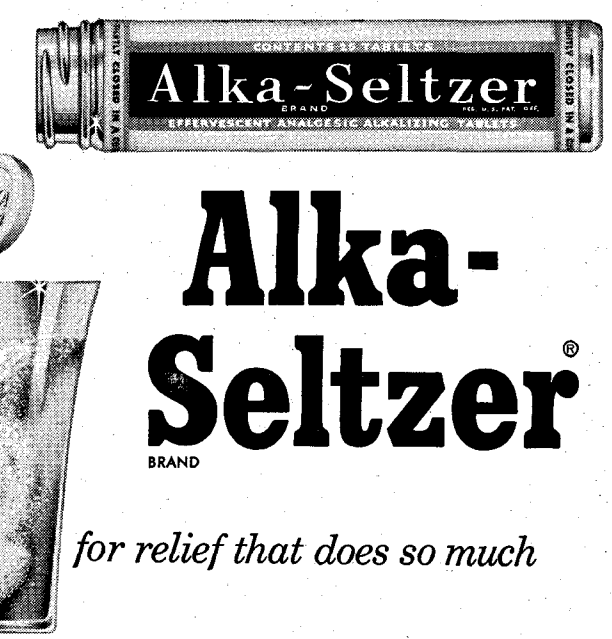
DRINK ALKA-SELTZER to ease the feverish, achy feeling.

FEEL BETTER while you're getting better—keep on taking ALKA-SELTZER as directed for relief in colds.



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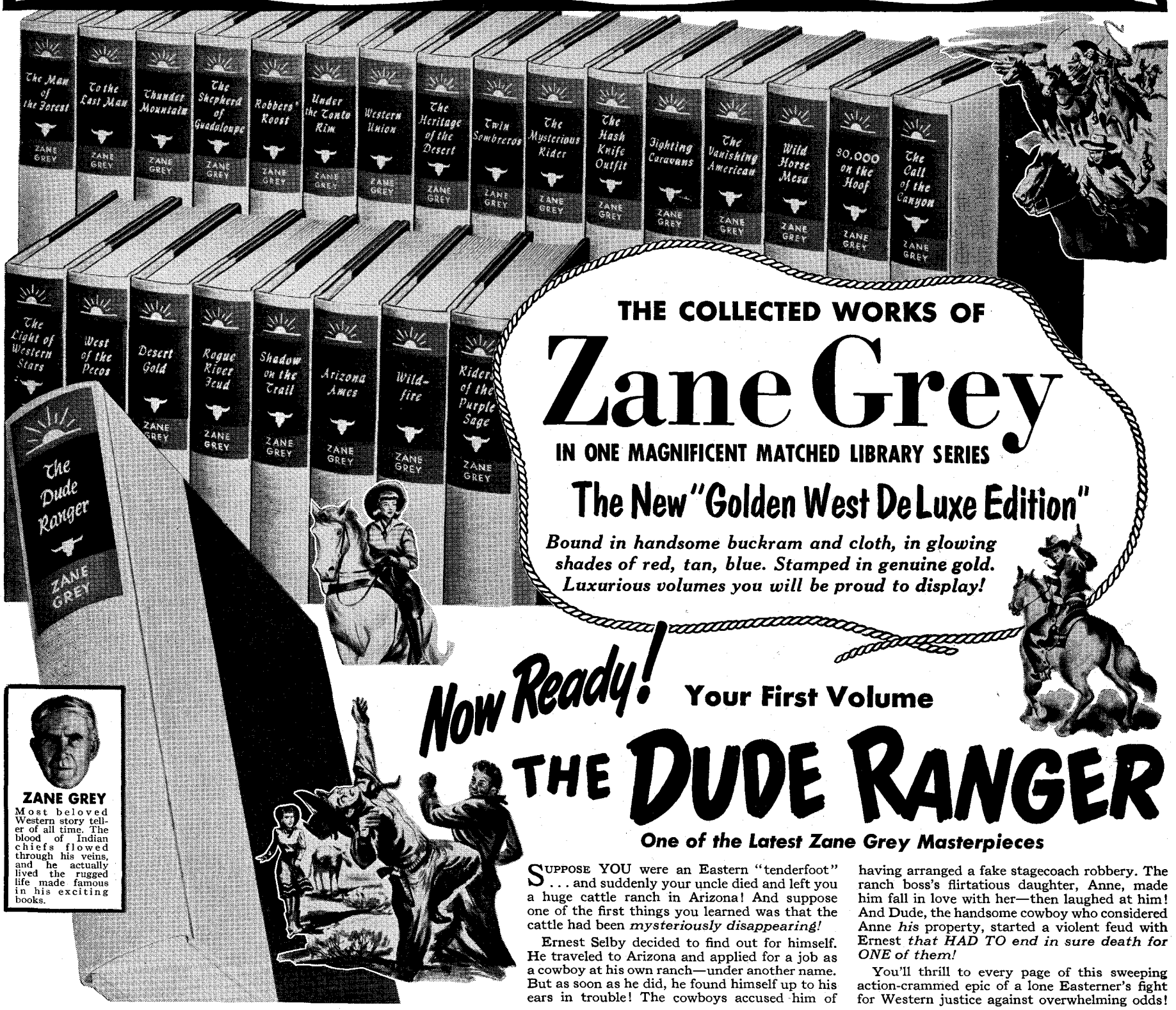

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THE DUDE RANGER

One of the Latest Zane Grey Masterpieces

SUPPOSE YOU were an Eastern "tenderfoot" . . . and suddenly your uncle died and left you a huge cattle ranch in Arizona! And suppose one of the first things you learned was that the cattle had been *mysteriously disappearing!*

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1. **THE DUDE RANGER.** See description above.
2. **RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE.** Brave days of old Utah—drenched with blood of men who gambled their lives for adventure, gold!
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12. **WILD HORSE MESA.** *Panquitch,* the phantom stallion, was a symbol of adventure. A resolute party sets out to capture him, and runs head-on into a storm of intrigue.

The other great volumes, of which space does not permit description, include: 13. THE VANISHING AMERICAN; 14. FIGHTING CARAVANS; 15. THE HASH KNIFE OUTFIT; 16. THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER; 17. TWIN SOMBREROS; 18. THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT; 19. WESTERN UNION; 20. UNDER THE TONTO RIM; 21. ROBBERS' ROOST; 22. SHEPHERD OF GUADALOUPE; 23. THUNDER MOUNTAIN; 24. TO THE LAST MAN; 25. THE MAN OF THE FOREST. Every one is complete—not a thrilling word is cut!

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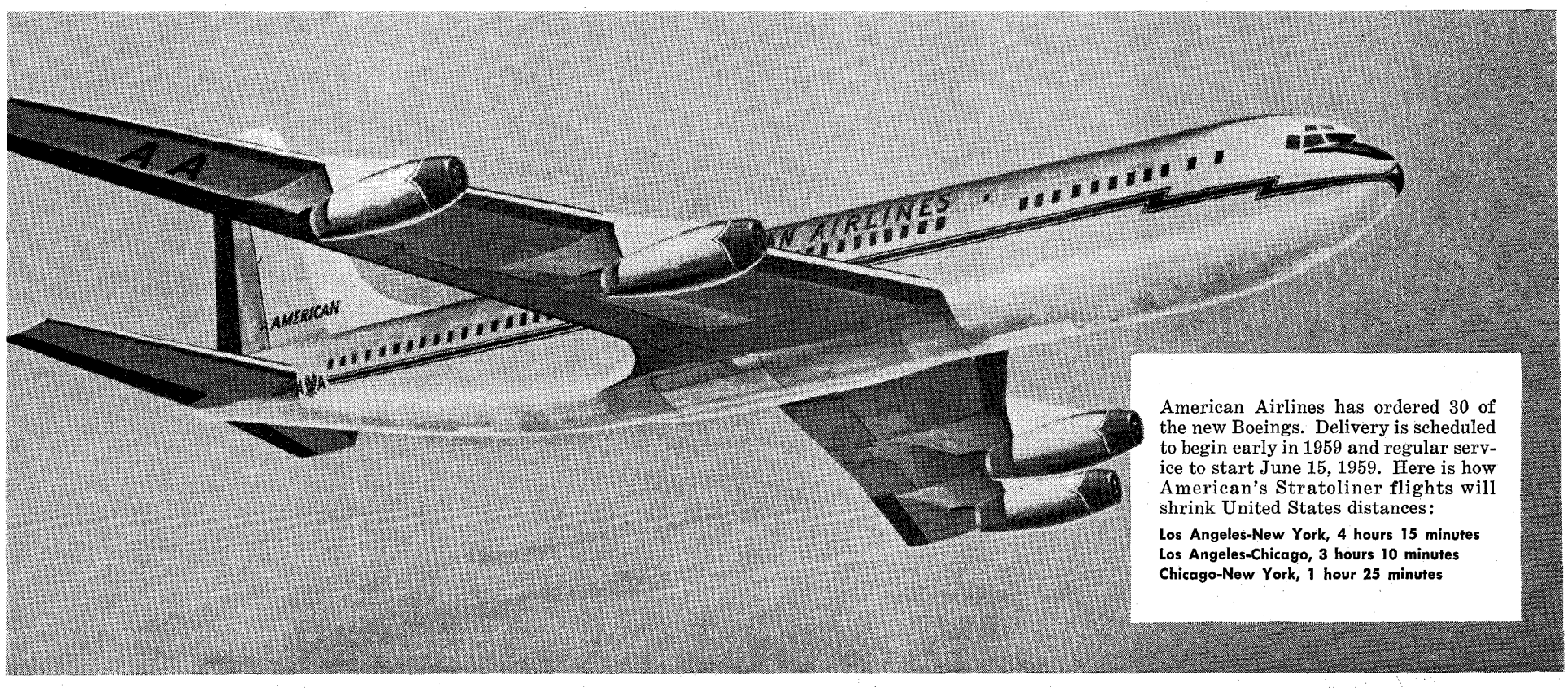
Pan American World Airways has ordered 20 Boeing 707 Stratoliners. First delivery will be made late in 1958. Regularly scheduled service will begin the following spring. Here are some of the amazing flight times Pan American proposes with the new airliner:

New York-Paris, 6 hours 35 minutes
Chicago-London, 6 hours 45 minutes
San Francisco-Tokyo, 12 hours 45 minutes
New York-Buenos Aires, 11 hours 15 minutes

FIRST jet transocean service!



American Airlines has ordered 30 of the new Boeings. Delivery is scheduled to begin early in 1959 and regular service to start June 15, 1959. Here is how American's Stratoliner flights will shrink United States distances:

Los Angeles-New York, 4 hours 15 minutes
Los Angeles-Chicago, 3 hours 10 minutes
Chicago-New York, 1 hour 25 minutes

FIRST jet transcontinental service!

There is only one *first* jet transport in America. It is the Boeing Stratoliner—an airplane with brilliant performance that has already been proved in more than a year of flight-testing. On a recent routine test flight, the Boeing Jet made history by flying from coast to coast *and back* in 8 hours and 6 minutes!

You will be flying in Boeing jet airliners *first* because Boeing was the one manufacturer with the faith and foresight to build a prototype—the "707"—with its own funds.

Behind the Stratoliner is 39 years of leadership in aviation—20 years of building high-altitude pressurized planes—and finally the vast experience Boeing has gained in producing and flying more big multi-jet aircraft than any other company in the world. That background is making the jet transport age a reality.

BOEING Jet Stratoliner

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

It's strange how few men can tie a bow tie without having it look like a stationary pinwheel. Women seldom wear bow ties, yet even a six-year-old woman can approach a man's neck, and swish, swosh—there's the cantankerous rag as neat and debonair as if the factory stapled it that way. Maybe this has something to do with the chemistry of the sexes. Anyway, here you see mamma clothing herself in glamorous blue, and dad in glamorous black, and some time hence, when mamma has finally put on her finishing touches, they'll fare forth upon the town to say howdy to next year. Which seems to call for a toast. So to this pleasant family, to George Hughes who painted them as typical Americans, to you, dear readers—oh, to everybody, everywhere, a wonderfully happy 1956!

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 204 — **The greatest star of the screen!**

Movie biographies have a tendency to be all sweetness and light. Especially is this true when the film is about a living person.

★ ★ ★ ★

Today we report that an electrifyingly frank motion picture has been made of "I'll Cry Tomorrow"—the story of Lillian Roth.

★ ★ ★ ★

Miss Roth's book was so unsparing of herself that it turned into a gripping volume that topped the best sellers.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now, it is an M-G-M film of the same title and with even greater impact!

Often shocking, ultimately inspiring, always fascinating, it stars Susan Hayward as the famed singer who was sitting on top of the entertainment world till she reached for her first drink.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Hayward performance is simply wonderful. Her portrait of a star from Broadway's bright lights to the blackouts on Skid Row and back again is a stunning study of a girl whose strengths ran deeper than her sins.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll see the birth of a great new blues singer, too. For Miss Hayward does her own vocals of ballads and such to-be-belted-out songs as "Red Red Robin" and "Sing You Sinners."

★ ★ ★ ★

Richard Conte etches a brilliant full-length, full-depth characterization of Tony Bardeman, the most frightening man that Lillian Roth met (or married) at the bottom of the bottle.

★ ★ ★ ★

Eddie Albert is superb as the man who had strength enough for two and gave Lillian a reason for living—himself.

★ ★ ★ ★

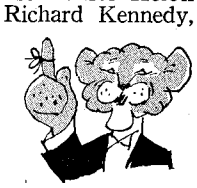
In the demanding role of Katie Roth, the stagemother who traded her child's tender years for the will-of-the-wisp of stardom, Jo Van Fleet is infinitely compassionate. Don Taylor and Ray Danton give forceful performances.

★ ★ ★ ★

"I'll Cry Tomorrow" written by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank, cried out for filming. Now on the screen, truth was never more naked, triumph never more inspiring.

★ ★ ★ ★

Producer Lawrence Weingarten, director Daniel Mann, scenarists Helen Deutsch and Jay Richard Kennedy, and studio M-G-M have magnificently made sure that "I'll Cry Tomorrow" will be remembered for many tomorrows.



—*Leo*

P. S. Hear the songs from "I'll Cry Tomorrow" in the M-G-M Records Album.

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GIVES YOU
MORE
FREE TIME
5 ways
Gas gives you MORE,
Automatically!
MORE ECONOMY. You'll have lower initial cost, lower operating cost and lower up-keep cost year after year with GAS.
MORE FREE TIME because today's gas appliances are completely automatic. You just set them and forget them! New gas ranges cook entire meals automatically while you enjoy carefree leisure.
MORE SPACE FOR LIVING. Compact automatic gas water heaters, heating units, air-conditioners and incinerators can be tucked away in a tiny closet.
MORE SELECTION because GAS gives you a wider variety of makes and sizes of appliances to choose from.
CLEANER, QUIETER HOME because GAS is faster, quieter, cleaner and leaves no dust or smudge on walls and ceilings.
Only GAS gives you all 7 home services
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SEE YOUR DEALER OR GAS COMPANY TODAY AND LEARN HOW MODERN YOUR HOME CAN BE WITH GAS.
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Letters

We Turn Up in Odd Places

Dear Sirs:

. . . As a special correspondent for the Tunisian Dispatch, a daily French newspaper, I . . . travel over both Europe and North Africa quite extensively. I've also seen the Post pop up in some of the weirdest places; like the time I found a Sherpa in Northern Afghanistan thumbing through a battered copy, vintage 1950. Another time in French West Africa I watched some natives argue over a copy of the Post. They, of course, did not speak English or even read it . . . but still they fought for that magazine.

The one place I will always remember seeing your great magazine was in the Soviet prison in East Berlin not too long

ago. I was one of those unfortunate people who was arrested in their sector and accused of spying. Actually I was just looking around at some of the junk they had for sale. . . . During the very gloomy days in my cell I had visions of spending the next twenty years on a slave farm in Siberia. My Russian guard, a big character with a head the size of a thimble, sat down one day just in front of my cage and opened a copy of the Post. To see that magazine just a few feet away, that one link with the good old U.S.A., gave me a big mental lift. . . . I traded him my wrist watch for that issue, which he called, "a lousy propaganda magazine printed by American capitalists." Shortly thereafter an opportunity presented itself . . . [and] I managed to escape back to West Berlin. . . .

DON STARR
Casablanca

Dangerous Cleanser

Dear Sirs:

The interesting article entitled Ever Get Spots on Your Clothes? by Ben and Marie Pearse [Nov. 19] is marred by two or three paragraphs at the end of the article which are extremely dangerous. The statement is made "the most practical, general-purpose, dry-cleaning solvent is carbon tetrachloride," and this sentence occurs in the suggestion that carbon tetrachloride will come in mighty handy in the home for the removal of spots. The authors picked up a report from Doctor Lyle which was addressed to the industry and not to the home. . . .

If any recommendation to the housewife as to its use is to be made, it should be safeguarded with the following precautions:

1. Never buy carbon tetrachloride in quantities larger than one ounce.
2. If at all possible, do the dry cleaning with carbon tetrachloride outdoors.
3. If the cleaning is to be done indoors, open the windows and doors.
4. Hang the material which has been cleaned outdoors until the carbon tetrachloride has evaporated.
5. Use some substitute for carbon tetrachloride.

T. B. MAGATH, M.D.
Rochester, Minn.

Eisenhower Fellowships

Dear Sirs:

A hearty word of commendation for the article in Nov. 26th Post They're Learning About America—John Bird.

The "Eisenhower Fellowships" are the most telling and efficient ammunition for world peace and world uplift that has been conceived so far. . . .

WILL KIRWIN
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

. . . The Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships article . . . is a first-rate piece of writing and it has been presented extremely well editorially.

We are very appreciative of the imagination and effort that went into this story. . . .

J. HAMPTON BARNES,
Executive Director,
Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Wyoming Minister

Dear Sirs:

My sincere appreciation to the editors and to Paul Schubert for the excellent article on The Pastor of Bighorn Basin [Nov. 26]. . . . It warmed my heart to read of the wonderful work being accomplished by the Reverend Mr. Ray Nott and his wife in Northern Wyoming.

ERNEST D. CHRISTIE
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Toward the latter part of the article, a statement reads, "The prosperous, educated and informed people there would be amused and indignant at the very suggestion that they need 'conversion'. . . ."

Allow me to say that those prosperous, educated and informed people will not be amused when the Great Day comes and they try to enter Those Gates without that conversion that they indignantly scorned!

MRS. JOSEPH P. LUTES
Lebanon, Missouri

Dear Sirs:

. . . Paul Schubert's article sort of left the impression that our Bighorn Basin might be rather a desolate, barren, Godforsaken,

(Continued on Page 75)

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THE OPPORTUNITIES

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THE REWARDS

National figures prove that no ordinary store or office jobs provide the income these new openings can offer. Moreover, you establish your own working hours and release yourself from boring routine. In addition, the educational service you will represent provides an actual benefit to others that will bring you daily satisfaction. As a regular employee you will qualify for social security, group insurance, liberal retirement based on profit-sharing. Yet, you actually operate your own business, with no clock to punch or desk to tie you down! Doesn't this sound like the opening you've hoped for?

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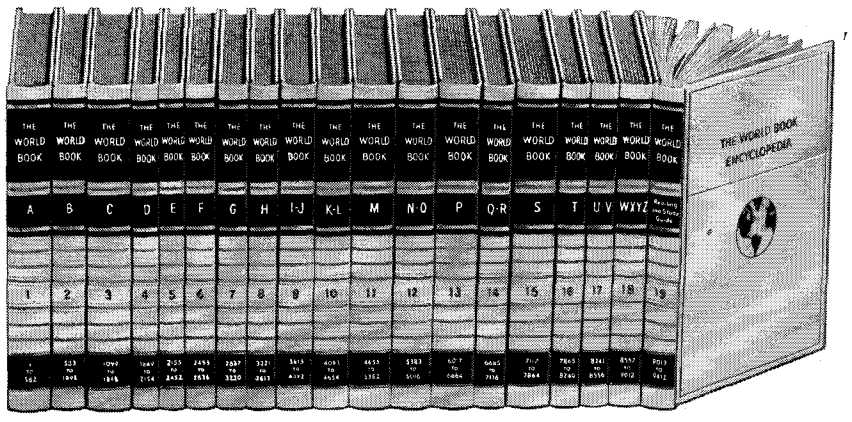

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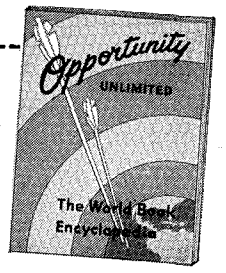

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Editorials

Where's That Bipartisan Foreign Policy?

If the political campaign of 1956 develops along the lines suggested by the 1955 preliminary, it promises to be a confusing affair. A few months ago, the leading Democratic aspirants were twitting the Eisenhower Administration for having taken over the Truman-Acheson foreign policy, lock, stock and barrel. Now these same statesmen are slam-banging into the Eisenhower foreign policy—which they formerly claimed, somewhat superciliously, as their own—with all the energy of a Bill Jenner or a Joe McCarthy.

Apparently, Messrs. Stevenson, Harriman and Kefauver think they have the word from the grass roots that people want more fire in our foreign policy, especially vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. So, instead of attacking the Democrats, who produced the disastrous policy of appeasement, Messrs. Stevenson and Harriman take it out on Ike, who inherited the confusions of the Roosevelt-Truman regimes. Mr. Stevenson characteristically urges "moderation," for which he is contemptuously assailed by the Immoderate Millionaires, Governors Harriman (N.Y.) and "Soapy" Williams (Mich.).

Voters are commonly assumed to have short memories, but not even the stupidest citizen can fail to note that Gov. Averell Harriman, who recently denounced the Geneva conference because the Russians "refused to agree on a single item of substance," is the same Averell Harriman who participated in the Yalta Conference of 1945, where the foundation for the Soviet Union's enormous postwar expansion was laid. It is not recorded that Governor Harriman warned the republic of its danger.

And when we find former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, in his recent book, questioning whether "unconditional surrender as our objective in the last war was wise," it becomes difficult to associate such doubts with his smug thesis that Democratic administrations are more competent in foreign relations than Republican administrations are. "Unconditional surrender" was the contribution of Franklin D. Roosevelt (Dem.). Republicans saw the holes in Yalta from the beginning.

At any rate, the Democratic leaders can't praise the Eisenhower foreign policy as an extension of their own, and in the next breath condemn it as a device of G.O.P. isolationists.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

"Happy New Year, kid, and I'm staying right with you!"

Can Old-Fashioned Taxes Meet Modern Needs?

The last session of the Kansas legislature directed the State Legislative Council and a citizens' advisory committee to make a study of the entire revenue and tax system of the state.

The first report says realistically: "Kansas is now experiencing a period in which changes occur at an accelerated rate. The immediate increases in school population, to say nothing of future projections, stagger even the imaginative mind. Traffic on our highways has already surpassed the estimates set for years still in the future. The growth of industry in urban centers has created problems of providing for additional supplies of water and economy in its use. Lengthening of life expectancy poses additional problems of caring for the aged."

In 1932, 62 per cent of all state expenditures were for the traditional functions of government. By 1954, these accounted for only 27 per cent of the total outlays. The state-highway system now leads the procession of big tax users, with a thirteen-fold increase in twenty-two years. State-operated educational institutions follow with a five-fold increase. Health activities have expanded at a rate about equal to that of education.

Kansas now draws upon most of the familiar sources of state revenues—sales, compensatory use, excise, income and motor vehicle and fuel taxes. However, the report says sharing 40 per cent of its tax collections with local communities is "compelling the state to seek additional resources for direct state operations and services."

The committee's next report on prospects for new sources of revenue should interest other states, most of them in the same fix.

Who Wants Federal School Aid? The Bureaucrats

From the headlines in the newspapers, one might conclude that the participants in the White House Conference on Education had decided that our forty-eight states and thousands of local communities were unable to provide needed school facilities for themselves and that their sole refuge was aid from the Federal Government. Actually, however, the White House Conference, although it did indicate a prevailing opinion in favor of Federal aid, did little to prove that such aid was needed. One of the conference's releases to the press stated it as follows:

"The general consensus was this: No state represented has a demonstrated financial incapacity to build the schools it will need during the next five years. But with the exception of a few states, none . . . has plans which indicate a political determination powerful enough to overcome all of the obstacles."

What this means is that there is no state which cannot afford to build its own schools, but some states are holding back on the measures necessary to provide them. An interesting commentary on why this is so is contained in a little book called Federal Aid to Education—Boon or Bane? published by the American Enterprise Association, Inc., and written by Mr. Roger Freeman, who had a leading part in organizing the White House Conference. Writes Mr. Freeman, "The availability of grants-in-aid (Federal) has led to a weakening of local responsibility and effort, and in turn to a failure to use local taxing powers adequately."

Why, then, the unceasing efforts of organized education leaders to persuade us that our school systems will collapse unless Federal aid is forthcoming? The probable answer is that, just as the trader was supposed to follow the missionary, so a new Federal bureaucracy will inevitably follow Federal appropriations for local education. This seems to explain the drive for this proposal in the face of all the common-sense evidence against it. THE END

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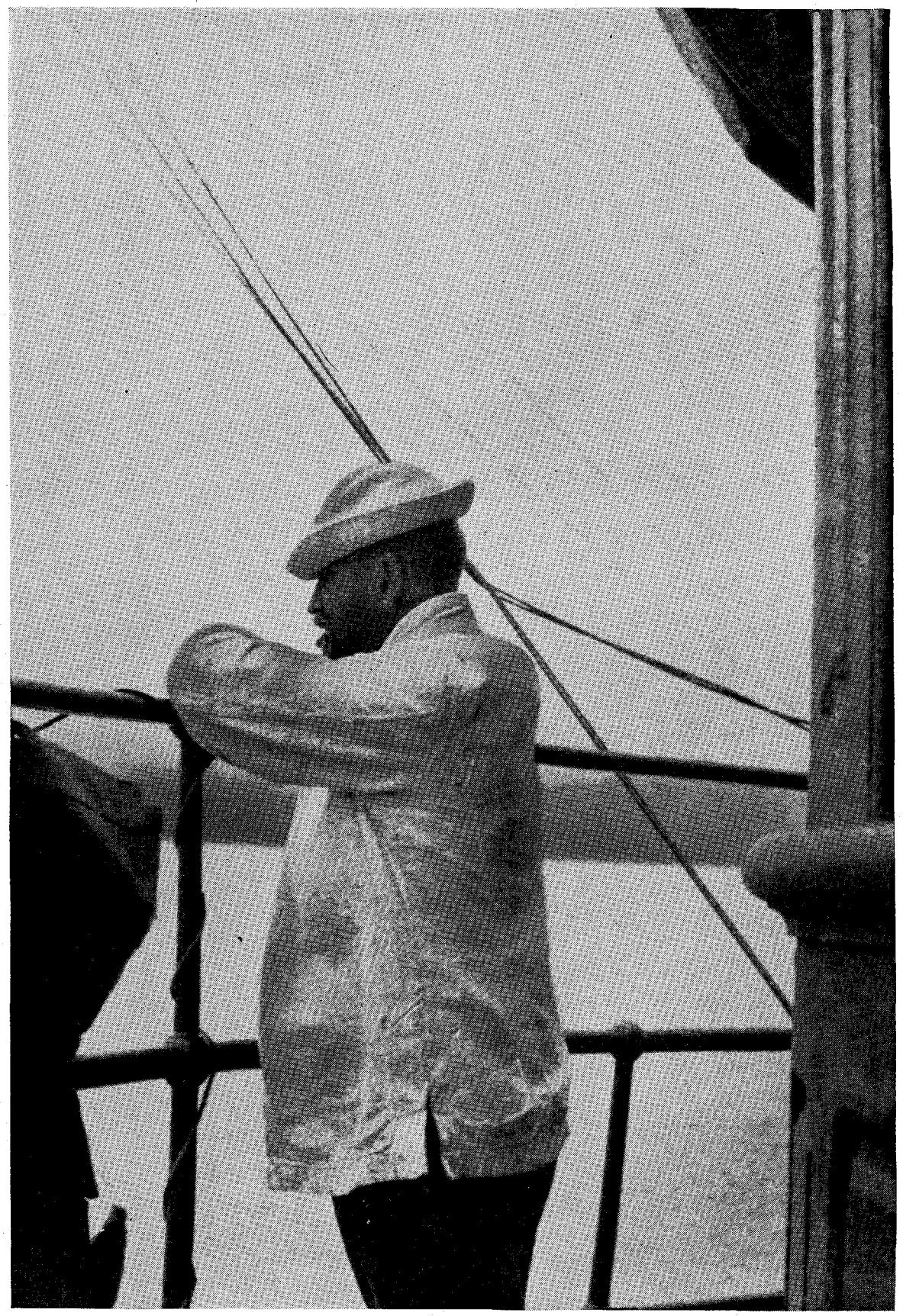
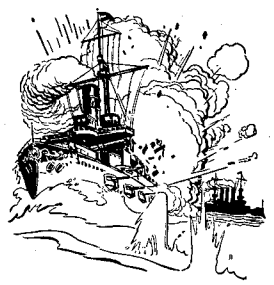


"Those poor devils are dying"

Mustachioed, bulky and calm, Jack Philip stood on the bridge, watching his gunners pour fire into the Spanish men-of-war fleeing Santiago harbor.

A few days before, when another American ship had accidentally fired at the *Texas*, Philip had signalled: "Thanks, good line, but a little over."



Now enemy shells were whistling over his head from desperate vessels doomed to destruction. As the *Texas* raced past the flaming, riddled hulk of the *Vizcaya*, that Spanish battleship exploded.

Instantly, a great victorious shout sprang up on the *Texas*. But Philip quickly silenced it:

"Don't cheer, men; those poor devils are dying."

A bold captain who ran a happy ship, Jack Philip was something of a friendly hero to his men. But this one sentence, more than all his bravery, made him a hero of the Spanish-American War to millions.

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...headquarters for Aluminum Brass Copper

To you, Mr. and Mrs. America, the name Revere means Revere Ware Copper-Clad Stainless Steel Cooking Utensils. More than likely you have some of these utensils hanging in your kitchen.

What you may not know is that among the manufacturers of America the name Revere is equally well-known for its mill products and semi-manufactured products of copper, brass and other copper base alloys, and aluminum alloys, steel and other metals.

You will find Revere Copper Water Tube, which is sold through distributors, in radiant panel heating systems, hot and cold water lines, air conditioning and industrial processing lines, waste, stack and vent lines. Other Revere Products are fabricated into literally thousands of different items by manufacturers which reach you in the form of the radiator in your car, water heaters, ash trays, lamps, chafing dishes, safety razors, silverware, cameras, vacuum cleaners, even the brass tip on the lead pencil you use. In fact it is safe to say that every day of your life in some way you are being served by a Revere Product. There is no way for you to tell that there is a Revere Metal in your air conditioner, in your door chime or alarm clock, but Revere is there, incognito, helping to make your life a more enjoyable one.

For Revere not only furnishes the manufacturers of America with metals it also "gets into the act" production-wise through its Technical Advisory Service. It is this service that has made Revere, not a mere purveyor of metals, but an American institution. This in turn means that indirectly Revere helps bring you better, more economical and efficient products. Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, *Founded by Paul Revere in 1801*; 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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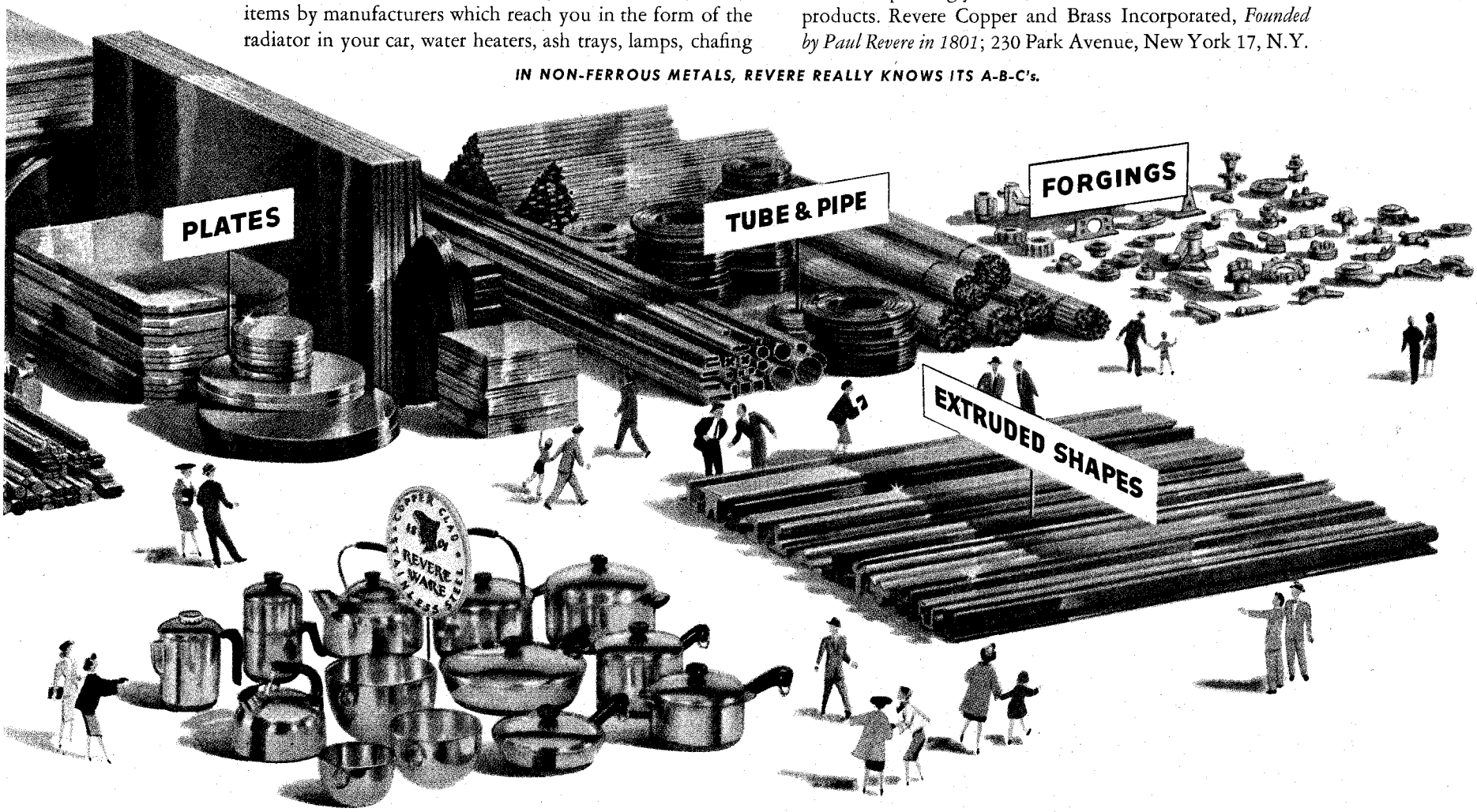

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I make a product that has made a name for itself—and I'm proud of it. What's more, I'm always working to make it better. That's my responsibility *and* my satisfaction—to manufacture *quality* that will always satisfy those who buy my goods."

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The best way I know to make my customers my *friends* is to sell brands that have made a name for themselves. A shopper just naturally feels more comfortable buying a brand that has known quality, proved value. And *I* feel more comfortable letting her walk out with it. I know she'll be satisfied—and be back again."

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN PHILADELPHIA 1821

Those Smug, Smug Russians

Vacationing at a former czarist palace near Yalta, these happy comrades are convinced no westerner ever had it so good.

A correspondent recently returned from Moscow reports on a fantastic Kremlin achievement: They've persuaded the people to believe all that stuff.

By STEWART ALSOP

First of Two Parts

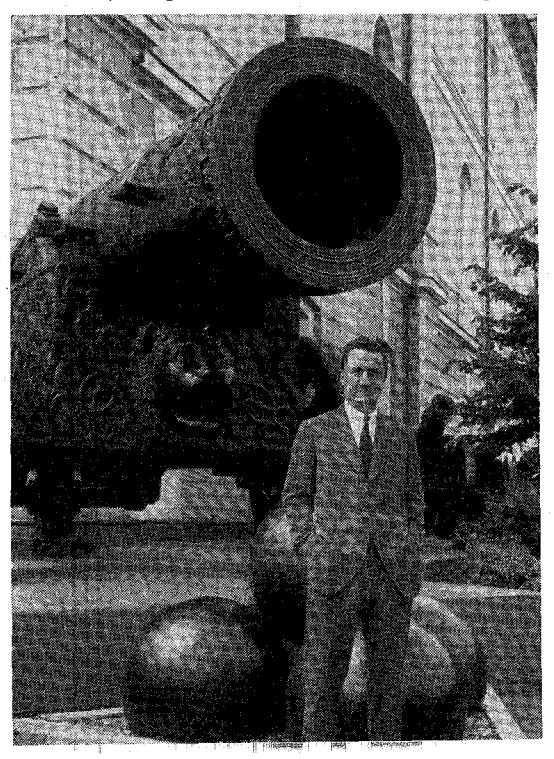
The Russians are nice people, except that they are intolerably smug. They are very inquisitive people. They like to gather round an American and look at him with the unblinking, open stare of childhood, and ask him all sorts of highly personal questions. But they are almost always very courteous. They have an old-fashioned, ceremonial politeness, like country people long isolated from the great world.

Indeed, there is an old-fashionedness about the Russians, especially about the young people, which has a special charm. The girls are very demure. They wear no lipstick, and they often braid their hair in long pigtails, like small-town girls in America a couple of generations ago. The boys and young men are well behaved, and respectful toward their elders.

But the Russians are also smug—especially the young people. They are unbearably, infuriatingly smug, and this built-in smugness makes an almost impenetrable ideological curtain between the Soviet people and a visiting American. On a recent visit to the Soviet Union, I was struck again and again by this phenomenon of Soviet smugness, and it seems to me an important phenomenon, which Americans ought to understand.

Take, for example, my visit to the steel factory near Dnepropetrovsk. Dnepropetrovsk, an industrial town in the Southern Ukraine, is rather off the beaten track for foreigners, and there is no Intourist bureau there. So Alexei Alexeyvitch, chief of the Cultural Department of the City Council, a very big man in very baggy pants, was told off to take care of me. As

The author in Moscow. "The Soviet citizen has been successfully taught to love his chains," he reports.



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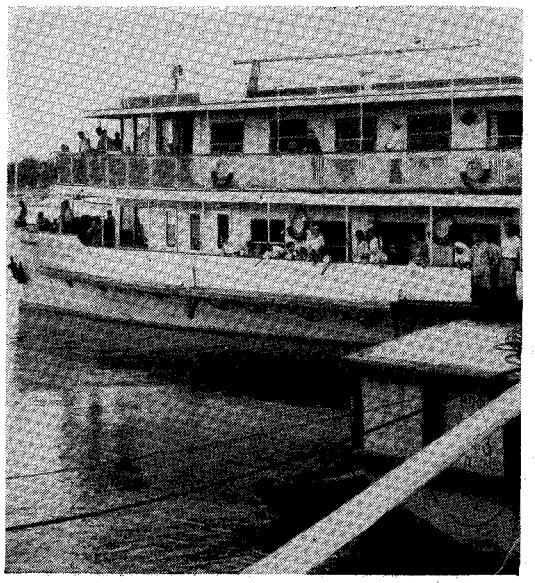
his resounding title suggests, Alexei Alexeyvitch is the local propaganda expert. He took his duties seriously.

After much consultation and confusion—there is always much consultation and confusion before anything gets done in Russia—Alexei Alexeyvitch piled me and my interpreter, Victor, into a small Pobeda car and we took off for the steel factory. The cobbled road was really remarkably rough, and we all bounced around in the Pobeda like Mexican jumping beans, but this did not deter Alexei Alexeyvitch. He propagandized furiously, in a loud voice, every inch of the way, pointing to empty spaces where playgrounds for workers' children, schools and apartment buildings, art centers and parks of culture and rest were to be built in the future—there is always a heavy accent on the future in Russian propaganda.

As we got farther out of town, we began to pass rows of tiny, whitewashed houses. This



The river boat on which the author took a two-day excursion with vacationing, pajama-clad Russians.

was Soviet suburbia, or the closest thing to suburbia in the Soviet Union. It was like a parody of an American suburb. There was the familiar suburban forest of television aerials—there is a lot of television in Russia. But the houses were smaller than even the tiniest "rambler" in a cheap American development, and they looked a good deal like peasant huts. There is no such thing as a lawn mower in the Soviet Union, so where the lawns would have been in an American suburb there were thick messy bunches of sunflowers—Soviet citizens, especially in the Ukraine, have a passion for chewing sunflower seeds.

The occupants of these tiny houses undoubtedly belonged to Dnepropetrovsk's small, privileged managerial class—a whole house for one family is the ultimate luxury in the Soviet Union. This was Dnepropetrovsk's Lake Forest or upper Westchester, and Alexei Alexeyvitch obviously expected me to be duly

What the Russians Believe About America

Soviet citizens offer this June, 1950, photograph as "proof" that John Foster Dulles ordered the Korean war. It shows Dulles in a trench in South Korea, which he happened to visit just before the Red invasion.

Elliott Roosevelt wrote a fatuous, pro-Soviet book called As He Saw It, in 1946. The Russians accept Elliott's nonsense as gospel.

The Russian magazine called Crocodile depicts U. S. workers as underfed, unemployed, and suppressed by Wall Street's police.

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Muscovites admire the latest in Soviet fashions. Few women can afford such frocks, however, as they cost the average worker more than 100 hours' pay.

Women laborers along the Crimean coast. Life under the Kremlin bosses is harsh by our standards, but few Russians have known better times.

impressed. To drive the impression home, he delivered his propaganda master stroke.

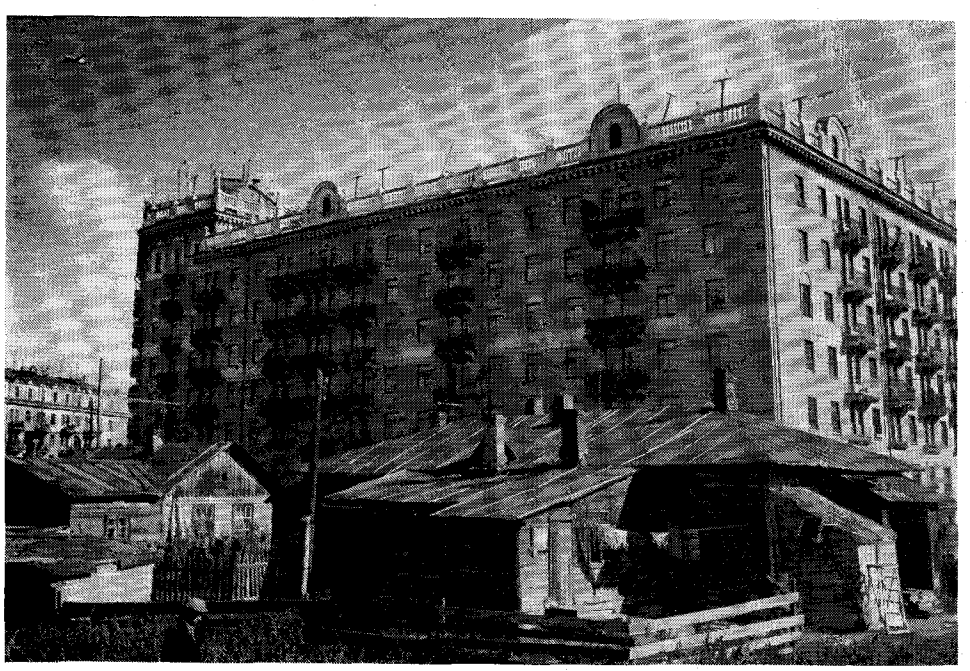
Any Soviet citizen, he said, could buy such a fine house, thanks to a wonderful new arrangement with the state. The citizen need only save a little money, a fraction of the price of the house. He gave this sum to the state, and then the state let him pay the rest over a period of years—even as long as ten years—charging him a small rate of interest. At the end of the period of years the citizen would actually own the house. Was this not a remarkable system?

I said that most Americans bought houses in the same way, sometimes taking up to thirty years to pay for them. When I said this, I saw Alexei Alexeyvitch and Victor look at each other, and then grin and wink. By this time I had been in the Soviet Union for three weeks, and I knew what the grin and the wink meant. They meant: "Poor fellow, he is lying, of course, but it is for patriotic reasons, and we must not blame him."

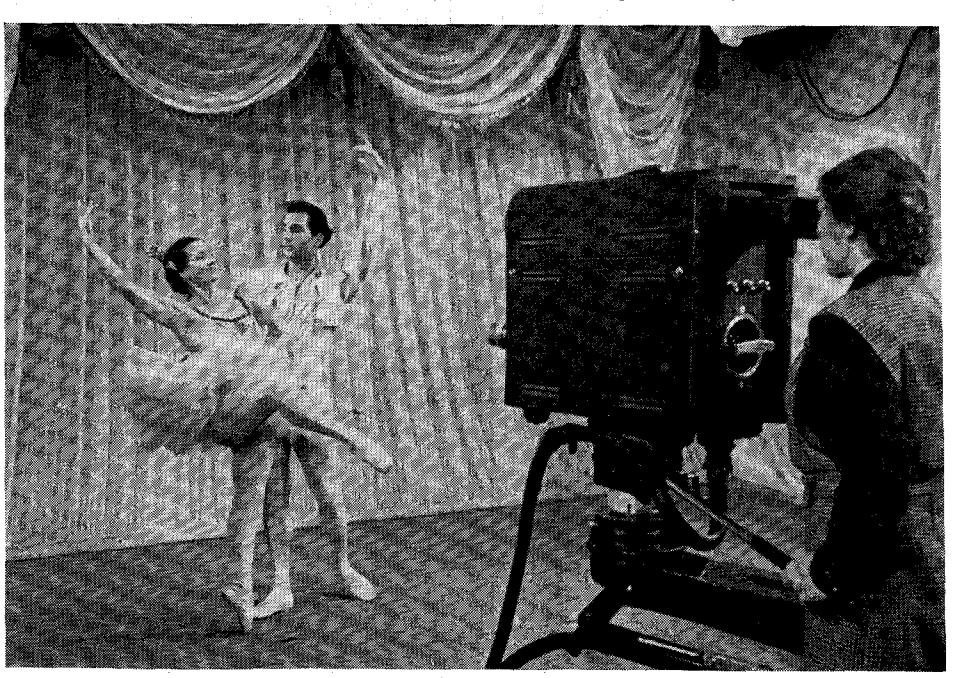
Alexei Alexeyvitch, with an occasional assist from Victor, himself no slouch as a propagandist, was still propagandizing busily when we got to the factory. We were ushered into the large, ugly, paneled office of the factory manager, a portly bull-necked fellow in a white linen coat. The white linen coat is the trade-mark of the new managerial class in the Soviet Union—it is as symbolic as the top hat in communist cartoons of capitalists. The portly manager led the way on a tour of the factory, followed by a cortege of lesser wearers of the white linen coat.

We passed the inevitable huge statue of Stalin looking stern, and the inevitable vast white-on-red signs—PEACE TO THE WORLD, and YOU HAVE PROMISED (Continued on Page 66)

TV aerials sprout from a Moscow apartment house, set next to shacks.



Ballet is one field in which the Russians are as good as they claim.



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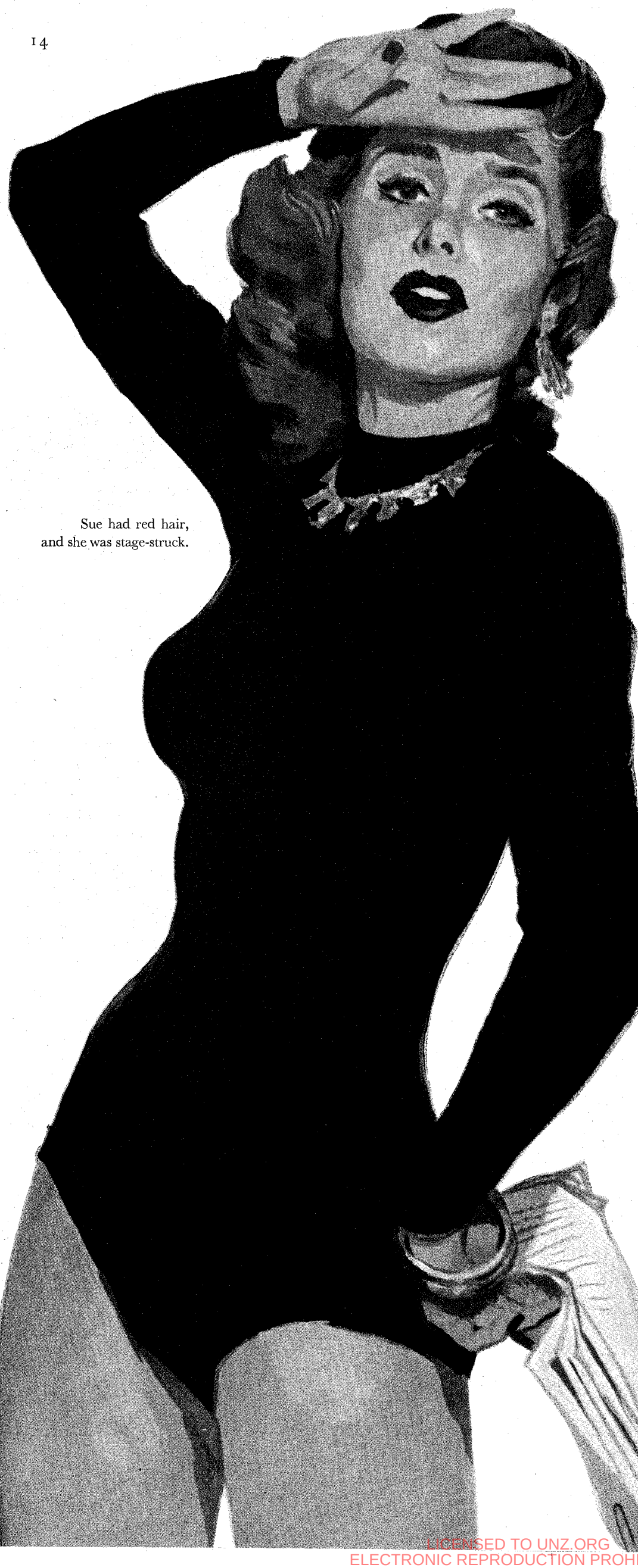

Sue had red hair,
and she was stage-struck.

Marilyn was glamorous
and divorced.

The storm had blown the FOR SALE sign down. Mrs. Midford was in the act of lifting it to nail it back in place when a voice behind her said, "Here. Let me help you with that."

She turned, startled. A young man with a craggy face, and the Cassian lean-and-hungry look, was standing at the dilapidated gate. "I'm from the university. You called for someone to mow the grass."

"Oh, yes. The lawn mower's in the barn." He looked a little old for a student, she thought. But perhaps a veteran ——

He came forward, smiling. He took the hammer and nails from her, and in a moment had the sign back in place. "It's a nice house, Mrs. Midford. Too bad you have to sell it."

They both looked up the long, sloping lawn at the house. It was low and snug, built on three levels up and into the side of the hill. The branches of the trees swept its pointed gables, which had steep slate roofs and little windows that winked in the midmorning sun. "Perhaps I can't sell it. It's been on the market a year, and nobody's even come to look at it."

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Ruth was sophisticated.
Her friends were artistic.

Mrs. Blenkham and Miss Harrid agreed that the whole affair was shocking.

There were scandalous goings on in the old house on the hill.

The whole town was whispering about

Those Midford Girls

Beginning an unusual novel, in three parts, By BARBARA J. HUNT

"It's the sort of place I'd like myself—someday." He grinned at her. "Right now I haven't got a dime. But if you'd like to hang on for a while ——"

"I can't. Now that I'm all alone—my daughters living in New York and Boston—— After all," she added defensively, "it has fourteen rooms."

"That wouldn't bother me a bit. Anyhow, it looks as if you've got a prospect after all." He nodded toward the corner of the house, where an ancient, Yankee-looking man was picking his way through the tall grass.

"Oh, that's only Israel Page," said Mrs. Midford. "Everybody says he's on a ten-hour pass from the cemetery, but he's still the best real-estate salesman in town."

"Then what have you got to worry about?" said the young man, starting off toward the barn.

She went to meet Mr. Page, wondering what was on his mind now, and marveling at his antique vigor. She couldn't remember when he'd been anything but old, and she flattered herself that she could remember a good deal, for she was slightly over fifty. That was her way of putting it—slightly over fifty.

"Brought a customer for you, Myra." His face creased into gnomelike wrinkles when he smiled.

"Not really!"

"Yep. He's around back. Thought I'd just step up and warn you."

"Warn me?"

"Um. He's a chap from Boston. Little difficult to do business with. He's on a higher plane. Think we might get twelve thousand out of him, though."

"Oh, no! Ten thousand is all we can possibly ——"

"This chap is no ordinary mortal, Myra. Wouldn't be surprised if Boston is spitting him out. Hard to say, though. Boston can put up with almost anything these days. It's gone downhill something terrible since I was a boy."

Mrs. Midford had a strange sense of misgiving, considering how much she wanted to sell the house and move down to Florida and bask under palm trees. "Perhaps I'd better go inside and let you ——"

But it was too late. The prospect was already approaching them. Mrs. Midford's lips parted slightly as she stared at him. He was grotesquely tall, and thin as the shadow of a skeleton. His skin was the color of horse chestnuts, and he wore a turban decorated with what looked like a three-inch piece of green bottle glass. He also wore a tattletale-gray sheet draped loosely around himself, and when he stepped onto the old brick walk, Mrs. Midford saw that he was barefooted.

She cast a frantic glance at Mr. Page, but he was staring in fascination at the oncoming swami, whose small black eyes were fastened upon Mrs. Midford in a hypnotic stare.

When he was ten feet from her, he raised his arms and said in a stentorian voice, "Oom, oom, oom!"

She found her tongue. "How do you do, Mr.—er ——"

"Chandra Krishna," said Mr. Page. "The White Lama of the Brotherhood of Astral Light, Myra."

"Tibetan Chapter," said Mr. Krishna modestly.

(Continued on Page 63)

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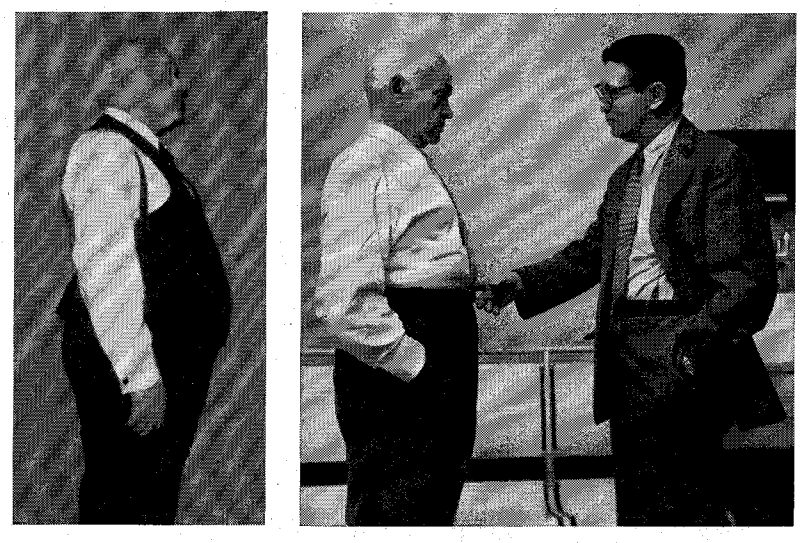
In his New York City clinics, Dr. Norman Jolliffe melts down fat without drugs, without violent exercises, without starvation diets. And it's all for free!

HE CUTS PEOPLE DOWN TO SIZE

By W. D. MOGERMAN



Reuben Rosenberg at the start of his battle with calories (left, 212¾), and seven months later (180) with Doctor Jolliffe, also a former heavyweight.

A tall, heavy man rose from his chair in the crowded waiting room of one of the free Obesity Clinics in New York and politely surrendered his place to a woman who looked even heavier. Then he went out and stood in the hall among the overflow patients.

"I know exactly how she feels, with all that weight on her feet," he explained. "I used to be that big myself."

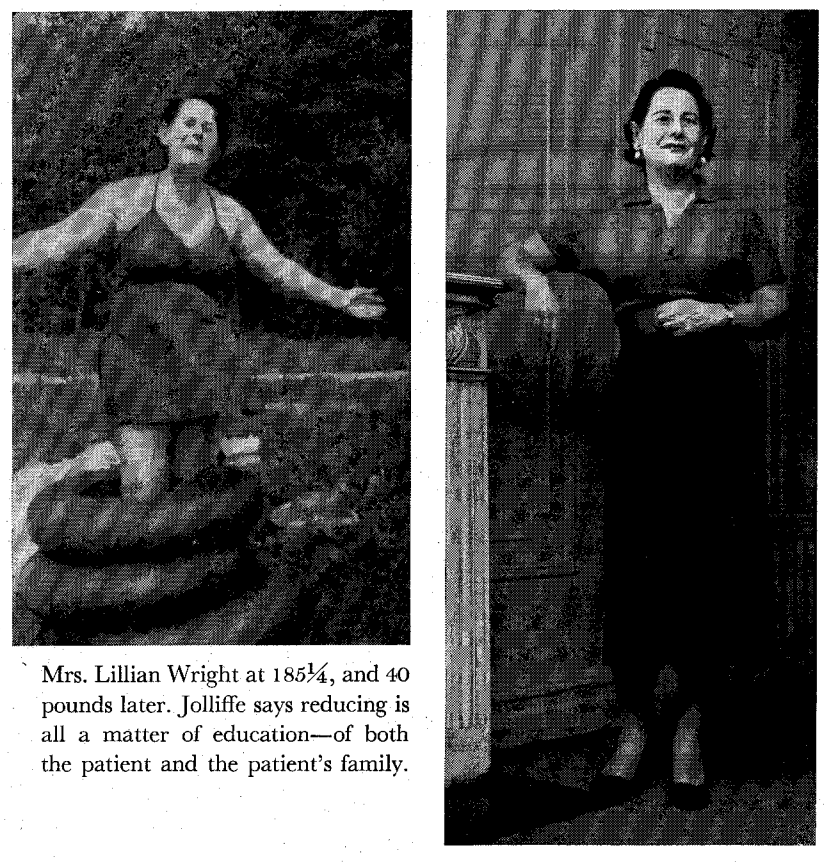
About forty other patients remained in the waiting room, mostly women. They were a lively, noisy lot—so noisy, in fact, that a harassed nurse from the adjoining Chest Clinic came in to complain about the racket.

"My goodness," she scolded, "pipe down, you people! This is ridiculous!"

After she disappeared, the tall man grinned. "A skinny nurse like that can't understand how happy those fat mammas are," he said. "They feel light, better than they have for years. They want to tell each other all about it. And they think the doctor is going to praise them for losing some weight. He took eighty pounds off me, and I feel pretty good too. He's a great guy."

The "great guy" referred to is Dr. Norman Jolliffe, an easygoing, good-natured man of

Mrs. Marion Lazarus had such success (181¾ to 140) at Obesity Clinic that she now teaches other patients how to lose weight.



Mrs. Lillian Wright at 185¼, and 40 pounds later. Jolliffe says reducing is all a matter of education—of both the patient and the patient's family.

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Charles Asch, who tightened his belt several notches during his Jolliffe treatments, blushes under the admiring stares of clinic newcomers Lawrence Moskowitz (390) and Samuel Wolinsky (286¾).

fifty-four, the founder and guiding genius of the Obesity Clinics in New York. Medical men today feel about fatness the same way preachers look upon sin, but they still have not agreed on the best way to combat the evil.

It's different in other parts of the world, but in well-fed America the No. 1 nutrition problem is obesity. A few years ago, Jolliffe, who had taught nutrition courses at Columbia University, wanted to try out some ideas he had about diet, on a scale large enough to yield decisive results. Nothing bizarre, no new drugs or magical panaceas were projected—just careful quantitative work with the old-fashioned proteins, carbohydrates and fats that people normally eat, remembering that if these are properly chosen they will supply all of the calories, vitamins and minerals we need.

So, in 1949, Jolliffe gave up his private practice and took a job as director of the Nutrition Bureau in the New York Department of Health. Two years later he opened the first public Obesity Clinic in the city. Today, five of these clinics are functioning, and a sixth is to be added soon.

More than 6000 patients made 27,234 visits to the clinics during 1954, and so far about 60 per cent of the New Yorkers who have begun Jolliffe's reducing treatments have stuck to them with lasting benefit.

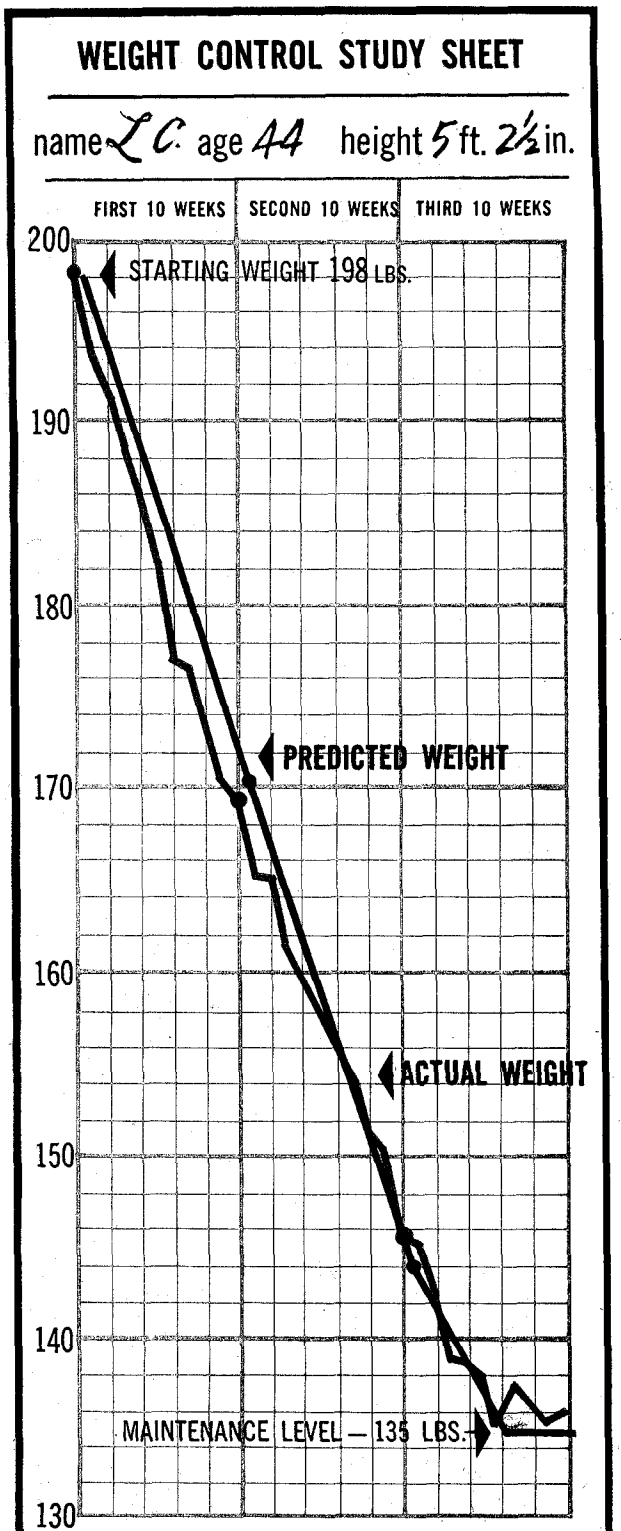
Of course, Doctor Jolliffe does a good many other things in the Nutrition Bureau, but it is easy to see that obesity is his favorite problem. When a prominent medical man gives up a prosperous practice to work full time with clinic patients at a fraction of his former income, he must have a pretty strong reason.

"The world has been good to me," explains Doctor Jolliffe. "I am financially comfortable, and I promised myself long ago that when I reached fifty I would do just exactly what I wanted in medicine—things that a man is too busy to do when he has a demanding private practice."

There are at least three ways a doctor can make large-scale dietary experiments on humans. He can go to a backward country and make feeding tests on hungry natives who live in alien civilizations with different environmental requirements. Or he can often get permission to make feeding experiments on cooperative prison inmates, but prisoners live abnormal lives too. The third way is to make dietary tests with easily available foods, minerals and vitamins on normal working Americans, so that the results will be applicable to most of us living under ordinary American conditions.

Doctor Jolliffe chose the third way and tried it on himself first, resolutely taking fifty pounds off his own anatomy. He established his first clinic five years ago in the Washington Heights District Health Center at Broadway and 168th Street and has been happily gathering data ever since. Let's follow a typical overweight citizen of New York, whom we'll call Jim Gillespie, as he goes through the mill.

First Gillespie receives a thorough physical examination by the medical staff. Then he is asked a number of questions dealing with his eating habits, medical history, family background and financial status. There are no "means tests" in these clinics—any resident of New York is (Continued on Page 42)



DATE	WEIGHT (pounds)	LOSS in month	TOTAL LOSS
3-25	198		
4-29	182	16	16
5-27	170½	11½	27½
6-24	161½	9	36½
7-29	151½	10	46½
8-26	142½	9	55½
9-19	135½	7	62½

This chart shows how Jolliffe's "mathematics of reducing" has been applied to a particular patient.

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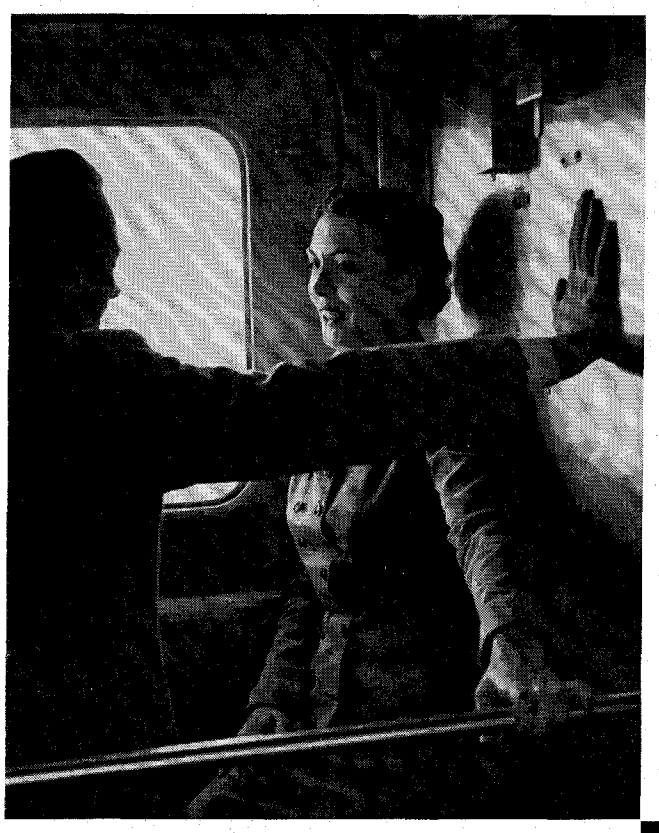
Oakland, Cal.: The Zephyr is ready to roll, Charles Tidwell tells the author.

By NELLIE O'GRADY
as told to
FRANK J. TAYLOR

I WORK ON THE RAILROAD— AND HOW !

As a transcontinental stewardess, the author handles newlyweds, children, wolves, and characters you wouldn't believe . . .



"After a few drinks, Mr. Wolf isn't shy any more. One wolf told me I reminded him of his fourth wife."

You ought to see the look on their faces when I tell people how I make a living. "I am a Zephyrette," I say.

"What's that?" they ask.

"A gentle breeze wafting through a train," I explain.

That's what one of our passengers called me. For nearly seven years I have been wafting through a train called the California Zephyr, that runs between San Francisco and Chicago. During that time I have wafted over 1,000,000 miles by rail.

For a time I wore a pedometer to count my steps. After I had walked 100 miles on three round trips, I took the thing off. It told me that in seven years I have walked as far as from Chicago to San Francisco and back. Just thinking about it made me tired.

On these wafts, or walks, whichever you want to call them, I have never had to worry about getting lonesome, because I have the company of 300 passengers. In over 400 trips I have Zephyred 120,000 travelers across the country. From a crowd like that you learn about people, especially when you are at their call from seven A.M. to 10:30 P.M., with two hours out for rest.

On the California Zephyr everybody has time to relax. It is a leisurely transcontinental train operated by the Western Pacific, the Denver & Rio Grande Western, and the Burlington railroads jointly. Six of its silvery cars have enclosed upper decks from which passengers feast their eyes on mountaintops, stars, forests, rivers, cliffs or countryside, as we glide through the Sierra Nevada, the Rockies, or across valleys, deserts or prairies. All of which adds up to plenty of work for the Zephyrette.

During my day I answer hundreds of questions, send telegrams, mail letters and post

A Zephyrette is equipped with a first-aid kit, a screw driver and answers to most of the passengers' questions.

"It's like being hostess to 300 self-invited guests," says Nellie, here being regaled by passengers who have been in Hawaii.

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cards, put flowers in the dining-car refrigerator, watch out for youngsters traveling alone, make dinner reservations, order birthday cakes, interpret the Railway Guide, give soda mints, baby-sit and dog-sit, bend an ear to the talkers. People on a transcontinental train are floating for the time being out of this world. They loosen up with the most surprising confidences.

Before the trains pull out, I stand by the rear car, greeting and sizing up the passengers as they board. It's like being hostess to a house party of 300 self-invited guests whom you don't know. I think I can pick the big shippers, the lounge lizards, the know-it-alls, the busybodies, the gadgeteers, the honeymooners, the tipsters and the card hounds. But sometimes I get fooled.

Sometimes I think the president of our railroad has more friends than the President of the United States. Usually the passengers who know him are big shots who want something special in the way of service or a bedroom on the train's shady side. If we can't give them what they want, they promise to speak to the president about it the next time they see him. On a recent trip when one of these important people was tossing his weight around, I told him, "Why, the president is up in the next car. Do you want me to take your card to him?"

"Oh, no; don't bother him now," the big shot replied. "I'll catch him in the diner."

He didn't, though. I saw him and the boss sitting across the aisle from each other in the diner. Neither of them seemed to recognize the other.

We also carry a good many "big shippers" who threaten to pull their business off the railroad if their whims are not satisfied. Luckily most of them are shippers only in their imagination or we'd be out of business. What they don't know is that the freight department tips us off when we have a genuine big shipper aboard.

This has its amusing side too. On one trip we were tipped about a big cereal maker, so we stocked the diner with his products. At least we thought we did. The first breakfast out he ordered his favorite cereal, and the waiter went beaming to get it, then came back crestfallen. He had asked for the only one of his breakfast foods the dining-car steward had overlooked.

Another time the freight department advised us that we had a big meat packer aboard. This time we loaded the pantry with his canned chicken, canned ham, corned beef—everything. Alas, when he ordered his meals he paid no attention whatsoever to brands.

One day the owner of a ketchup works got to talking about his product so glowingly that I told the dining-car steward about it. He wired ahead to have some bottles of that particular brand put aboard at the next stop. During meals, the waiters made a point of carrying bottles of the ketchup on their trays. They put bottles on the tables around our VIP whether customers asked for it or not. This paid off. Rolling through the Sierra Nevada and Rockies, we see some wonderful scenery the windows of our diners, but none of it ghted our passenger so much as those bot- f ketchup.

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Burlington, Iowa: Zephyrette turns dog-walker. Nellie has supplied hamburger meat for a turtle named Jake, and has been whistled at by a cageful of birds.

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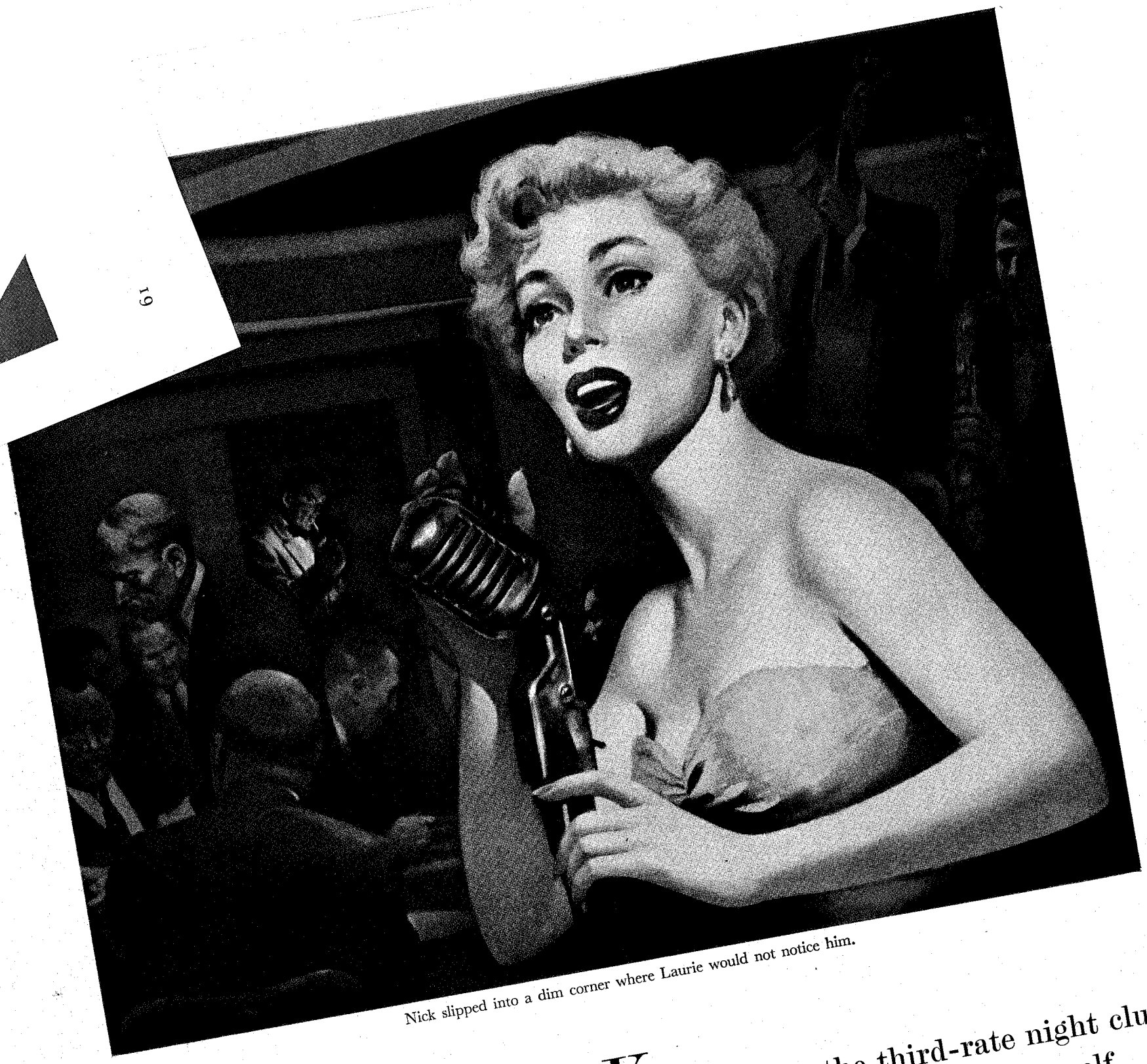

Nick slipped into a dim corner where Laurie would not notice him.

HONKY-TONK HERO

Playing the third-rate night clubs was all right for himself, Nick thought—but not for a girl like Laurie.

By MICHAEL FOSTER

A square of sunlight, like the page of April torn off the calendar, lay on the worn hotel carpet while Nick stirred up a couple of short drinks, with ice cubes out of a paper carton from the corner drugstore. Laurie sat very still on the arm of a chair. Her feet were in the square of sunlight, and she had on blue shoes.

"How about taking one to your mother?" Nick said.

"Yes," Laurie said. "I think a tall one for her. Poor mother."

He poured into a taller glass, and then stepped into the bathroom to fill it up with water from the tap. He hoped it might bring a little comfort, at the end of this day, to the hidden woman down the hall.

Waiting for the water to run mountain-snow cold, he turned his head slowly and looked over his shoulder. His room in this old hotel on a Reno back street was a sitting room by day, with his narrow bachelor bed folded up out of sight behind a door. It was shabby and poor-respectable, and from the window you could see the Western hills. Laurie remained very still on the arm of the chair, looking down at the fading patch of sunlight on the carpet. She had on a careless little felt hat, pulled low on one side, so now he couldn't see much of her face; only the clean hard line of youth from cheekbone to chin, and the softness of her mouth. When she wasn't saying anything, her mouth looked frightened.

Nick came back, carefully carrying her mother's glass, and said, "Listen, kid. Take it easy. You're doing all right."

Almost imperceptibly, she shook her head. She wasn't looking at him. He waited a minute and then went on out. He carried the glass down the hall to

(Continued on Page

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Can France continue to change governments twice a year—and remain a first-rate power? A Post editor in Paris reveals the strange public—and private—life of a French congressman.

The Perplexing Case of M. Ramonet

By Ernest O. Hauser

Edouard Ramonet (center) outside the National Assembly, Paris. He belongs to the moderate Radical party, one of 12 political groups in the Assembly.

PARIS.

The sorry spectacle of a great nation sinking every day more deeply into the morass of indecision, inertia and political incompetence has for some time filled every friend of France with deep concern. Since the end of the war she has experimented with twenty-one governments and she is now in the throes of yet another crisis. On January 2, 1956, French voters will go to the polls in an almost desperate attempt to find a cure for France's illness.

But will the next administration be more effective than the last? Will it have enough popular support to deal with the grave problems confronting France at home and overseas? Such questions are by no means purely academic. France, our oldest friend and ally, remains the cornerstone of our whole position on the continent. Withdraw it and you'll have a mass of scattered bricks.

Small wonder that observers here cast worried glances in the direction of a stately building gracing the left bank of the Seine, the National Assembly. It was here that Prime Minister Edgar Faure last month decided to dissolve the House of Representatives after its members had spent six exasperating weeks debating France's complicated electoral system—rejecting during the debate seventeen proposals for reform and registering five contradictory votes on the same issue. M. Faure paid a heavy price for his impatience. His own party, which would have liked to put off the elections until a better voting system could be found, expelled him for "indiscipline."

Who is to blame for this muddle? The constitution of this country differs in some important aspects from ours. France's Parliament, in contrast to our Congress, is not confined to lawmaking and investigating. It is this nation's sole repository of power—power unchecked, unbalanced, absolute. It legislates and governs; most Frenchmen say it does neither well.

Whose fault? Before you join the chorus of derision and contempt which holds the Fourth Republic's 627 deputies responsible for all that is not well in France, meet one of them and see what ails him. Shake hands with Edouard Ramonet, as representative a representative as you will find. For one thing, he's a Radical-Socialist—or simply "Radical"—a member of the nation's oldest party, *le parti radical et radical-socialiste*. This is the party which expelled M. Faure for "indiscipline." This, in spite of its hair-raising name, is the great, lumbering party of the middle. Moreover, Ramonet's constituency, the Department of Indre, occupies the dead center of the country. Like many deputies, he also has a weekend job—he's mayor of Châteauroux, a drab, dull town of 40,000, the capital of his department and, incidentally, site of the largest United States Air Force base in France.

Aged forty-six, five feet four inches tall, dark-eyed, quick-spoken, nervous, vibrant—you'll see him hurrying along the corridors of the Assembly, brief case in hand and obviously thinking of half a dozen things at once. You'll learn that he comes from a humble background and that he is a man of frugal tastes. A good thing, too: he is not so well looked after as his opposite number in Washington, D.C.—who, in addition to his annual pay of $22,500, is entitled to a spacious office suite complete with secretarial help, at taxpayers' expense. Ramonet's salary comes to $7288 a year, to which his mayoralty adds a monthly sixty dollars. Out of this modest income he has to pay his taxes, maintain two homes, buy his railroad tickets and hire a part-time typist for his correspondence. As chairman of the House Committee on Economic Affairs in the outgoing Assembly, he was assigned a tiny office in a wing of the Assembly building—a luxury not shared by ordinary deputies.

His seat in the Assembly is a relatively safe one. Heading his party's list in Indre, he is looking forward to next Monday's elections with some

(Continued on Page 73)

Ramonet, a mayor as well as a congressman, spends weekends on home-town problems in Châteauroux.

Should citizens be permitted to make wine at home? Such issues must be argued, though the state totters.

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The best way to learn about love? Take lessons from a

MAN WITH A PAST

By GRACE AMUNDSON

There was much hunting in the valley. And considerable loose living. At dawn the beloved horses steamed hock deep in the meadow. At night the heartless houses rode the brow of the hill like lighted liners.

Debutantes bowed at intervals, matrons rocketed about in country wagons, husbands politely poured your preferred poison over rocks before hastily departing by plane. It was a reassuring and stable society.

On the Monday following Easter, the supper party at the Ruxtons' broke away early. Nearly everyone was going on to the Monday-night german. The buffet lay scavenged. Cocktail glasses accumulated in odd corners.

On the terrace beyond the library, a blond girl with severe dark brows and a certain delicate indecision stood against the outside wall of the house, her arms folded, her drink in hand. She stared toward the remote end of the valley where a house, older by several generations than the rest, sat like a tousled and exiled czarina.

Occasionally, at the sound of laughter inside, her eyes responded with a hurt alertness. The amiable voices of men drifted toward the library, and the girl edged a few feet along the wall of the house. There was the snap of a cigarette lighter and an abrupt sigh of pleasure within.

Ric leaned forward and drew her to him. She met his lips with blinking confusion.

"Impressive gathering of squires, Ruxton. Who was the wan blonde in pongee?"

"Who—Angie? You mean Angeline Abbot? First family in the valley. Angie's a bit of a starched ruffle, I suspect. Only Angie and her mother left, and Augusta can't sell Angie's charms, which leaves them on sardines most of the time. Augusta's the pink-haired dowager with the great plate of supper. They've become the local social charity. You invite them to feed them. Care to meet Angie?"

"After that ground plan? No, thanks. Save her for a famine. How good is the good life in the country, anyway?"

"Oh, we have sin, one way or another. Most of us thrive on the mishaps of each other. But there's a new Midas at the end of the valley who's relieved the pressure on the rest of us a bit. Fellow by the name of Ric Hurd, some sort of invention to his credit. Stark mad and a hermit. They say he imports his company occasionally. If he does, the hand is quicker than the eye. . . . Here, have another one for the road to the german."

"Don't mind if I do. Well, here's to Angie. May her starch never go through the laundry."

When they had filtered off, the girl with the serious brows deposited her drink near the wall and entered the dining room by another door.

"Augusta," she said, "everyone's leaving."

A woman with hair like pink smoke turned startled blue eyes. "And the rest of this elegant food going to waste," she said bitterly.

They went out by the side portico. "Angeline Abbot," said the woman tensely and beneath her breath, marching proudly toward their car, parked a bit beyond the others, "I gave you every advantage—every possible advantage. With a little wit, you could have had a life every bit as good as this. It's been eight years since your debut, and look at you."

"I know, mother."

"But look at you! Eight years!"

They drove into their own grounds, along the mangled semicircle of English box bordering the drive. At the steps of the veranda, Augusta turned beneath the tangle of wistaria crippling the eaves. Her tense hand shot from the twilight and struck the girl across the face. On its retracting motion a pearl ring in a pronged mounting raked Angie's cheek.

For a moment, Angie grasped her skirt. Her thin nose arched with strain. Otherwise she received the jolt with forbearance.

"Eight years!" mocked Augusta.

At midnight, a convertible with a rear squeak and a missing hub cap navigated the rolling waves of macadam along the valley, slowed down and swooped in impulsively at the entrance of a white neoclassic façade. For a moment, her arms curved to the wheel, Angie sat staring numbly into the darkness of the valley. Then abruptly she got out, pulled her cardigan over her skirt and walked toward the entrance, her pale heels slipping from moccasins. The wing to the left was lighted.

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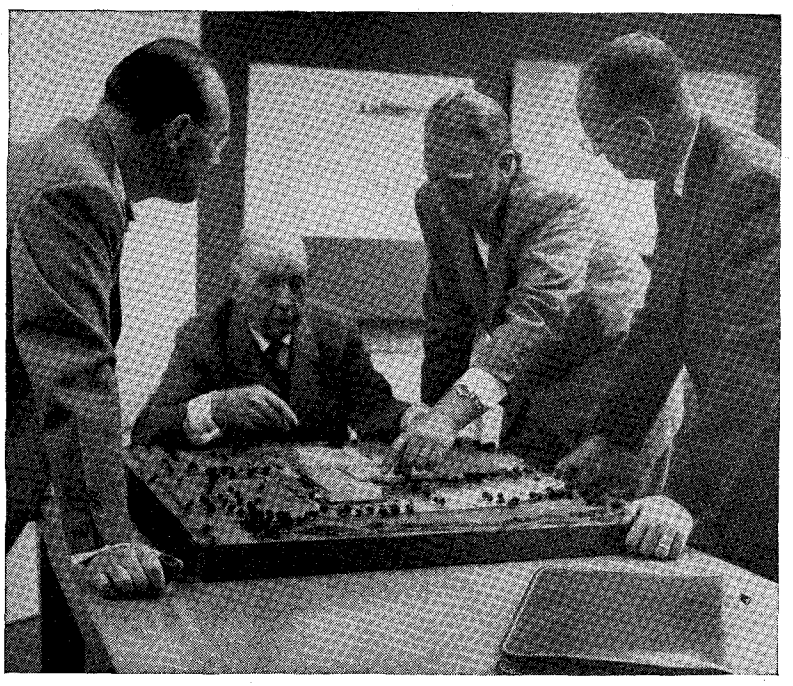

Professors Robert Walker (left) and Ray Faulkner (right) discuss Stanford's city-building plans with business experts Coldwell (seated) and Brandin.

Stanford University found a gimmick to keep the wolf from the door: by renting much of its beautiful, 9000-acre campus to industries, families and shopkeepers.

City on the Campus

By FALCON O. BAKER

Noon hour at the Eastman-Kodak film-processing plant, one of the light industries located in a separate section of the development.

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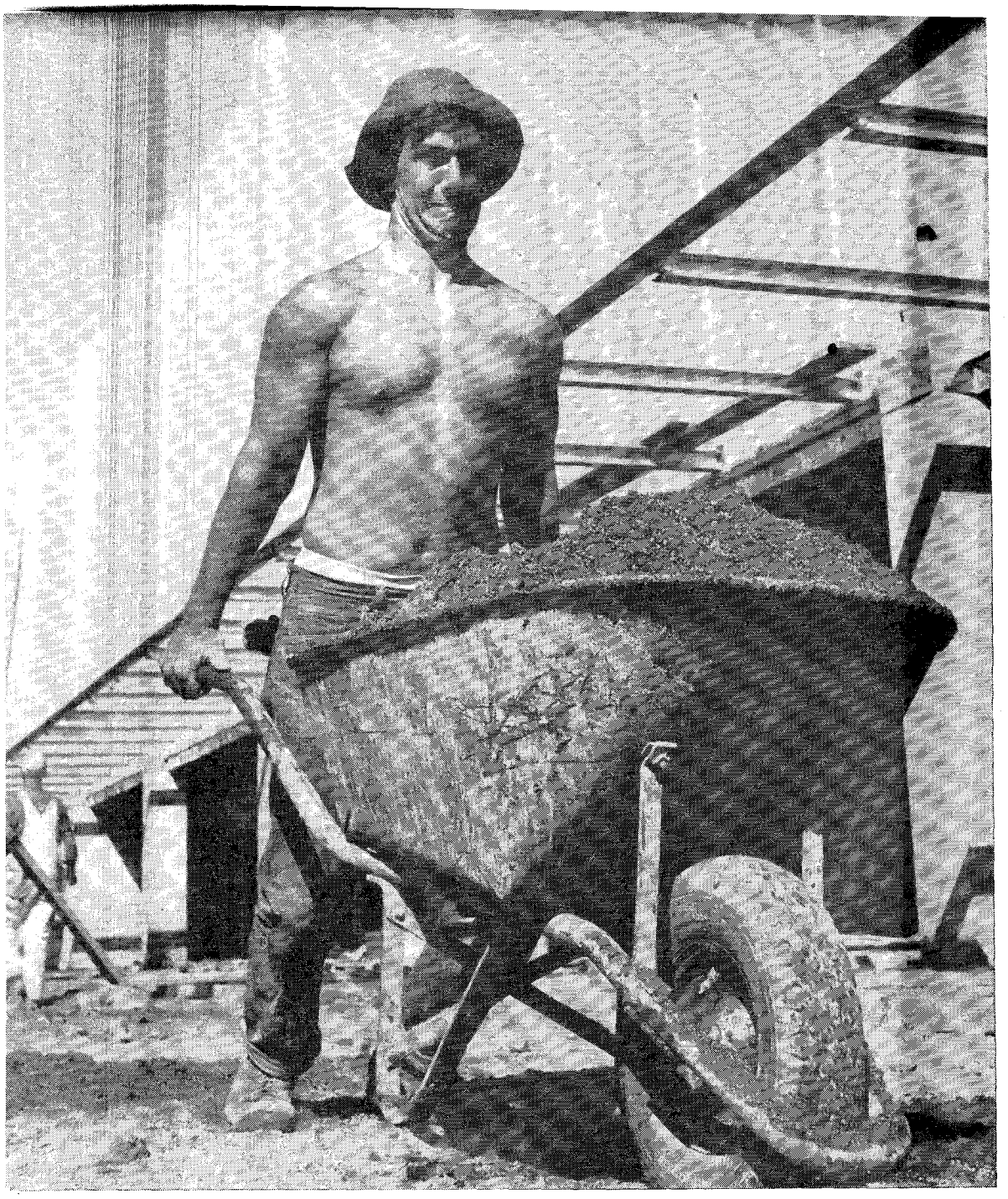


Bill Sterling, 17-year-old son of Stanford's president, worked on the shopping center last summer.

Out in California, one of America's leading institutions of higher learning has plunged into an exceedingly unacademic role. Stanford University is building a model city. This is no papier-mâché tabletop affair, but a real brick-and-mortar community where some 40,000 people will work, play, shop and sleep.

And it's no ivory-tower dream for the future. The city is rising now on Stanford's 9000-acre property on the Peninsula, thirty miles south of San Francisco. The first tenants have opened stores in the $15,000,000 shopping center. Industry is engaged in research and manufacturing, noiselessly and smokelessly, in the Industrial Park. And families are already living in homes costing up to $45,000.

Ordinary town-development schemes are dwarfed by this undertaking. The Stanford land, including the campus, is one third the size of the city of San Francisco, two thirds the size of Manhattan Island. This is one of the largest blocks of land ever to be developed by a single master plan in the center of a densely populated area. Construction to complete the project will cost about $200,000,000 during the next fifteen years.

The suburban population of the San Francisco Peninsula has tripled during the past fifteen years. With desirable building sites at a premium, subdividers have coveted Stanford's empty, rolling hills. But the founding grant of the university prohibited forever the sale of a single acre. For years, this blue-chip property close to overpopulated areas was used as a pasture for horses and cattle.

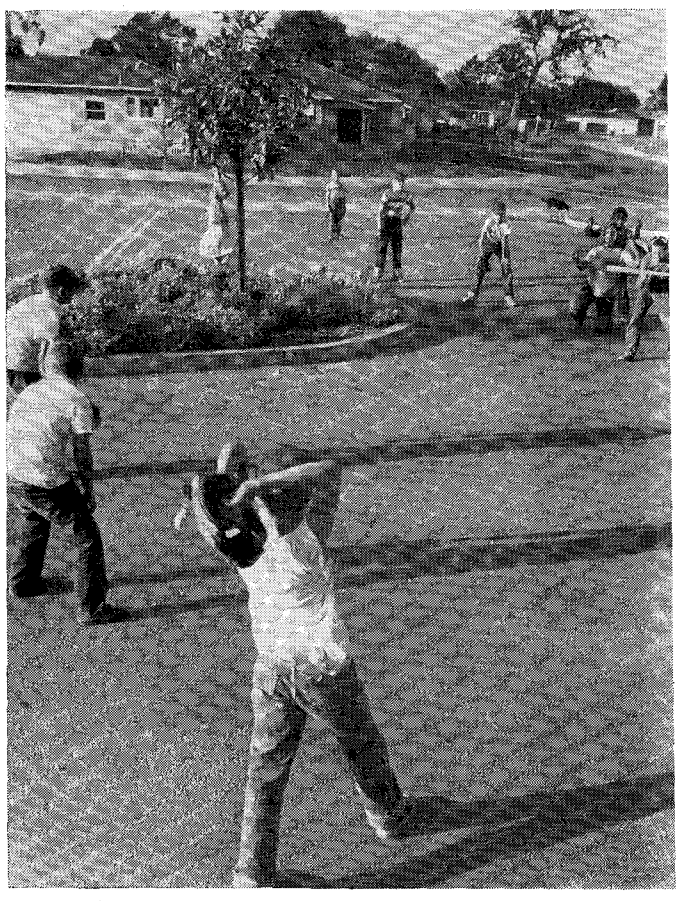
But a way has been found to open this preserve for development. Alf Brandin, the university's young business manager, is doing it with ninety-nine-year leases, and with this key Stanford is building its model city. University president J. E. Wallace Sterling calls the project "an exercise in self-help." Stanford, long considered one of the nation's wealthier schools, needs more money nowadays.

Back in 1885, when the school was founded by Sen. Leland Stanford, he donated his 9000-acre stock farm and some $21,000,000 in securities and property as an endowment. This was more than the combined endowments of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia. The Stanford campus became one of the most beautiful in the world. Buff sandstone buildings with red-tile roofs were connected with graceful arcades, enclosing leafy courts. Eucalyptus trees and stately palms lined the roadways. And stiff academic requirements gave the university a toplofty reputation.

However, toward the end of World War II, Stanford was squeezed between sharply rising costs and a relatively fixed income. The university had almost no experience at fund raising; by 1946, the endowment had grown to only $31,000,000. Harvard's endowment, once a quarter of Stanford's, was now five times greater than Stanford's. Twelve other schools had forged ahead of Stanford, including her traditional rival across the bay, the University of California.

At this stage the Stanford trustees made Brandin business manager for the university. A thirty-three-year-old alumnus, he had just completed a four-year stretch in the Navy, where he had risen to the rank of lieutenant commander. Between graduation and the Navy, he had been production manager of a San Francisco insurance office. As a student, he had played center on the famous "Vow Boys" football team—they showed up three straight years in the Rose Bowl—and he had been president of his social fraternity and the senior honorary society.

Brandin was not hired as a land developer. That was his own idea, taken on in addition to routine duties. The Stanford Land Development Program, of course, is the work of many men. If Brandin is (Continued on Page 72)



Youngsters play in a new campus residential area. Here, as throughout the Stanford development, property "owners" hold their land on a 99-year lease.

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Judy Holliday does a TV take-off on Hollywood glamour girls. In her role as filmdom's No. 1 dimbrain, Judy herself is constantly mimicked.

Is Judy Holliday just a dimwitted dame? As such, she won an Academy Award—but all the real-life evidence points the other way.

Hollywood's Blond Surprise

By Virginia Bird

The rewards which come to a girl for turning in a superior acting job are sometimes mighty peculiar, a case in point being that of Judy Holliday. There are people who meet her in a delicatessen, a hotel lobby, on a street or in her dressing room, and stand there waiting for her to talk like Billie Dawn, the blond dimwit she portrayed in her hit movie and play, Born Yesterday.

Sometimes they even command her, "Come on, say something!" or they look at her and say, "Well?"

"Well what?" Judy asks.

"Go on, say it! Say, 'Do me a favor, Harry; [illegible]ad!' like you did in that show."

Her favorite hobby: eating. Tyrone Power stands treat at a New York hot-dog stand.

Having watched Miss Holliday revolve her hips in a Billie Dawn strut, and having listened to her guinea-hen version of Billie Dawn's voice, many of those who saw a performance of Born Yesterday are certain that she must walk and talk that way off stage too.

The truth is that Billie Dawn exists off stage only as a myth. The yellow hair piled on her head like a mound of chrysanthemum petals, the huge eyes which look tragically sad while her mouth smiles, are real on and off. But Billie Dawn's real-life other self, Judy Holliday, has a near-genius I.Q. rating of 172. She reads books that are so deep that the average citizen might sink

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The Marriage of Moon Wind

Tad couldn't speak her language, but there was no mistaking what the Indian girl meant.

By BILL GULICK

It was their last night on the trail. Off to the northeast the jagged, snowcapped peaks of the Wind River Mountains loomed tall against the darkening sky and the chill, thin air of the uplands was spiced with the pungent smell of sage and pine. But Tad Marshall was not interested in sights or smells at the moment. A rangy, well-put-together young man of twenty with curly golden hair and sharp blue eyes, he leaned forward and spoke to the grizzled ex-trapper sitting on the far side of the fire.

"You'll fix it for me?"

"I'll try," Buck Owens said grudgingly. "But don't hold me to blame for nothin' that happens. Like I told you before, Slewfoot Samuels eats greenhorns raw."

"He takes a bite out of me, he'll come down with the worst case of colic he ever had."

"You're cocky enough, I will say that."

"Don't mean to be. It's just that I come west to be a beaver trapper, not a mule tender."

"With the knack you got fer handlin' mules, Captain Sublette won't want to lose you. He hears about this scheme you got to partner up with Slewfoot, he'll have a foamin' fit."

Tad shook his head. He liked Sublette and was real grateful for this chance to come west, but he wanted to see a chunk of the world with no dust-raising pack train clouding his view.

"Sublette can just have his fit. Me, I don't intend to go back to Missouri for a long spell."

"What're you runnin' away from—a mean pa?"

"Why, no. Pa treated me good."

"The law, maybe? You killed somebody back home?"

"Nothin' like that."

"Jest leaves one thing, then. Did you have woman trouble?"

Tad ran embarrassed fingers through his hair. "Guess you could call it that. There was three gals got the notion I was engaged to marry 'em. They all had brothers with itchy trigger fingers." (Continued on Page 43)

Moon Wind gestured at Tad and at herself, then made a circling motion with both hands.

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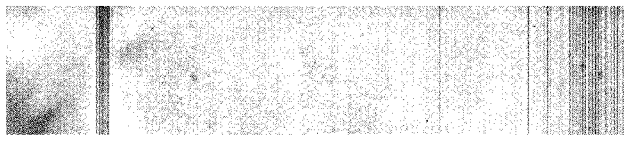

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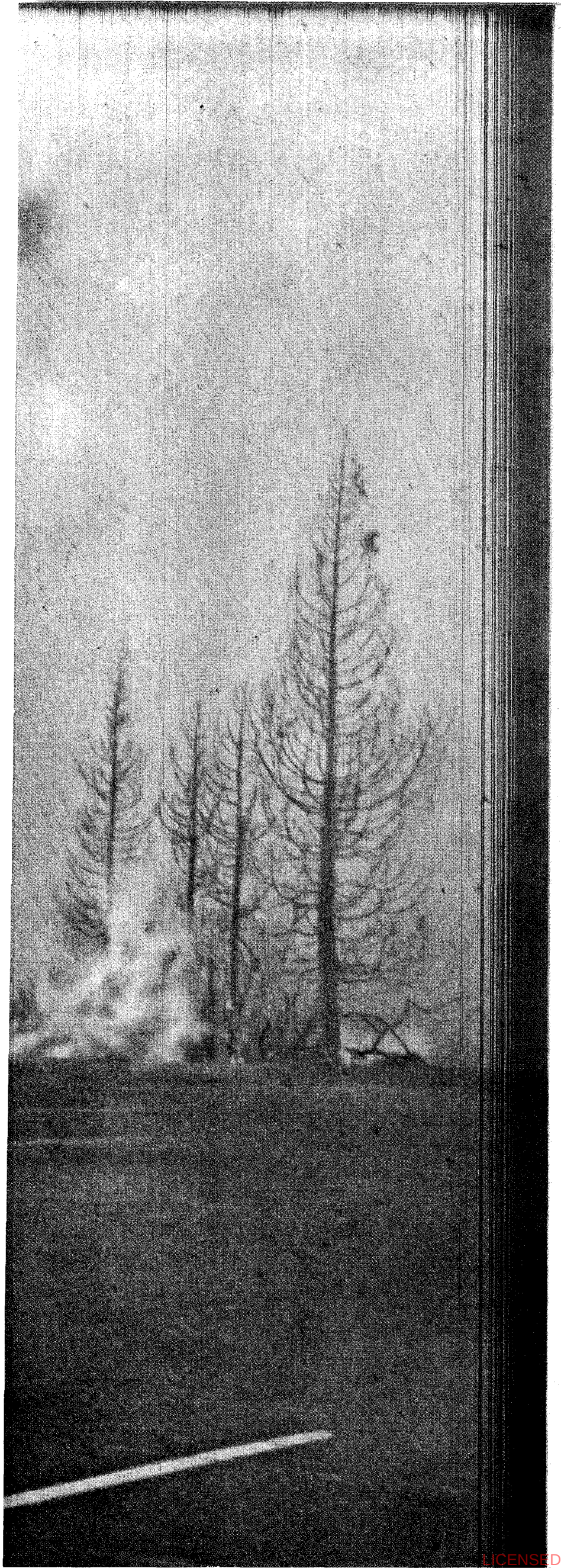

The Face of AMERICA

REDWOOD INFERNO

California was matchstick dry late in the afternoon of September second when fire—cause unknown—broke out at McGee's ranch east of Dunlap, scurried up a ridge of the High Sierra, spread out in the shape of a three-leaf clover and raced into Sequoia National Forest. Soon thereafter, the oil truck you see in this photograph was filled with water for the firefighters, but the intense heat forced the bareheaded truck driver and three forestry men to retreat. The flames ebbed, moved on. The men were unharmed and the truck survived too.

However, noble, giant redwoods and ponderosa pines were soon destroyed by the thousands. For two weeks the fire hopscotched around the mountains, defying more than 1000 men as it devoured the forests and incinerated the wildlife. Capricious winds boosted the flames over the firebreaks; exploding trees hurled firebrands hundreds of feet. The firefighters finally cornered the holocaust on the cliffs of Kings Canyon, just short of the Sierra National Forest. Then the rains came.

The fire's toll: 17,000 acres. Replanting has begun, but it will take at least five generations to regain a semblance of the beauty that was there. ❁ Photograph by George Ballis

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By WILLIAM HEUMAN

I'M BACK, COACH

Danny the league jumper was back with the home team, and the boys had prepared a special welcome.

Oscar Brindhoff called him a bum, a no-good Canadian bum, which undoubtedly to Oscar's mind was a very special kind of bum. Oscar called him a number of other things, a good deal of which Danny Forbes missed because he was looking across the room at Judy Madison, trying to catch her eye as she worked at her desk in the corner of Oscar's office.

Oscar raved on, huge, hamlike hands cleaving the air like meat choppers, and he was enjoying himself as he told Danny off. Danny understood this, having known the Cougar football coach for nine years, with the one year off when he'd signed up in the Canadian football league.

"Why anybody with half a brain," Oscar boomed, "could quit an established league like this for something so—so ——" His hands pawed the air like a drowning man.

"Ephemeral," Danny finished for him.

Oscar looked at him suspiciously, and then went on with his harangue, and Danny was again smiling across at Judy, who was tall and slender, with hair the color of a chestnut horse standing in the sun, and nice brown eyes to match.

Judy still had her pert little nose up in the air, as it had been since he'd stepped into the office of the Cougar Professional Football Team.

"Why?" Oscar Brindhoff finished like a Shakespearean actor at the end of a long soliloquy. "Why did you do it, my boy?"

"Money," Danny said. "Dirty, filthy money."

"Money!" Oscar screamed. "A few more pennies?"

"Ten thousand a year more than the Cougars paid me," Danny told him, "and that ain't hay. . . . That right, Judy?"

Judy Madison's typewriter banged even louder, and then she made a mistake and had to stop and erase, and her pretty face was suffused with anger.

"So now you're back in the States," Oscar said slowly, "in the United States of America, U.S.A. You are no longer a foreigner. You are back where you were born."

"Yes, sir," Danny said.

"And you want to play with my professional football team," Oscar went on, "the team you played with for eight years before you quit us like—like ——"

"Benedict Arnold?" Danny asked.

"This is not a joking matter," Oscar Brindhoff told him grimly.

Oscar was short and as wide as a wrestler, which he'd onetime been, along with many other things, like All-Professional guard on the Cougars, back in the days when the Green Bay Packers had a line averaging two hundred and thirty pounds, and it was considered tremendous.

"Now you come crawling in here," Oscar said softly, "looking for your old job again."

"I should have stood in Canada," he said. "It was cold up there too."

Danny sat in the chair across the desk from the Cougar coach and general manager, and he twisted his expensive blue-black Homburg in his hands.

"I guess I made a mistake, Oscar," he apologized. "I guess I better crawl out to Chicago and talk to the Rams."

"There is no need for haste," Oscar told him quickly. "We are just discussing this business in a quiet, reasonable manner, considering all the angles."

"Yes, sir," Danny said.

"How old are you now?" Oscar asked him.

"Twenty-one," Danny said, and he smiled over at Judy.

"You are almost thirty," Oscar said, "and your career is behind you. You wasted one year of it in a foreign country, playing some game which is a mixture of soccer and wrestling and a few other things. I will not call it football."

"No, sir," Danny said.

"We may be able to juggle our backfield a little," Oscar said meditatively, "and, perhaps, squeeze you into the game now and then—a man your age."

"Yes, sir," Danny said. "Thank you, sir."

"The matter of money," Oscar went on, "we will discuss after we have seen you in a scrimmage or two. There is no doubt that you have slowed down at least fifty per cent since you played with us last."

"There is no doubt about it," Danny agreed. "Of course, if you feel that I won't fit into your plans this year, Mr. Brindhoff, I have a wire in my pocket from the Rams, and ——"

Oscar waved his hands. "Don't talk Rams to me," he said. "It's all settled. Be on the field tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

"Yes, sir," Danny said.

He stood up and he twirled the Homburg in his hands. He was five feet eleven, and he weighed one hundred and seventy-six pounds, which was not big for a professional football player, even a razzle-dazzle quarterback. His hair was black, and he had blue Irish eyes, and there was a dent in his nose, put there by a big tackle named Rimstulski, who had played for the rival Rams eight years ago and who was now a nice dentist in Terre Haute, Indiana.

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Whether Danny passed or not, he was bounced, but hard, on the turf.

"That will be all," Oscar Brindhoff said, like a king waving away a page boy.

"Yes, sir," Danny nodded, "and may I speak to your secretary, sir?"

Judy Madison was Oscar's niece as well as his secretary, and at one time, before signing up in the Canadian League, Danny had had a few dates with her. As he remembered them now, he wondered why he'd gone to Canada.

"You may speak to her," Oscar told him tersely, "if she'll speak to you, Mr. Forbes."

"We are so formal today," Danny sighed. "We, who once were like bosom comrades."

"You deserted your country," Oscar scowled; "and what's worse, you quit the Cougars."

"I believe the President has forgiven me," Danny smiled. "Will you, Oscar?"

"Nuts," Oscar Brindhoff growled. "Beat it."

Danny, still twirling the Homburg, sauntered over to Judy's desk.

"I'm back," he said.

Judy sat back in her chair and folded her arms, her brown eyes flashing in anger. As far as love for the pro Cougars was concerned, Danny remembered that Judy was only a smaller edition of Oscar Brindhoff. She'd been weaned on the Cougars. In the private box behind the Cougar bench she kept neat, accurate and invaluable charts of each Cougar game during the season. She knew more about football than most of the linemen on the Cougars.

"I'm back," Danny repeated, and he gave her the big, winning Irish grin.

"Hurray," Judy said. "I suppose you have the Canadian flag tattooed on your chest."

"Let us not spoil relations with our friendly neighbor to the north," Danny smiled. "They treated me well in (Continued on Page 45)

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Children's Day begins at dawn. The author's four children rout him and his wife, Corinne, out of bed in their St. Paul, Minn., home.

We Created Our Own Holiday

These parents decided there is no substitute for doing things as a family together. So they hit upon a new and delightful custom: Children's Day

By Bob Eddy

A wide-eyed question three years ago from our eight-year-old daughter sparked one of the liveliest ideas my wife and I have yet stumbled upon—a private family holiday. It wraps up "surprises," household chores, good dinner-table conversation, educational tours, detective work and downright fun, and it reaches its climax in a skyrocket day that leaves us limp, but glows in our memories for years after.

It all started one quiet June evening. At the dinner table our daughter, Kay, said, "Now we've had Mother's Day and Father's Day. When is Children's Day?"

Corinne, my wife, and I had just been discussing how our family should do more things together. And we'd been worrying over the indigestion-inducing dinner-table arguments among the four children—that is, before they

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Two weeks of good behavior are a requirement for a C-Day. In that time, the kids don't even have to be reminded to do their chores. Here, Bob and Brandon shine windows.

Jane and Kay, who originated the idea of Children's Day, handle the dusting. George, the pooch, does his part by keeping out of the way.

had bolted their food to hurry off their separate ways.

So, biting back a caustic reminder of birthdays and other holidays, I said mildly, "H'm-m-m—that's a new twist. What do you have in mind?"

"A day we children would do anything we want," said she like a flash.

"How about visiting the Science Museum or go rifle shooting, like you're always saying we will?" said Bob, II, our eldest.

"Go swimming all together!" said Kay.

"Naw," said Bob. "We'll wear suits."

"I didn't say 'in our altogether,'" said Kay. "I said swim 'all together.'"

"Surprises!" shouted Brandon, getting in a quick word. And Jane, our youngest, seconded his motion.

In our family, surprises are "fun presents" given on special occasions—say when someone comes back from a trip or the youngsters all have done their household chores gracefully for a period.

"We'll run through the fountain in the park with all the pretty lights, barefooted!" continued Kay, armed with a new lungful of air. "You always say we don't have time."

Suggestions flew—to visit the zoo, take a train ride, a boat ride, climb a cliff, tour the state capitol, ride horses, sleep out in the woods all night. Corinne and I blinked, our heads going back and forth for each new idea as if we were watching a tennis tournament.

Finally, wedging into a small break in the volley, Corinne said, "You'll have to work out the day's schedule. That means agreeing among yourselves on what we'll do. Then, if you all do your work cheerfully for two weeks, I think we could try a Children's Day."

"That's a deal," I said. "You plan the day. But any rumpus about where we're going or what we'll do, or any grumbling about your tasks—and Children's Day is off."

Our dinner was the most enjoyable in months. Kay was so enthusiastic she ate her peas without prodding, Bob didn't leave the table until his (Continued on Page 49)

The Eddys clamber up the bluffs of the St. Croix River, scene of a family cliff-climbing expedition and mid-morning picnic.

Toke Yanakawa, chef at St. Paul's Criterion Restaurant, delivers a dish to Kay. Kay started dinner with a blessing: "Lord, we thank Thee for this food You have given us and for our family, and for Children's Day."

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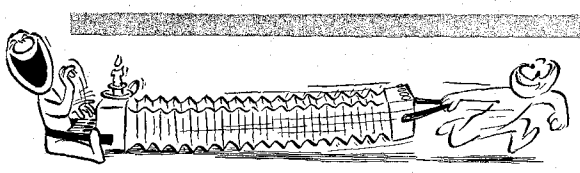
Post Scripts



The 7 Ages of the Married Cold

"Sugar dumpling, I'm worried about my baby girl! You've got a bad sniffle, and there's no telling about these things, with all this strep around. I'm putting you in the hospital this afternoon for a general checkup and a good rest. . . . I know the food's lousy, but I'll bring your meals in from Rosini's. I've already got it arranged with the floor superintendent!"

"Listen, darling, I just don't like the sound of that cough, and I've called Doc Miller to rush over here. Now you go to bed like a good girl. Please, just for papa?"

"Maybe you better lie down, honey—nothing like a little rest when you feel punk—and I'll bring you something to eat. Have we got any soup?"

"Look, dear, be sensible! After you feed the kids and get the dishes washed, you'd better hit the sack."

"Why don't you get yourself a couple of aspirins?"

"If you'd just gargle or something instead of sitting around barking like a seal ——"

"For Pete's sake, stop sneezing! Whatcha tryna do, gimme pneumonia?"

PEG BRACKEN

The Chair is Pink

The second grade has certainly opened new vistas for Elizabeth. She has mastered reading, rope skipping and standing on her head with toes pointed. Even so, she still hears things that need talking over. Care to listen?

"Well, cherub, how was school today?"

"Fine. We have a public-arrest system now."

"Ah, civics so soon? Do you have policemen and judges?"

"No, daddy! It's a box, like a radio. It says things. And it's going to make music at play period."

"Now, that's real nice. When do you have your play period?"

"Just before we eat. Why do they call it the calf interior?"

"Why do they call what the calf interior?"

"The place where we eat."

"Oh! That's the cafeteria, dearia—I mean, dear. It comes from the French word for coff——"

"I like to hear the little bell on the catch radisher when we pay."

"I do, too, dumpling. Especially when it doesn't radish too much. Did you eat with Nancy today?"

"Yes. Nancy knows a song about a pink and white, dappled chair. Do you know it?"

"Well, now, I might, and I might not. How does it go?"

"I just remember the first part. It starts, 'The chair is pink, and dappled blossom white.'"

"Of course, angel! It's my favorite, except for that song about the candy kid."

"I haven't learned that one, daddy."

"Sure you have, sweet. You sing it to your doll every night. 'Hershey bar baby, in the treetop!'"

DAVE MORRAH

Post-Christmas Mail

Big exciting package? Nope;
Little windowed envelope!

BURGE BUZZBLLE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm afraid that's a little higher than I care to get."

Letters Not Received by the Editors

Dear Sirs: Regarding the article in your most recent issue in which Puddlersville, my home town, is described as a "drab, run-down, crime-ridden place dominated by stick-up artists, cutthroats and other assorted hoods," I want to state that you hit the nail right on the head. Anybody who goes out after dark in this burg ought to have his head examined.

J. D. LOOMER

You Smart and Discerning Fellows: I certainly got a big kick when I was shown a recent issue of your magazine with a piece about my grandfather wherein the author stated that he was "obese, choleric and dictatorial." That's good accurate reporting! The old curmudgeon weighed over 300, had a temper like an African buffalo and was so darn dictatorial that folks couldn't drink a glass of water without his permission.

WILBUR MACBRUDEN

Sirs: I am curious where you got the information that Alderney College, my alma mater, is a "football foundry with third-rate academic standards." Whoever told you this certainly knew what he was talking about. It is outranked scholastically by at least eighty institutions in the East alone, and I am convinced that Alderney would put in a gorilla at left tackle if she thought she could get away with it.

JOHN TREEF, ALDERNEY, '36

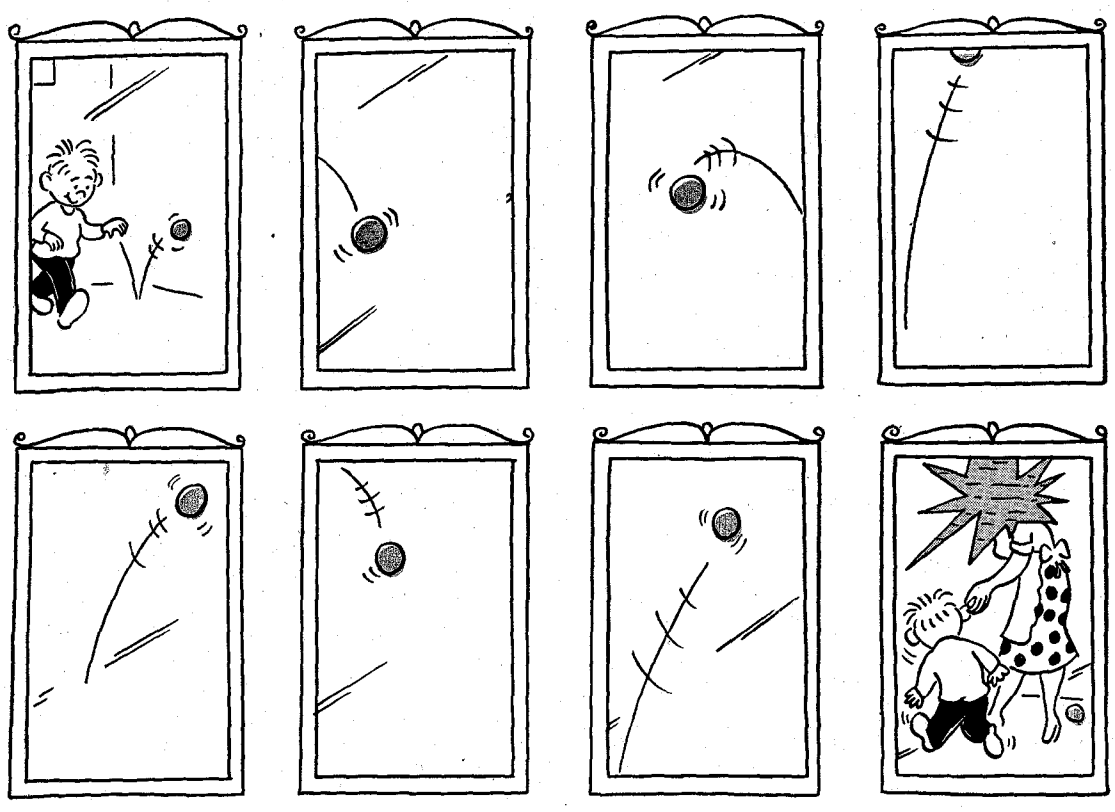
Esteemed Editors: I feel deeply honored that the current issue of your excellent magazine contains biographical and critical material about me, and I was particularly intrigued by the statement that I am "not noted for a sense of humor." This strikes me as a fair and accurate statement, judging from the unanimous opinion of my acquaintances plus the fact that not more than twice in my life have I got the point of a joke or anecdote without its being explained to me. Please convey my compliments to the author.

T. H. FILLERPIN

PARKE CUMMINGS

Through the Looking Glass

SCOTT TABER



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

"Stay to supper"

THIS is the enticing new "company" way to fix FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni. If you think it *looks* good, wait until you *taste* it. And you can have it ready—piping-hot and pretty as this picture—in double-quick time!

Simply put our Macaroni in a casserole, top with buttered bread crumbs, and bake about 20 minutes in a hot oven.

Or, you can merely place the contents of the can in a saucepan and heat it. Whatever way you fix our Macaroni, the homey goodness of it is *there*.

Want to know why? Because we use the same kind of fine ingredients *you* would. Aged natural Cheddar cheese, for example. And butter and milk, fresh from the farm.

Naturally, Franco-American Macaroni is a wonderfully *nutritious* dish. One average serving actually has more protein in it than a farm-fresh egg.

You get all this goodness for about nine cents a serving. Don't you agree that for variety as well as good eating, Franco-American Macaroni is something you should try? Tonight, perhaps?

Macaroni
with Cheese Sauce
by Franco-American

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"John Locke?" Mason asked as the man passed him. The man whirled as though Mason had jabbed him with a pointed instrument.

The Case of the Missing Poison

"You'll have to hide me," his client's boy friend told Mason. "I can't afford to talk to the police."

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry, you're in a real jam this time," detective Paul Drake said seriously. "It looks as though they've caught you with the goods." The police were accusing Mason of having planted evidence in a murder case.

Mason had been hired by Doctor Denair, a psychiatrist, to investigate a murder confession made by one of his patients, Nadine Farr. Nadine explained that when her so-called uncle, Mosher Higley, forbade her to marry John Locke she decided to commit suicide.

Nadine took some cyanide tablets from the laboratory in which Locke worked. However, someone removed the poison from Nadine's room. Nadine found the bottle in the kitchen after Higley died. She believed then that she'd poisoned Higley by putting cyanide in his chocolate, instead of a sugar substitute she meant to use.

When a doctor reported that Higley died naturally, Nadine decided to keep quiet. She threw the bottle of tablets into a nearby lake.

Mason recovered the bottle from the lake. He took the tablets to chemist Hermann Korbel for analysis.

Meanwhile someone tipped off the police about Nadine's confession. The police confiscated the tape recording of Doctor Denair's interview with Nadine. They also seized the tablets Mason gave to the chemist.

District Attorney Hamilton Burger was ready to charge Mason as an accessory to murder when he learned that the recovered tablets actually were a harmless sugar substitute. The case seemed closed.

Mason discounted a warning by Mrs. Jackson Newburn, Higley's niece, that Nadine invented her crime as part of a scheme to circumvent Higley's will.

The case broke wide open when Burger went to the lake and found a second bottle. This one contained cyanide. Burger accused Mason of having planted the first bottle.

Mason tried to get hold of Nadine Farr for an explanation. She had checked out of her motel with a young man. Then Paul Drake brought in Cap'n Hugo, Higley's eccentric man around the house, to give his version of Higley's death.

IV

"So you're Mason, the lawyer," Cap'n Hugo said, shuffling forward and extending his right hand.

"That's right," Mason said, "and you're Cap'n Hugo."

"That's me."

Mason stood for a moment sizing the man up.

Cap'n Hugo would have been around six feet tall if he had stood straight, but an easy-going slouch had been crystallized by age so that now his head was thrust forward, his shoulders rounded. The man seemed abnormally thin, except that the forward thrust of his spine had pushed his stomach out so that he seemed a little paunchy in the middle. His neck, arms, wrists and ankles were pipestem

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thin. He had high cheekbones, a pointed jaw and a sloping forehead. The forward thrust of his neck held his face downward so that he had to look up when he wanted to meet a person's eyes. He accomplished this by a little sideways, upward toss of the head and an elevation of his eyebrows. For the most part, the man seemed intent on looking at the floor. From time to time he darted these elfin glances upward in what almost seemed a deliberately droll manner.

Mason said, "Sit down, cap'n. Paul Drake told me you were an interesting character, and I wanted to ask you a few questions."

"Go right ahead," Cap'n Hugo drawled. "They paid me ten dollars for just sittin' down an' talkin'. Easiest money I ever made. What is it you want me to talk about?"

He eased his figure down into a chair, put his hands on his knees, flashed an upward glance at Mason, then relaxed so that Mason could see only the tip of the man's nose, his bushy white eyebrows and the light glinting from the bald head.

"I understand the police are investigating the death of Mosher Higley," Mason said.

The head came up with a jerk, the gray eyes flashed from under the bushy eyebrows. "What are you talking about?" Cap'n Hugo demanded.

"That's my understanding," Mason said.

For a moment, Cap'n Hugo held his head up, looking at Mason; then, as though the upthrust position caused him pain in his spine, he lowered his head again and said, "There ain't nothin' to investigate. Old Mosher Higley kicked the bucket just like all of us are goin' to do someday. I understand some doc got Miss Nadine full of dope and she had a pipe dream. If the police are goin' to investigate all dope dreams like that, the real crooks couldn't ask for nothin' better. Cops'll be too busy to work on real crime. They'll be all worn out."

"You were with him at the time he died?" Mason asked.

"Sure I was with him."

"I mean in the room with him?"

"Nope, I was washin' windows in the dining room. Don't ordinarily do it. Figure that's a woman's work. But those windows were pretty danged dirty and it's hard to get women these days. We have a housekeeper so-called, comes in once a week, charges a dollar an hour—makes me mad every time I think of it."

"Did you work by the hour?"

"Me?" Cap'n Hugo asked, flashing Mason another quick glance, then dropping his head again. "No! I didn't work by no hour. I worked by the job. Guess I prob'ly ain't goin' to have no more jobs now. Old Mosher cut me right off at the pockets. Don't blame him none. But I been with old Mosher Higley so long I couldn't work for nobody else anyway. He understood me and I understood him."

"What'll you do?" Mason asked.

"Old Mosher left me half salary for four months. Wouldn't have done any good if he'd left me more. The estate can't pay out. There ain't half enough unless they strike oil on that Wyoming property. The niece's husband who specializes in oil properties seems to think there's oil up there, been pesterin' Mosher for eighteen months trying to get Mosher to sell. Mosher just told him nope, he hated to do business with relatives."

"Was that the real reason?"

"No," Cap'n Hugo said. "Mosher figured he could make a better deal if he waited. He thought Jackson Newburn had his eye on it, and I guess the boy did. Mosher wouldn't let it go for what Newburn was willin' to give."

"What about Nadine Farr?" Mason asked.

"Nicest little girl you ever seen," Cap'n Hugo said. "Pretty as a picture. Sweet too. Nice girl to be around. Livin' there, studyin' nights, givin' me help whenever she could, bein' just as sweet as she could to Mosher. Mosher never appreciated her at all. Used to be awful mean to her. Sometimes it made me downright mad."

"How long had you been working with Mosher Higley?" Mason asked.

"About thirty years. When his wife was alive I was chauffeur and gardener. Then she died and Mosher started livin' alone, so I sort of worked in on lots of jobs. First thing I knew I was just putterin' around, cookin' for me and Mosher."

"What are you going to do, now that your job's folded?" Mason asked.

"Goin' down South and get me one of these little shacks on the bank of a river that's got a few catfish in it. You can build a shack out of corrugated iron and be right comfortable. Get me a place where I can catch catfish. Don't worry about me. I'll get along."

"Don't you think that Mosher Higley, under all the circumstances, could have arranged to take care of your declining years?"

"Why should he?"

"You gave him years of loyal service."

"He paid wages, didn't he? Way I figure it, he didn't owe me nothin' an' I didn't owe him nothin'."

"What are you doing out there at the house now?" Mason asked.

"Just squattin', waitin' for someone to throw me out. Reckon the property'll be sold, soon as the red tape can be unsnarled."

"The niece and her husband aren't going to live in the house?"

"No. They're all right where they are."

"How did it happen Nadine Farr was living with Mosher Higley?"

"He sent for her."

"Let's get back to the day that Mosher Higley died," Mason said. "Do you remember the things that took place that day?"

"Remember 'em just like I remember what happened five minutes ago."

"You were washing windows?"

"That's right."

"Did Higley have a nurse?"

"Had two of 'em, one workin' days, one workin' nights."

"Trained nurses?"

"Nope. Practical nurses on twelve-hour shifts."

"What was wrong with him?"

"Heart trouble."

"He was overweight?"

"Not so much when he died. He'd been pretty heavy, but the doc had taken quite a bit off'n him. Reckon he weighed about a hundred and eighty-five when he died."

"And this was on a Saturday?"

"Yep, that's right, Saturday noon. Miss Nadine, she would sort of take charge of things on Saturday and keep the house runnin'. And at noon she'd give the daytime nurse a breathin' spell. Nadine's awful nice to people—just an awful nice girl."

"How about the niece? She didn't live there in the house with him?"

"Mrs. Newburn? Not her. She wouldn't be caught dead hangin' around there—there might be some work for her to do. She wouldn't like that. It would stain her hands. She lives in an apartment—one of those affairs where they push a button to wash dishes and turn some doodad so the air is just right—summer it's cool, winter it's warm."

"That takes money?" Mason asked.

"I reckon. I never asked them and they never told me. I wouldn't know what things like that cost because I never went shoppin' for those kind of gadgets. They ain't fittin' to my type of beauty."

"Didn't Mrs. Newburn and her husband come to visit Mosher Higley frequently?"

"Oh, sure. They were keepin' their fences up. And every time they came they had some dirty dig for Miss Nadine. Honest, the way they treated that girl was a crime. I don't know how Miss Nadine managed to keep sweet and patient all the time, but she did."

"Now, on the day that Mosher Higley died, had they been to see him?"

"Mrs. Newburn had —— Now wait a minute; they both had. They both went in and talked with him and ——"

"What time was that?"

"I reckon that was around eleven o'clock. Then Jackson Newburn said he had some kind of an errand to run and he drove off in his car. He was to come back and pick up his wife about noon, and that's what he did."

"And how long after that did Higley die?"

"Not long. Miss Nadine was fixin' his lunch. He was a funny coot—wanted all the rich things that he couldn't have, and he'd cheat on his diet with a little of this and a little of that and a little of the other—ate lots of sugar substitutes. He said that they didn't do him no harm."

"And then what happened?"

"Well, Miss Nadine took him up some dry toast and some hot chocolate made with this here sugar substitute. It seemed like she was gone—oh, I don't know, maybe ten minutes or so. I was gettin' ready to come in and eat some lunch myself when I heard Miss Nadine scream."

"Then what?"

"Then she came runnin' downstairs and telephoned for the doc. Then she went flyin' back upstairs, so I went up, and Mosher was gaspin' and havin' fits. It seemed like he was sort of smotherin'; then all of a sudden he died—leastwise I thought he was dead."

"How long did it take the doctor to get there?"

"Not very long; maybe ten or fifteen minutes."

"Then what?"

"Then the doc he looked at him, thumped him over and said that he was dead, and it was fortunate he'd passed out quick, without sufferin', and told Miss Nadine she was upset and better have some stuff to quiet her down."

"Did he give her something?"

"Yep. He gave her a couple of pills and told her to lie down and that he'd make all the arrangements."

"And what did Miss Nadine do then?"

"Went out through the kitchen and into her room."

"She reaches her room through the kitchen?"

"That's right. Her bedroom didn't amount to much. It's downstairs in the basement, got a little dinky shower and toilet in it. Never could figure why Mosher wouldn't put her in one of the guest rooms. That would leave her near him so he could call to her at night, and she wouldn't have to come traipsin' all over the house. But not Mosher. He never had guests, but he had to have those guest rooms always kept ready. He was funny that way. He rigged up an electric-bell system so he could press a button and it would ring a buzzer in Miss Nadine's room and she'd have to come runnin'. Of course, he didn't use that much after he got the nurses. He had another bell for the nurses. Had a night nurse sittin' around there where she could keep an eye on him—not much of a job. When he'd sleep she'd sleep. I think they gave him somethin' to keep him asleep most of the time. Anyhow, this nurse was there in case he took bad, so she could notify the doc and give him some sort of a hypo or other."

"And did that make your duties easier?"

"No! Miss Nadine and I had to cook for those nurses. That nurse who was on nights, she wanted somethin' hot at midnight. Far as I'm concerned I just don't want no women clutterin' up a house—unless they're helpful like Miss Nadine, but these women who get bossy and want to wear the pants —— I've been cookin' for twenty years. I ain't what you call a finished cook, but I know how to cook. These here female women started bossin' me. Both of 'em started tellin' me how to do things—how to cook this, how to cook that."

"Did Mosher Higley ever ask you to try and cook what they wanted?"

"No. Mosher Higley knew me better than that. One crack out of him like that I'd of been gone."

"After all of those years of service?"

"I didn't owe him nothin' and he didn't owe me nothin'. We got along together, that's all. He couldn't get anybody else that would put up with him, and I couldn't get any other job—not at my age."

"How did it happen that Nadine Farr came to live with Mosher Higley?"

"He sent for her."

"You told me that before. Why did he send for her?"

"To give her a home."

"Why did Mosher Higley want to give her a home?"

"He knew her mother somehow, and don't ask me how or when because I ain't one to talk about things like that."

"Is there any chance that Nadine Farr was his daughter?"

"How would I know?"

"I thought you might have known. You say that he knew Nadine's mother?"

"Well, I didn't follow him around with a flashlight when he went out nights."

Mason said, "The police seem to feel that the circumstances surrounding Higley's death should be reopened. They'll probably be in touch with you."

"Well, I guess they got a right to if they want."

"Did Mrs. Newburn or Mr. Newburn go into the kitchen when they visited the house that day?"

"Them folks go into the kitchen? No. They might go in there to snoop around and make some catty remarks. That Mrs. Newburn has the darnedest forefinger you ever saw in your life. She'll go around runnin' that forefinger along a window sill or under the bottom of a table or somethin', bring it out with a little dust on it and stick it out like she's discovered a corpse or somethin'."

"Did she ever say anything to you?"

"She knew better than to say anythin' to me."

"Did you say anything to her?"

"No. I just let her stick out her finger. It was her finger. She could stick it out all she wanted."

"But you don't think she went out in the kitchen that day?"

"Well—she could've. I don't rightly remember. Anyhow, then she went up and seen Mosher. Then her husband went up and seen Mosher. Then Jackson went out and drove around someplace, and then he came back and picked her up. I know he went out in the kitchen, just in and back. Seems he was lookin' for Nadine for somethin' or other. Then he went upstairs. He was up with Mosher about ten minutes, handin' out a line. They didn't give a hang for Mosher, but wanted to be certain that he didn't change his will none. They'd pour it on him like honey on hotcakes."

"Well," Mason said, "I just wanted to find out the facts. Thanks ever so much."

Cap'n Hugo eased his lanky figure up out of the chair. "Reckon you an' that other feller got your ten bucks' worth?"

Mason smiled. "I reckon we have."

"O.K. then," Cap'n Hugo said. "I won't have to come back. We're square. I don't owe you nothin' and you don't owe me nothin'. Good-by."

For more than an hour after Cap'n Hugo had left the

(Continued on Page 40)

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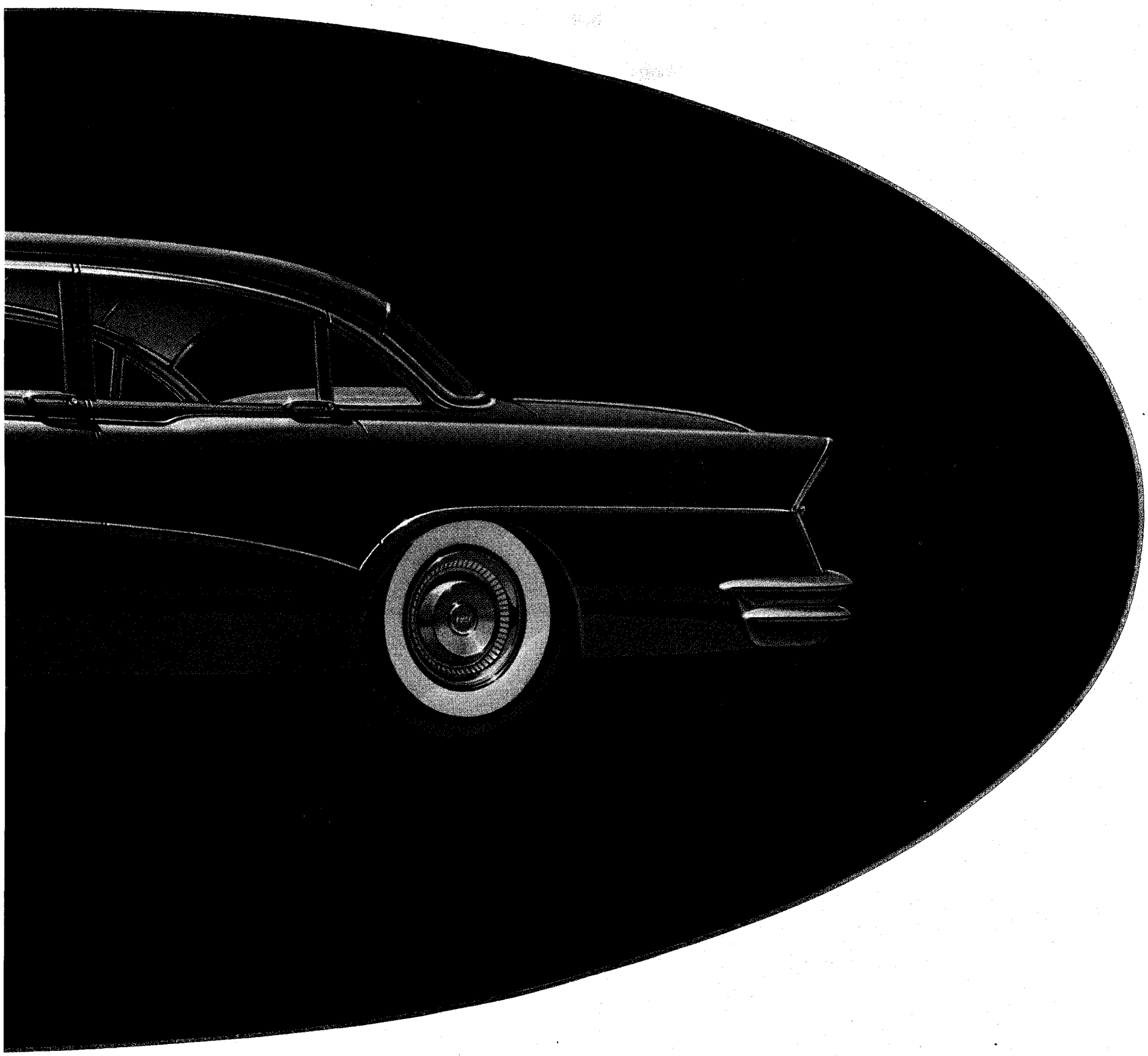

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(Continued from Page 37) office, Mason paced the floor, waiting. From time to time Della Street glanced at her watch. At length she said, "Does a working girl get any chance to eat? It seems to me something was said about food."

Mason, without interrupting the rhythm of his pacing, said, "We may have to get food sent in. I'd like to hear from Doctor Denair before the police contact him, and I simply have to reach Nadine Farr. How do you suppose John Locke knew where she was, Della?"

"She must have phoned him as soon as I left. That girl's an enigma, Perry, but I sensed she had something on her mind."

Drake's code knock sounded on the door. Della let him in.

"Getting nervous?" Drake said, sliding into his favorite position in the big leather chair.

"He's been biting his fingernails right down to the elbow," Della Street said.

"How are you coming, Paul?" Mason asked.

"Well, I've got a lot of men out now."

"Can you find Nadine Farr?"

"I'm hoping to have a line on her at any minute," Drake said.

Mason frowned. "You should have had her by this time. It's a broad trail to follow. She left the High-Tide Motel with John Locke and ——"

"How do you know she went out with John Locke?" Drake interrupted.

"Don't be silly," Mason said. "The manager told me so. Locke came and asked for her cabin. She watched them go out. The girl hadn't had anything to eat. It's a cinch they went to dinner somewhere. You should be able to locate the places that Locke was in the habit of patronizing."

"That's all very fine," Drake said, "but your facts are jumbled."

"What do you mean?"

"She didn't go out with John Locke."

"She didn't!" Mason exclaimed.

Drake said, "I'll give you a piece of information that may jar you a bit. The manager of the motel says that the man who called for her was driving a two-tone hardtop. She thought they turned in at a gas station on the next corner. I checked with the gas-station attendant. Naturally he can't remember all the cash sales, but I checked on sales where the customer had used a credit card, and I find that at just about the time Nadine Farr checked out, Jackson Newburn was buying gas on a credit card at that station. I ——"

The phone rang.

Drake said, "I left your unlisted number with my operator, Perry. I hope it's all right. I ——"

Della Street, answering the telephone, nodded to Paul Drake. "For you, Paul."

Drake took the telephone, said, "Hello," listened for a minute, then said, "Where is he now? . . . Wait a minute. Hang on to the line." Drake turned to Mason. "Officers are crawling all over the place, Perry," the detective said. "A couple of men from the Homicide Squad are watching the apartment where John Avington Locke lives. A couple more are watching the house where Mosher Higley died—that's where Nadine Farr is living at the present time. My men found out that John Locke frequently ate at a little place known as The Smoked Pheasant, out on Sunset. I told them to check the place. John Locke is in there, eating."

"Alone?" Mason asked.

"Alone," Drake said. "Now then, if Locke leaves there and drives home, he'll walk right into the arms of the police. The point is, do you want to see him first?"

"You're darn right I want to see him first."

"O.K.," Drake told him, "you'd better get out there. He's twenty-six, wearing a tweed suit, cordovan shoes. He has reddish-brown hair a little high at the forehead."

"I'm on my way," Mason said. "Tell your operative to keep him covered."

Drake said into the telephone, "Perry Mason will be out there. He'll get in touch with you. You know Mason from his pictures. Keep an eye out for him. Don't let the subject know he's under surveillance or let him see you talking to Mason."

Drake hung up, held an open notebook in his hand and said, "I have a lot of stuff you should know before you go out there, Perry."

Mason, headed for the hat closet, called back over his shoulder, "There isn't time, Paul. I'll have to get moving."

"Well," Drake said, "I know now what it's all about. I know the hold that Higley had over Nadine Farr. I know all about Nadine's past and ——"

"And do you know why she picked this particular time to go out with Jackson Newburn?" Mason asked.

New Year's Eve

By Robert D. Abrahams

Down the Mountain of Time
the Old Year glides,
On skis that are greased and
fleet—
On the lift to the peak the
New Year rides;
On the way to the top they
meet.

"Hail and farewell," the Old
Year cries.
"Wait, father, and show me
the way"—
But only history's echo
replies,
As Tomorrow becomes
Today.

Drake said, "That I don't know."

"Mrs. Newburn thinks she has the answer," Mason told him. "I laughed at her when she told me. Right now I'm not so sure. Mrs. Newburn comes in to see me, and while she's gone Nadine phones Mrs. Newburn's husband. Mrs. Newburn goes home. Her husband isn't there. Naturally she's trying to find out where he is. If she finds out she's very apt to do something about it. The police are looking for Nadine. If they find Jackson Newburn with her there'll be pictures published in the papers and the devil to pay."

"I know," Drake said. "I'm doing the best I can, trying to locate her for you before the police can spot her."

Mason took his hat from the hook and turned to Della Street. "Want to come, Della?"

"Do I?"

"Let's go!"

Drake said, "I'm pounding away on this thing, Perry. What happens if I find Nadine before the police do?"

"Get her out of circulation."

"That might be risky."

"Then get in touch with me."

"And where will I find you?"

"I'll be telephoning you from time to time. . . . Come on, Della."

They switched out lights in the office, latched the door and hurried down to the elevator.

Drake paused in front of his office door. "I suppose it won't do a bit of good to warn you to be careful, Perry."

Mason pushed the button on the elevator. "I can't be careful now, Paul. They've dragged me into this thing. Wait until you see how Hamilton Burger smears me in the newspapers. I'm in now and I've got to work my way out."

The elevator cage slid to a stop. Drake said rapidly, "I wish there was time to give you some of this important information, Perry."

"So do I," Mason said as the door opened.

"You'll be calling me?"

"From time to time," Mason promised.

He and Della entered the elevator, said nothing further until they were ensconced in Mason's car, driving out toward Hollywood.

"You think Hamilton Burger will smear you in the papers?" Della asked.

"Oh, not Hamilton Burger," Mason said with elaborate sarcasm. "It's unethical for an attorney to use the papers to prejudice public opinion. Oh, Hamilton Burger wouldn't think of doing anything like that! Hamilton Burger will be very ethical. He will probably even refuse to make any comment for fear of violating professional ethics. But the police, showing an almost clairvoyant understanding of what Hamilton Burger would have said if he had been free to make any statements, will give the press plenty of information. On the other hand, an attorney representing a defendant doesn't have anyone to make statements on his behalf. He's hooked."

"You mean to say you can't even make a denial to the press?" she asked.

"Denials won't do much good," Mason told her.

"Then I don't know what would help," Della Street said.

Mason said, "That bottle with the harmless tablets and the shot in it didn't get into Twomby's Lake of its own accord. Somebody threw it in there. Before we get done we're going to have to prove who did throw it in there, otherwise ——"

"Otherwise?" she prompted, as his voice trailed off into silence as he braked to a stop at a traffic signal.

"Otherwise I'm stuck with it," Mason said.

They drove in silence for a few minutes; then Mason said, "Let's take inventory, Della. We have Nadine Farr, who has confessed to having poisoned Mosher Higley, feeling at the moment that she's completely out of all of her difficulties. She's out somewhere with Jackson Newburn. She'll tell him about the most recent developments, and neither one of them will know that the police are looking for them. We have Doctor Denair completely out of touch with developments. We have Mrs. Jackson Newburn hating Nadine Farr with a deep and bitter hatred, and somewhat suspicious that her husband may be becoming entangled in the fatal web of Nadine's charm. We have the police frantically looking for Nadine, and we have John Locke apparently oblivious of all of these more recent developments."

"Why do you say 'apparently oblivious'?" Della Street asked.

"Because," Mason said, "someone who had a rather clever mind decided to help Nadine Farr by putting harmless pills in a bottle filled with shot and tossing it out into Twomby's Lake. Thinking that I had that bright idea, the police won't look any farther, but since I know I didn't do it, I'm naturally looking for the man who did, and until I can size up John Locke I'm not putting it past him."

"Suppose he did do it?" Della Street asked.

"Then," Mason said, "the important thing is to get him to admit that he did it and see that the story, as run in the newspapers, is sufficiently dramatic to make the front page."

"Which is why we're in such a hurry to get to John Locke?"

"Which is one of the reasons we're in such a hurry to get to John Locke."

Thereafter they drove in silence until Mason found a parking place for the car near The Smoked Pheasant.

Mason took Della Street's arm, walked down the sidewalk, passed the café once, turned around and started back. A man standing by the doorway struck a match to light a cigarette. The flame illuminated his features.

"Mason," he said under his breath.

Mason paused.

"Keep walking," the man said. "I'll join you."

Mason and Della Street walked down the sidewalk. The man came along from behind, looked over his shoulder, then fell into step at Mason's side.

"Is he in there?" Mason asked.

"Still there."

"Any sign of police?"

"Not yet. I thought you might be hot and ——"

"I am," Mason said, "but they don't know it yet. What's he doing?"

"Just finishing his dessert. He'll be coming out pretty quick. That's why I got out ahead of him."

"O.K.," Mason said. "Go back. Stand where you were. When he comes out light another cigarette."

"You coming back now?"

"You go back first," Mason said. "I'll wait outside."

The operative turned and left them, took up his station in front of the café. Mason and Della Street turned slowly back.

Della Street sniffed the air. "I'll bet that café has darned good cooking," she said.

Mason nodded. "Smells like it."

"Couldn't we go in and eat something and ask him to join us?"

Mason shook his head.

"Why?"

"Drake's man found out he frequently ate here. The police can dig up that same information. They may show up at any minute. . . . Here he comes now!"

The door opened. A young man stepped out, looked up the street, turned toward Della Street and Perry Mason.

The detective in the doorway struck a match and held the flame to his cigarette.

The young man who had emerged from the restaurant started walking rapidly down the street. He was a slender, quick-moving individual, who gave the impression of nervous energy and tension, a man who would be quick to anger, who would form likes and dislikes rapidly, and, once having reached an adverse decision, would be difficult to change.

"O.K.," Mason said in a low voice to Della, "let's go."

They walked slowly until, near the end of the block, they let the young man overtake them.

"John Locke?" Mason asked as the man passed him.

The man whirled as though Mason had jabbed him with a pointed instrument. His face showed a certain amount of alarm, a complete lack of cordiality.

Della Street, seeing that expression on his face, said sweetly, "I wonder if you'd mind talking with us about Nadine Farr."

"Who are you?" he asked, his eyes shifting to Della Street; then his expression gradually softening under the influence of her smile.

"Friends," Mason said.

"Friends of whom?"

"Of yours and of Nadine."

"Prove it."

"Let's keep walking," Della Street said, and then added swiftly and with just that note of consideration in her voice which

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made it seem that the decision rested with Locke, "shall we?"

By that time, however, Mason and Della Street were walking one on each side of the young man.

"What's this all about?" he asked.

"I'm Perry Mason, a lawyer," the lawyer told him. "I'm helping Nadine."

"Did she consult you?"

"Not directly. Doctor Denair consulted me."

"Doctor Denair!" Locke said angrily. "If he'd kept his fingers out of this there wouldn't have been any trouble."

"That, of course, is an academic point now," Mason said. "The thing is that regardless of how we happened to get into this thing, we're all of us interested in helping Nadine."

"She doesn't need help. All she needs to do is to keep quiet. The more you try to explain, the more trouble you're going to make, and sooner or later ——"

"I'm afraid you're not fully posted on developments," Mason said.

"Such as what?" Locke asked.

Mason said, "Police raided Doctor Denair's office this morning. They had a search warrant. They demanded possession of the tape recording."

"Good heavens! Did Doctor Denair give it to them?"

"He had no choice in the matter, although, as it happened, Doctor Denair wasn't there. If he had been he probably would have refused until it could have been adjudicated whether the tape recording was a privileged communication, but Doctor Denair was absent. His nurse was there and she honored the search warrant and surrendered the tape recording. You hadn't heard about that?"

"No."

"Well," Mason said, "there have been quite a few developments. This is neither the time nor the place to discuss them. Suppose we get into my automobile and I'll take you to wherever you're going."

"I was going to my apartment."

"Under the circumstances," Mason told him, "it might not be wise to go to your apartment right at the moment. I think it would be better to wait until you're fully familiar with certain facts."

"Why shouldn't I go to my apartment?"

"Because the police want to question you."

"What do they have to question me about?"

"That," Mason said, "is the question."

John Locke strode along for a few seconds, maintaining an angry silence.

"If we could only tell you some of the things that you should know," Della Street said, "it would help you protect Nadine."

"Go ahead and talk."

Mason stopped abruptly. "I'm going back to my car," he said. "Della, you can talk with Locke. Tell him all of the developments in the case. Don't hold back anything. I'll go get the car and pick you up."

Locke stopped, sized Della Street up for a few moments, then said to Mason, "What's she to you?"

"My confidential secretary," Mason said. "She has been, for years. She knows everything about my business, everything about this case."

Locke said, "All right, we'll all go back. We can talk while we're walking."

Mason motioned to Della Street. She took the inside of the sidewalk so that Locke was between them.

Mason, talking rapidly, said, "Why did you tell Cap'n Hugo about the confession, about that tape recording?"

"How do you know I did?"

"Because Cap'n Hugo evidently told Mrs. Jackson Newburn, and somehow the police got on to it."

"If Cap'n Hugo has told, I'll ——"

"Take it easy," Mason interrupted. "Hugo is something of a character. He's talkative and he's independent. You have to take him the way he is. He may be a very important witness in the case. Let's not antagonize him."

"Go ahead. Tell me what happened."

Mason said, "After the police got hold of that tape recording I felt that it was essential to find out whether there was anything to Miss Farr's confession or whether it was the distorted hallucination of a drugged brain."

"Well, that's all it was."

"Now just a minute," Mason said. "Wait until you get the picture. I went out to Twomby's Lake, where she said she had thrown the bottle. I hired some boys who were swimming, to dive and see what they could find. They came up with a bottle filled with shot and containing some pills."

"The deuce they did!"

"I took those pills to Hermann Korbel, a consulting chemist," Mason said. "Police back-tracked me and got the evidence from Korbel before he had a chance to complete his investigation, but he had enough material from the pills so that he was able to show that the pills were not cyanide. They ——"

"They weren't?"

"No, they were completely harmless."

"What were they?"

"The sugar substitute that had come in the bottle originally."

"Well, then, that's all there is to it," Locke said. "She didn't know she'd poisoned him. She only knew she'd given him some pills from a bottle and afterwards she began to wonder if that bottle was the one it was supposed to be. If the bottle was recovered from the lake, and ——"

"That's what I thought," Mason interrupted. "It's what I told Doctor Denair. It's what I told Nadine. It's what I told the police. I told them they didn't have a case, that there hadn't been any murder. I laughed at them."

"Well, then, why all the excitement?"

"Because afterward the police went out to the lake, got boys to do some more diving, and found another bottle, just like the first. This one had shot and pills in it. These pills were cyanide of potassium."

Locke started to say something, then changed his mind. He walked several yards in silence.

"All right," Mason said, "this is my car. Let's get in."

His manner was sufficiently brusque so that it left no room for refusal.

Della Street held the door open. "We'll ride three in front," she said. "You get in next to Mr. Mason so you can hear him, and I'll sit on the outside."

Locke jumped into the car without any hesitation. Della Street climbed in after him and pulled the door shut.

Mason started the motor, switched on the lights and swung away from the curb.

"Where's Nadine?" Locke asked.

"That," Mason said, "is what I am trying to find out. We'd like to reach her before the police do."

"And you don't know where she is?"

"No."

"I understood she was ——"

"Yes?" Mason asked as Locke broke off.

"I don't know where she is," Locke said.

Mason drove steadily, his eyes straight ahead.

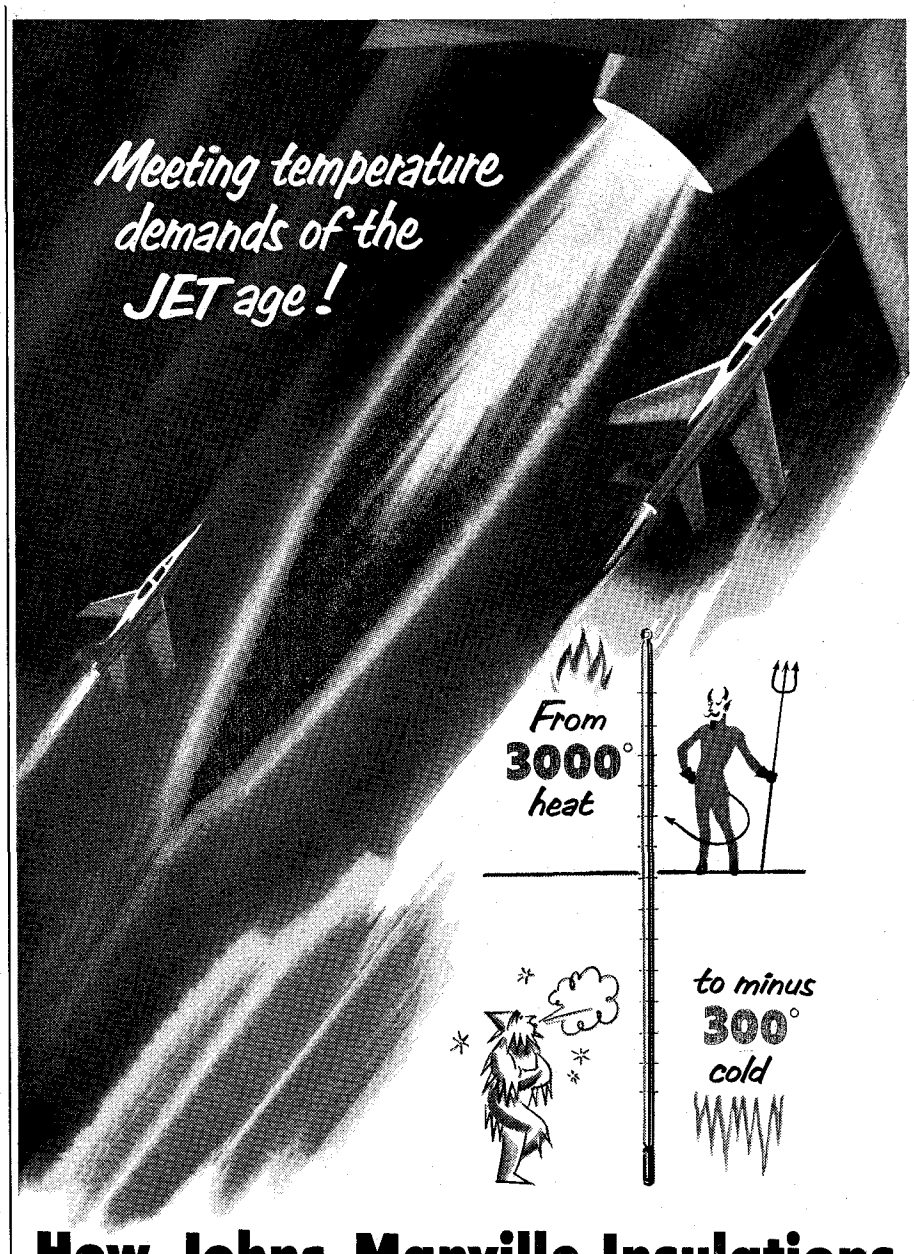
Locke turned suddenly to Mason, said, "You'll have to hide me. I can't afford to talk with the police."

"Why not?" Mason asked.

"Because of what I know."

Mason glanced obliquely at Della Street, then kept his eyes on the road ahead, saying nothing, waiting for Locke to talk.

TO BE CONTINUED



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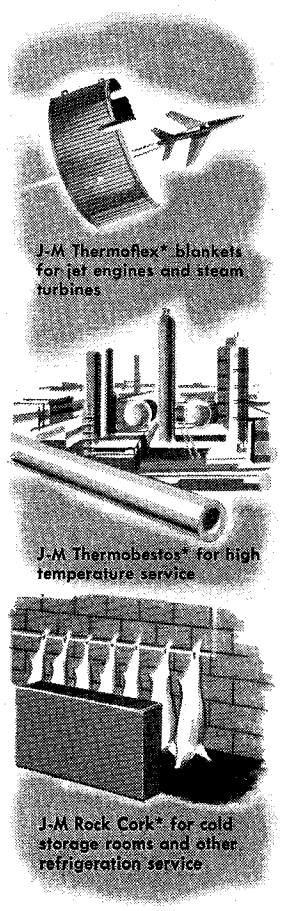
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He Cuts People Down to Size

(Continued from Page 17)

eligible. But the authorities want to know about a patient's income and responsibilities, mainly as a guide in arranging feasible diets.

At the 168th Street Clinic, it is Miss Florence Rudensey, a slim public-health nurse, who makes a preliminary estimate of Gillespie's dietary needs. Miss Rudensey was formerly Doctor Jolliffe's private office nurse, and she accompanied him into public service. She is also the one who evaluates Gillespie's answers to the questions. Having taken sixty pounds off herself some years ago, she knows all about the difficulties of reducing. And as a food specialist Miss Rudensey has probably acquired more detailed knowledge of caloric counts and diet management than most general practitioners or even most nutritionists.

After Gillespie is pronounced fit for weight reduction—as almost everyone is—they ask him, "What do you want to weigh?" This is to encourage full co-operation. If his answer comes close to the desirable weight for his size, well and good; if not, the question is left unanswered for the time being. Gillespie is told that when the time comes, he and Jolliffe will together decide his best weight.

"You can be sure of one thing," says Jolliffe. "We won't let you disappear altogether!"

Thus, reassured, Jim tells his likes and dislikes, and a suitable diet is worked out. He happens to be big enough to reduce effectively on 2000 calories a day, so he is told that at his next visit he will see a graph showing what he should weigh at weekly intervals for the next ten weeks. He doesn't realize it yet, but his corporeal frame has now become an unknown in an algebraic equation involving his age, surface area, metabolism and a number of other factors.

Sometime during the ensuing weeks Gillespie may find a telltale rise in his graph and be forced to confess his error.

"Where did you go wrong?" Doctor Jolliffe will ask.

"Oh, my daughter got married and I just had a few beers with the boys. Never thought you'd find out."

But Jolliffe does find it out. During treatment the patient's weight rises sharply when he strays off the caloric compound even briefly.

There is really not much that a patient can hide. Weighing him is only the start of the search for fat. His skin thickness is measured in three places with calipers; and if a double layer of skin on the side of the body, just over the lower ribs, measures more than one inch, he is at once suspect.

Gillespie can arrange for either individual or group instructions on how to meet the problems that usually arise when good food must be sternly rejected. Jolliffe believes it's all a matter of education, but by that he means that Gillespie must educate his family as well as himself. Reducing is a lot harder when the family doesn't co-operate. The "moderate" diet that Gillespie previously allowed himself adds up to about 4000 calories daily, maybe more.

"You must make up your mind to say good-by to most of that," says Miss Rudensey. "You'll never eat like that again in your life! Right?"

"Right!" says Gillespie, much impressed by the enthusiasm and businesslike atmosphere of the clinic. The plan requires him to come back weekly to be checked and lectured by Miss Rudensey for ten weeks. Then the results are to be evaluated by Doctor Jolliffe or, on the rare occasions when he must be absent, by one of his assisting physicians. If the ten-week results are satisfactory—that is, if Gillespie has lost all that was scheduled—he returns every two weeks thereafter. When he reaches the desired weight, he goes on "maintenance," during which he comes in for a check by Doctor Jolliffe every ten weeks. Maintenance is really a sort of extended parole period during which the clinic makes sure that a patient stays reduced. So Gillespie leaves the first visit with a personal diet prescription, a page of general instructions about eating, an appointment for next week, and a vision of a slim new man in his eye.

At Gillespie's second visit Miss Rudensey has already prepared the chart showing his predicted new weights during the weeks to follow. Very heavy people are required to lose faster than lighter ones because they need reduction more. Gillespie weighs 256 pounds, so his diet is designed to make him lose three pounds a week.

Most of the patients who mean business come through the first ten-week period with a weight loss that comes very close to Jolliffe's prediction. They feel lean and lively, anxious to continue and get even thinner. They find they can save money on clothes as well as food. And they can't stop trying to convert other people.

"You still have a long way to go," warns Doctor Jolliffe. "The real test is to stay reduced."

To eat one's fill and stay reduced without giving it a thought, as many people do throughout life, it is necessary to have a well-functioning "appestat." This is a term coined by Jolliffe for the automatic weight-reducing mechanism lodged in the hypothalamus, a part of the human brain near the base of the skull. When the appestat is functioning normally, the intake of food calories is perfectly balanced to one's energy expenditures, and a person will not eat more than he needs.

Disease may have damaged the intake-regulating mechanism in a few fat people, but most of them have gluttonous appetites for less-serious reasons. Doctor Jolliffe divides overweights into three general types. Some eat too much from sheer habit, acquired from always seeing a well-laden table at home or from scavenging leftovers, from drinking too much, and so on.

Others eat purposefully, the way a weary child will finally "eat up all the oatmeal" to silence a nagging mother who insists on cramming unnecessary food into her child so that he may grow up "big and strong." Such extra food yields nothing but fat. Normal children with sensible parents stop eating when they've had enough; obese children generally reflect undue parental emphasis on food. One of the most common mistakes is to use a delicacy as a reward for eating or to withhold it as a punishment.

Finally, a lot of people overeat because they have some kind of nagging psychological problem. There are a number of women on Jolliffe's records who are quite capable of going right into the kitchen and gobbling up an entire mulberry pie or a quart of ice cream when they hear another woman praised for her looks or good housekeeping. Some men overeat when their wives expect babies. One prospective father started "eating for two" and gained fifty pounds during his wife's pregnancy. "Felt the need of it," he said. When business is bad or another chap gets the promotion, some men are ready to eat up all the pretzels and peanuts on the bar, and then demand more beer in order to get more pretzels.

When Doctor Jolliffe speaks of training Jim Gillespie to stay reduced, he means that his appestat must be set at a lower level. Then, like the reliable thermostat in Jim's living room, this organ will automatically adjust matters so that the growling furnace in his personal premises will keep him snug and warm without the consumption of a lot of excess fuel. All this is accomplished without any vacant or cheated feeling.

"The discomfort that reducers experience at the beginning of dieting, often called shrinking the stomach, is in reality the appestat complaining against a change of level," says Jolliffe.

The patients are always pleased to be examined and praised by Doctor Jolliffe himself after their first ten-week ordeal. There is an unhurried friendliness in his manner, and the patients can see that he is sincerely interested in the emotional problems that influence their behavior. He is not as strict as his assistants are likely to be about "cheating"—the term used to describe eating beyond the diet. He advises people to eat as much as they like if that is their only interest in life. There are such people. "For them reducing could not possibly be worth while, for then life would be completely empty," explains Doctor Jolliffe.

Jolliffe's entire professional life since his internship has been spent in nutrition and metabolism work, and his twenty years as a diabetic have served to strengthen his sympathies for the patient and his interest in research. He can't remember when he didn't want to doctor people and collect health data. Even as a child he was fond of treating the imaginary ailments of the dogs and other pets on his father's farm at Knob Fork, West Virginia.

Jolliffe likes New York, and not just to visit. In 1922, when he left Knob Fork to select a medical school, his father told him to spend a few days picking the right place, because he suspected that young Norman would not return to live in his sleepy little home town. His first call was on Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia on a Sunday. The deserted look and lonely air of the place appalled him. He went on to have a look at New York University's College of Medicine at Bellevue Hospital. There were definitely more people around First Avenue and 26th Street than he had ever seen in Knob Fork. He was instantly attracted by the bustle of the teeming crowds. This was so obviously the right place that he has maintained connections with the endless stream of sick humanity at Bellevue ever since.

Jolliffe first met his future wife while she was a secretary at the New York University College of Medicine at Bellevue and he was an intern.

"The very first time I ever saw this young man in white," said Mrs. Jolliffe, "he was down on his knees tying up the shoelaces of a wandering old man from the alcoholic ward."

"That alcoholic ward of the Psychiatric Division was a gold mine for nutrition research in those days," said Jolliffe. "I became chief of the medical service there in 1932, and I saw some amazing things that got me started in the nutrition and metabolism field. I've never stopped wondering about them."

The hospital always had a number of rather awful cases traditionally diagnosed as "wet brain," a malady that resulted from excessive drinking over a long period. A patient with wet brain would exhibit a complete mental fog; like a baby, he would suck on anything placed in his mouth, and he had the grasping and other reactions of an infant. Normally, he would sink into a stupor and slowly fade away, long after all alcohol must have left his system. The death certificate would always be marked "alcoholism."

One day a newspaperman in this condition was brought into Jolliffe's ward. This was in 1937, just after the new vitamin, niacin, was made available for study. Doctor Jolliffe and Dr. Robert Goodhart had previously shown that heavy drinkers deprive their bodies of vitamins, especially B vitamins. They decided that people who practically live on alcohol gradually rob the body of vitamins until they die of nutritional deficiencies. So, with nothing to lose, they gave the unconscious and obviously dying reporter 100 milligrams of niacin every hour—a dose heavy enough to prove whether a niacin deficiency was his trouble or not. The new vitamin brought the man out of his deathly stupor. Next day Jolliffe found him sitting up in bed reading a newspaper, very much interested in this world's affairs and well on the road to recovery.

"In the course of time we were able to save eighty-five per cent of these people at Bellevue," said Jolliffe. "Previously the death rate was a hundred per cent. In the old days if a wet-brain patient recovered by some rare chance, it was marked down as a case of mistaken diagnosis."

A number of foreign governments have invited Doctor Jolliffe to make nutrition studies for them, and he likes to go because the foreign studies almost always turn up information of universal scientific value. He has been officially invited to make nutrition-status surveys in Brazil, Cuba, and most recently in Formosa.

Among 1019 sixth-grade school children Jolliffe examined in Formosa a year ago, there was not a single case of obesity. In the United States about 15 per cent would have been overweight. He found only about 20 per cent of Formosan women overweight. In a group of American women of the same age, 40 to 60 per cent would have been definitely overweight. On the other hand, there is a good deal of vitamin deficiency among the Formosans, particularly the school children.

The lower classes on Formosa eat lots of rice with the vitamins removed. The wealthier classes enjoy many delicacies that would turn the average American stomach, such as 100-year-old eggs, soup made from birds' nests, and similar dainties. They are very proud of their cookery in the Orient. "A happy man is he who has a Japanese wife, an American house and a Chinese cook," they told Jolliffe.

Jolliffe considers the last fifty years the greatest half century in the history of public health. During his lifetime he has seen pestilence and the classical deficiency diseases—pellagra, rickets and beriberi—disappear in a large part of the Western world. Life expectancy for American males has risen from about forty-eight years in 1901 to nearly seventy years now, with our females doing a little better all along the way. But there's a catch to it. The death rate for circulatory diseases—chiefly heart disease—in American men of forty to sixty-five is two to three times as great as in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal.

Jolliffe blames this depressing statistic largely on his old enemy, obesity. And he cites insurance-company figures to back him up. "They prove," he says, "that insurable males who are overweight have a fifty per cent greater chance of dying in each year than insurable males of normal weight."

Unlike their menfolk, American women in the forty-to-sixty-five age group do just about as well as their sisters in the European countries named; they all live longer than the men. Women, in fact, seem to be decidedly the hardier sex. They endure all stress factors better than men—operations, extremes of temperature and starvation, for instance. Mother Nature evidently gave them this biological superiority to insure preservation of the species.

Doctor Jolliffe even thinks that women withstand the effects of obesity better. "Their figures may sag and their ankles break down," he says, "but they live longer than men. That's why it can be truthfully said that thin men bury fat men, but that their women will live to bury them both—if they don't watch out!" THE END

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The Marriage of Moon Wind

(Continued from Page 27)

"Three gals wanted to marry you all to oncet?" Buck said in open admiration. "How'd that happen?"

"Darned if I know. Women have always pestered me, seems like. Now tell me some more about Slewfoot. You trapped with him for five years, you say?"

"Yeah. That's all I could stand him. Got a right queer sense of humor, Slewfoot has."

"A bit of joshin' never hurt nobody. I'll take the worst he can dish out, grin and come back for more."

"An' if you can't take it," Buck said, a gleam coming into his faded old eyes, "you'll stay with the mules like me'n' the captain wants you to do?"

"Sure."

"Fine! I'll introduce you to Slewfoot tomorrow."

The word got around. During the half day it took the fur brigade to reach rendezvous grounds in the lush, grass-rich valley of the Green River, the men gossiped and grinned amongst themselves, and their attitude riled Tad.

Greenhorn though he was, Tad had learned considerable during the trip out from St. Louis. There were several kinds of trappers, he'd discovered. Some worked for wages and some for commissions, but the elite of the trade were the free trappers—men who roamed where they pleased, sold their furs to the highest bidder and were beholden to nobody.

Usually such men worked in pairs, but Slewfoot, who'd been queer to begin with, and was getting queerer every year, did his trapping with no other company than a Shoshone squaw he'd bought some years back. Campfire talk had it that Indian war parties rode miles out of their way to avoid him; she grizzly bears scared their cubs into behaving by mentioning his name; and beavers, when they heard he was in the neighborhood, simply crawled up on the creek banks and died.

None of which scared Tad. But it did make him look forward with considerable interest to meeting the man whose partner he hoped to be.

Shortly before noon they hit Green River and made camp. Already the valley was full of company men, free trappers and Indians from many tribes, come in from every corner of the West for a two-week carnival of trading, gambling, drinking, horse racing and fighting. Tad took it all in with keen, uncritical eyes. But other eyes in the party looked on with far less tolerance.

Traveling with the brigade that year was a minister named Thomas Rumford, a tall, hollow-cheeked, solemn-visaged man who was returning to a mission he had established some years earlier among the Nez Perce Indians, out Oregon way. Parson Rumford had made no bones of the fact that he disapproved of the language and personal habits of the mule tenders, and he liked even less the behavior of the celebrating trappers. While Tad was helping unload the mules, Parson Rumford came up, a reproachful look on his face.

"My boy, what's this I hear about your becoming a trapper?"

"Well, I was sort of figuring on it."

"Do you know what kind of man Slewfoot Samuels is?"

"Tell me he's some ornery. But I reckon I can put up with him."

Parson Rumford shook his head and stalked away. Feeling a shade uncomfortable, Tad finished unloading the mules. Then he saw Captain Sublette approaching, and the amused twinkle in Sublette's dark eyes made him forget the minister.

"Met your trapping partner yet?"

"No. Buck's takin' me over soon as we get through here."

"Well, the least I can do is wish you luck."

"Thank you kindly, captain."

"And remind you that your mule-tending job will be waiting, in case things don't work out."

Feeling more and more edgy, Tad joined Buck and they threaded their way toward the Shoshone section of camp.

"Lived with that squaw so long he's more Injun than white," Buck explained. "Even thinks like an Injun."

"I'd as soon you hadn't told everybody in camp what I was figuring to do. They're layin' bets, just like it was a dog fight."

"Well, you got my sympathy. Slewfoot's got a knack fer figgerin' out the one thing best calculated to rile a man. Goes fer a fella's weak spot, you might say. What's yourn?"

"Don't know that I got one."

"Mine's rattlesnakes. Slewfoot shore made my life miserable, once he found that out." Buck shivered. "Kind of gives a man a turn wakin' up from a peaceable nap to find a five-foot rattler lyin' on his chest—even if it is dead."

"Slewfoot done that to you?"

"Yeah, an' then near laughed himself to death."

They stopped in front of a tepee where a squat, red-headed trapper in greasy buckskins sat dozing in the shade, and Buck nodded his head. "Thar he is. Ain't he a specimen?"

Before Tad could make much of a visual appraisal, Slewfoot Samuels opened his eyes. Tad got something of a shock. One eye was green, the other black, and they were as badly crossed as a pair of eyes could be. Slewfoot glared up in Buck's general direction, took a swig out of the jug of whisky sheltered between his crossed legs and spat.

"Howdy, Buck. This is the greenhorn you're figgerin' on palmin' off on me?"

"This is him. Name's Tad Marshall."

"Sit," Slewfoot grunted.

They sat and Buck reached for the jug. Slewfoot extended his right hand to Tad. "Shake."

Tad gave Slewfoot his hand, which Slewfoot promptly tried to crush into jelly. Half expecting such a stunt and having a muscle or two of his own, Tad gave just about as good as he got, and they let go with the first engagement pretty much a draw. Slewfoot took the jug away from Buck.

"Drink, Tad? Or have you been weaned from milk yet?"

Tad raised the jug to his lips, held it there while his Adam's apple bobbed six times, then passed it back. "Been watered some, ain't it?"

"Have to cut it a mite, else it eats the bottom out'n the jug."

Slewfoot's squaw, a clean, sturdy-looking woman, came out and got an armload of firewood from the pile beside the tepee, and Slewfoot grunted something to her in the Shoshone tongue. She stared curiously at Tad for a moment, grunted a reply and disappeared inside.

Several dogs lay dozing in the shade. A half-grown, smooth-haired white pup wandered into the tepee, let out a pained yip and came scooting out with its tail tucked between its legs, followed by the squaw's angry scolding. The pup came over to Slewfoot for sympathy, got it in the form of a friendly pat or two, then trotted to Tad, climbed up into his lap and went to sleep.

Slewfoot grinned. "Seems to like you."

"Yeah. Dogs usually take to me."

"Mighty fine pup. I got plans fer him."

A dark-eyed, attractive young Indian girl appeared, started to go into the tepee; then, at a word from Slewfoot, stopped and stared in open-mouthed amazement at Tad. He colored in spite of all he could do. Suddenly she giggled, murmured something in Shoshone, then quickly ducked into the tepee.

"Who's that?" Buck asked.

"My squaw's sister. Name's Moon Wind."

"Tad is quite a man with the ladies," Buck said, gazing innocently off into space. "They was three gals at oncet after him, back home. Caused him some trouble."

"A woman can pester a man," Slewfoot said, "less'n he knows how to handle her. Have to lodgepole mine ever' once in a while."

"Lodgepole?" Tad said.

"Beat her."

"Can't say I hold with beating women."

Slewfoot grinned. "Well, you may have to beat Moon Wind to make her leave you alone. She sure admired that yaller hair of yourn." Slewfoot yawned. "I'm hungry. I'll git the women to stir up some vittles."

The squaw came to the tepee entrance. They talked for a spell, then Slewfoot looked ruefully at Tad. "She says we're plumb out of meat. Kind of hate to do this, but when a man's hungry he's got to eat. I'd be obliged, Tad, if you'd pass me that pup."

"This pup?"

"Shore. It's the fattest one we got."

"I ain't really hungry yet. Ate a big breakfast."

Slewfoot grabbed the pup by the scruff of the neck, handed it to his squaw and waved her inside, then turned to Buck and began a long-winded tale. Tad's mind wasn't on the story, but with Buck sliding a look his way every now and then, there was nothing for him to do but sit there and pretend to be enjoying the company. Would the squaw skin the thing, he wondered, or just toss it into the pot with the hair on? For the first time in his life, he felt a little sick to his stomach.

After a while the squaw brought out three wooden bowls of greasy, rank-smelling stew, and Tad, hoping his face didn't look as green as it felt, accepted his with a weak smile.

"Hungry now?" Slewfoot asked.

Glassy-eyed, Tad stared down at the mess in the bowl. If he didn't eat dog he'd have to eat crow, and, of the two, he reckoned tame meat was the easier to swallow. Grimly he dug in with his spoon.

"Why, yeah, I am. Hungry enough to eat a horse. Shame you didn't have a fat one to spare."

When they headed back to their own part of camp a while later, Buck asked, "How'd you like that stew?"

"Fine, 'cept for its being a shade greasy."

"Bear meat usually is."

"Bear? I thought it was dog."

"Shoshones ain't dog eaters. Slewfoot could of lodgepoled his woman till Doomsday an' she still wouldn't of cooked that pup for us. That was just his idea of a joke."

"Didn't think it was very funny myself."

"You said you could take his worst, grin an' come back for more."

"I can."

"Well, I'll hang around and watch the fun."

There were times during the next week or so when it wasn't easy for Tad to grin. The day Slewfoot near drowned him while pretending to teach him how to build a trout trap was one. The night Slewfoot put the physic in the whisky was another. But he came closest to losing his good nature the evening he got scalped by Moon Wind in sight of the whole camp.

Slewfoot arranged the thing, no doubt about that, even though it was rigged to look plumb accidental. The boys had got to finger wrestling around the campfire. Two trappers would pair off, face each other and interlace the fingers of both hands. At the word "go," they'd have at it, each one trying to force the other to his knees or break his back, according to how stubborn the fellow wanted to be.

Slewfoot threw all comers. Looking around for fresh meat, he allowed as how a certain young fellow from Missouri would chew good, so there was nothing for Tad to do but climb to his feet and give it a try.

Captain Sublette was watching. So were Buck Owens, Parson Rumford, the packtrain mule tenders and a whole mess of Indians. The bets flew thick and fast as Tad and Slewfoot squared off. Staring over Slewfoot's shoulder, Tad found himself looking right at Moon Wind, who was sitting on the ground with her deep black eyes glittering in the firelight and her soft red lips parted in excited anticipation. Kind of a purty little thing, Tad was thinking. A sight purtier than the girls back home. If only she wouldn't keep staring at him that way.

"Go!" Captain Sublette said.

Slewfoot grunted, heaved, and the next thing Tad knew, he was lying flat on his

"Now let's don't go at it like it was our last New Year's on earth!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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back on the ground. Dimly he heard the yelling of the crowd as he got to his feet.

Slewfoot gave him a cockeyed grin. "Want to try it again, partner?"

"Sure."

This time Tad kept his mind on the chore at hand. For some minutes they rocked this way and that, then Tad made his move. Slewfoot's knees buckled and he went down with a thud. The crowd roared even louder than before.

"Hurt you?" Tad asked solicitously.

"Once more," Slewfoot grunted, getting up.

They locked hands. Judging from the look on his face, Slewfoot really meant business this time. So did Tad. But the kind of business Slewfoot had in mind was a shade different from what Tad expected. Because they'd no more than got started good when Slewfoot dropped to his knees, heaved and threw Tad clean over his shoulders.

Tad did a complete somersault in the air, landing with his feet in the crowd and his head on the ground right close to Moon Wind's lap. Foolishly he grinned up at her. She gave him a shy smile. Then she whipped out a scalping knife, grabbed a handful of hair and lopped it off.

The crowd went crazy. So did Tad. He jumped up and made for Moon Wind, but she fled into the crowd. He whirled and went for Slewfoot, who was laughing fit to kill. Sublette, Buck Owens and half a dozen other men grabbed him and held him back.

"Easy, son; easy!" Sublette said between chuckles. "There aren't many men get scalped and live to brag about it!"

After a moment Tad quit struggling and they let him go. His face burning, he stalked off into the darkness.

Morosely Tad finished his breakfast and accepted the cup of coffee Buck poured for him. *Yellow-Hair-Scalped-By-a-Woman.* That was the name the Indians had given him. Buck eyed him sympathetically.

"I told you he was ornery. But you were so cocky ——"

"He caught me off guard. It won't happen again."

"He's too cunning for you, boy. Why, I'll bet you right now he's windin' himself up to prank you agin."

"He gets wound up tight enough," Tad said grimly, "I'll give him one more twist and bust his mainspring."

"Better git ready to twist, then. Yonder he comes."

Uneasy despite his brag, Tad ran absent fingers over his cropped head as Slewfoot came shuffling up, looking as pleased with the world as a fresh-fed bear.

"Mornin', gents. Any coffee left in that pot?"

Buck poured him a cup. Slewfoot hunkered on his heels, his black eye studying Tad while his green one gazed at the mountains off in the distance. "That was a dirty trick we played on you last night, Tad. It's sort of laid heavy on my conscience. So I've decided to make it up to you."

"I can hear him tickin'," Buck muttered.

"Just how are you going to make it up to me?"

"I know you don't like yore new Injun name. So I had a talk with a Shoshone chief that happens to be a friend of mine. He says he'll fix it."

"How?"

"Why, he'll just adopt you into his tribe an' give you a new name. That'll cancel out the old one. It'll cost me a mite, but I figger I owe you somethin'."

"Adopt me?"

"Yeah. Injuns do that now an' then."

Buck eyed Slewfoot suspiciously. "Who is this chief?"

"Seven Bears."

"Why, ain't he the ——"

"Yes, sir, he's top man of the whole tribe. No Injun'll dare laugh at an adopted son of hisn."

Tad thought it over. If there was a catch to it, he sure couldn't see it. He looked at Buck. "What do you think?"

"I ain't sayin' a word."

"Well," Tad said, "in that case ——"

The ceremony in Chief Seven Bears' tepee took a couple of hours. A dozen or so of the most important men in the tribe were there, and one look at their solemn faces told Tad this was serious business with them. Slewfoot must have been dead serious, too, because before the palaver began he gave Seven Bears a couple of horses, half a dozen red blankets, a used musket, several pounds of powder and lead, and a lot of other trinkets in exchange for his services.

When the ceremony was finally over, they left the tepee and Slewfoot walked to the edge of the Shoshone section of camp with him. His grin seemed genuine.

"How does it feel to be an Injun?"

"Fine. What was that new name he gave me?"

"White Mule. It's a good name."

"Reckon I'm obliged to you."

"Don't mention it. Well, I'll see you later."

Buck was taking a nap when Tad got back to his tent, but at the sound of his step

... ...

Up to a Point

By Richard Armour

With pointed remarks I
often agree—
Provided they haven't been
pointed at me.

... ...

the old trapper's eyes jerked open. "What'd they do to you?"

"It was all real friendly. Name's White Mule now."

"So he did do it! What'd it cost him?"

"Well, he gave Seven Bears some blankets, a couple of horses ——"

"Hosses? Fer two hosses he could of bought you a ——" Buck suddenly broke off and stared at something behind Tad. He shook his head. "He did too. Look around, boy."

Tad turned around. Moon Wind was standing there, smiling shyly. Behind her were four horses, two of which he recognized as the ones Slewfoot had given Seven Bears a while ago, and all four were laden down with Indian housekeeping gear. As Tad stared at her with stricken eyes, Moon Wind gestured at him and at herself, then made a circling motion with both hands.

"She wants to know where she'd ought to pitch your tepee."

"My tepee?"

"Yourn and hern."

"She's—she's mine now?"

"Reckon she is. Slewfoot bought her for you."

"But Seven Bears ——"

"Is her pa. Also happens to be Slewfoot's squaw's pa."

"Tell her I don't want her! Tell her to go home!"

Buck laid a restraining hand on Tad's forearm. "This may be just a prank where you an' Slewfoot're concerned, but I don't reckon it's one Moon Wind and her pa would laugh at much. She must of liked you. An' Seven Bears must have thought a lot of her, else he wouldn't of outfitted her so fancy an' given you back them two hosses of Slewfoot's as a special weddin' present."

"Well, I sure can't keep her!"

"Easy. They's a way out of this, maybe, but it'll take some tall thinkin'. Let her set up her tepee. You an' me are goin' to have a talk with Captain Sublette."

Captain Sublette was not in the habit of losing his temper, but when they told him what had happened he was fit to be tied. So was Parson Rumford. When Tad declared that what he had a mind to do was grab a club and beat Slewfoot half to death, then make him take Moon Wind back to her father and explain the whole thing, the parson gave the idea his hearty approval. But Sublette shook his head.

"You can't send her back. No matter how much explaining Slewfoot did—assuming we could make him do any—the whole Shoshone tribe would be so angry they'd be down on our necks in a minute. You've got to accept her and pretend to live with her until rendezvous breaks up."

"I won't hear to such a thing!" Parson Rumford exclaimed.

"I said 'pretend,' sir. . . . When the brigade goes back to St. Louis, you'll go with it, Tad. I'll tell Moon Wind that you're coming back next summer to stay. That will save her pride and our necks."

"But I won't come back? Is that the idea?"

"Yes."

Tad gazed off at the mountain peaks rimming the valley. "Seems kind of a dirty trick to play on her. Lettin' her wait for a man that won't never be comin' back to her. It's downright deceitful."

"Better a little deceit than a full-scale Indian war. She won't wait for you long, I'll wager. Next year I'll cook up some story about your having died of smallpox or something, and she'll be free to pick herself another man."

Reluctantly Tad nodded, but the deceit of it still weighed on his mind. "She's an innocent little thing and not to blame for this. I'd kind of like to give her something to remember me by—for a while, anyhow. Could I draw some of my wages and buy her a trinket or two?"

Sublette smiled understandingly. "Of course."

Pausing with the clerk in charge of the trade goods to pick out a few items he thought might appeal to her, Tad walked back to the spot where his tent had been pitched. But the tent was gone. In its place stood a roomy, comfortable skin tepee around which a dozen or two Shoshone women bustled, chattering happily as they helped Moon Wind set her household in order.

Seeing Tad, the women smiled, exchanged knowing looks amongst themselves, then quickly wound up their tasks and drifted away. When the last one had gone, he went to Moon Wind, who was on her knees building a fire.

"Moon Wind, I got something for you."

Her eyes lifted. Black eyes, they were, black and soft and deep. He got the sudden notion that she didn't know whether he was going to beat her for what she had done to him last night or caress her because she was now his woman. He took her hand and pulled her to her feet.

"These here trinkets are for you."

He dumped them into her hands. One by one, she examined them. First the glittering silver-backed mirror. Then the long double strand of imitation pearls. Then the small gold ring, which by some accident just managed to fit the third finger of her left hand. For a long moment she stared down at them. Then without a word she whirled away from him and ran toward the Shoshone section of camp.

She was gone so long that Tad, weary of trying to figure out what had got into her, went into the tepee and took himself a nap. Except for an unpleasant dream or two about Slewfoot, he slept fine. Presently he was awakened by angry voices arguing violently in the Shoshone tongue outside the tepee. He got up and went out to see what the ruckus was all about.

There, toe to toe, stood Slewfoot Samuels and his woman, jawing at each other like a pair of magpies. Off to one side and admiring her new trinkets stood Moon Wind.

Suddenly Slewfoot saw Tad and spun around. "What in the name of all unholy tarnation do you think you're doin'?"

"Me?" Tad said. "Why, I was just takin' a nap."

"That ain't what I'm talkin' about!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Them things!" Slewfoot roared, pointing a trembling hand at the ornaments Moon Wind was admiring. "That foofaraw she's wearin'! You got any idea how much that stuff costs?"

"Sure. I bought it. What business is that of yours?"

"My squaw wants the same fool trinkets!"

"Well, buy 'em for her."

"Waste a big chunk of my year's wages for junk like that?"

"Then don't buy 'em."

"If I don't, she'll pester the life out of me."

"Lodgepole her. That'll make her quit."

Slewfoot shot his woman a sidelong glance and shook his head. "Don't hardly dare to right now. She'd raise such a racket I'd have all her relatives on my neck." Slewfoot sidled closer, a pleading look in his eyes. "Look, boy, the joke's gone far enough. Now you take that foofaraw away from Moon Wind an' cuff her a time or two. Then my woman won't be jealous of her no more."

Tad looked at Slewfoot's squaw, who had gone over to Moon Wind and was gabbling with her over the beads, mirror and ring. Sure was queer how some men would spend any amount for their own pleasure, but wouldn't put out a dime for their women. He grinned and shook his head.

"Why, I don't have to cuff 'em to make 'em behave. Treat 'em kind, I say, if you want the best out of 'em. Buy 'em presents, help 'em with the chores, give 'em the respect they're due and crave—that's the way I treat my women."

Slewfoot stared at him. "You're goin' to keep her?"

"Sure am. Going to marry her, in fact, soon as I can get Parson Rumford to tie the knot. Come to think about it, I'll make a real shindig of it. Invite her pa and ma and all her relatives. Invite the whole camp. After the wedding I'll throw a big feed with food and drinks for all."

"That'll cost you a year's wages!"

"What if it does? Man like me only gets married once."

"But when my woman sees it," Slewfoot said hoarsely, "she'll squawl to high heaven fer the same treatment. First thing you know, I won't dare lay a hand on her. She'll keep me broke buyin' her foofaraw. She'll have me totin' wood an' takin' care of the hosses an' wipin' my feet 'fore I come into the tepee—why, she'll have me actin' jest like a regular husband!"

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," Tad said, and strolled off in search of Parson Rumford.

It was quite an affair, that double wedding, and the party afterward was real good fun for all concerned. Except Slewfoot Samuels, who didn't seem to enjoy it much. He'd lost his sense of humor, somehow. Maybe he'd get it back after they'd spent a few months in the mountains trapping beaver. Tad sure hoped so, anyhow. Worst thing you could have as a partner was a man that couldn't take a joke, grin and come back for more. THE END

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I'm Back, Coach (Continued from Page 31)

Canada, a lot weller than the Cougar head office when I asked for a raise last year."

"That wasn't Oscar's fault," Judy snapped.

"I never said it was Oscar's fault," Danny told her patiently. "I mentioned the head office. Look at it from my point of view, dear ——"

"Don't you 'dear' me," Judy told him grimly.

"So I'm a pro football player with a year or two left in me," Danny explained, "and I know I've got to make these last years the best from a financial standpoint because ——"

"Because you've always been too easy with your money," Judy Madison broke in, "and you never saved it, and you gave it to every Tom, Dick and Harry who came down the road because they said they were in trouble."

"Some of them really were in trouble," Danny stated. "Every ex-football player is in trouble financially, unless he is smart enough to marry some cute, brainy, brown-haired little gal who will save the money for him when he makes it."

"Don't call me 'brainy,'" Judy snapped.

Danny Forbes looked blank. "Was I referring to you?" he asked.

She blushed furiously, and she said, "Will you please leave this office, Danny?"

"May I take you to lunch?" Danny asked.

"No," she said.

"Dinner tonight?"

"No," she said.

"Breakfast in the morning?"

"No," Judy Madison told him.

Danny sighed and turned away from the desk. He saw Oscar Brindhoff grinning at him, snapping his suspenders, which were pink in color.

"So," Oscar chuckled, "the next time you want to go to Canada, you'll stay home."

Danny put on his Homburg and adjusted it carefully. He said, "Oscar, if I were to marry your niece, would that make you my uncle?"

"Get out of here!" Oscar growled.

"Good-by, uncle," Danny Forbes grinned.

Matty Dumbrowski weighed two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, and he was a fullback for the Cougars, and had been for nearly as long as Danny Forbes had been a quarterback.

After some deft sleight-of-hand by Danny, Matty took the hand-off from him and plowed without too much enthusiasm into the scrimmage line, picking up a few yards.

He said when he got up, "So what brings you back home, Rover Boy? Canada too cold for you?"

"I missed Oscar," Danny said, "and especially Oscar's niece. You get to wondering up there in Saskatchewan if the big money's worth it."

"Money's always worth it," Matty smiled, "whatever it is."

"You talk like a philosopher," Danny told him. "Still taking those summer courses at the university?"

"Another year," Matty said, "I expect to open my first office on Park Avenue. Can you see it on the door, Danny, boy? Dr. Matthew Dumbrowski, Psychiatrist."

Oscar Brindhoff was yelling from the bench, "Stop the gab and get going out there, you bums!"

"My master's voice," Danny said.

Before they went into a huddle, Matty said, "My first psychiatric patient, I hope, will be you, Danny Forbes. I want to psychoanalyze you. I want to know why you didn't marry Oscar's girl when you had her on the ropes last fall."

"I'm a crazy, hotheaded Irishman," Danny said. "I got sore after an argument in the office, when they wouldn't give me the dough I thought I had coming to me. I ran off to Canada like a little boy."

"It was Judy's fault you didn't get your money?"

"No," Danny admitted.

"Why didn't you write?"

Oscar Brindhoff whooped, "What you having out there, a tea party?"

Danny ran through a few more plays and tossed several neat, featherlike passes, proving to Oscar that he still had the touch.

"So why didn't you write to Judy Madison?" Matty asked.

"She didn't write to me either," Danny observed.

Matty Dumbrowski looked at him. "You're nuts," he said. "You do need a psychiatrist."

"Call your play!" Oscar Brindhoff wailed from the bench.

"Just one more thing," Matty growled. "You came back here thinking that Judy would swoon in your arms at the first sight of your manly figure. It happens that recently she's been dating Handsome Harry Bellevue."

"What do you know?" Danny murmured. "I'm dying dead. Harry Bellevue."

He was, too, and it wasn't pleasant. All the way East on the plane he'd been thinking of Judy, and not of Oscar and the Cougars. He'd wondered how she would react after his long absence. Now that he thought of it, he'd been silly not to write to her, but then when he'd left they'd only been friends. Being away had brought them closer, at least as far as he was concerned.

In the dressing room, when the workout was over, Danny sat on the bench, a towel around his shoulders, a frown on his face. He said to Matty Dumbrowski, who was sitting next to him, pulling off his cleats, "What does Harry Bellevue have that I don't have?"

Matty started to enumerate on his huge, thick fingers. "Brains," he said, "looks, youth ——"

"I'm as good-looking as he is," Danny objected. "It's just that I've played more football."

"All right," Matty went on. "He saves his money."

"Every nickel of it," Danny agreed. "He squeezes the nickels till the Indian is riding the buffalo."

"And you could take lessons from him," Matty said. "Besides, he's not—not dopey."

"That's a nice word for a budding psychiatrist to use," Danny observed. "Maybe you'd better start that office down in Mulberry Street or the Bowery."

"It's the best word I can think of to describe you," Matty said. "A nice, dopey guy, who thinks that he can go along forever as a pro football player, and who has never put aside a dollar for a rainy day."

"It never rains in my life," Danny told him.

He watched Harry Bellevue, associate Cougar quarterback, coming down the aisle toward the shower room, a clean white towel around his trim middle, whistling softly as he came, the epitome of the clean-cut American boy, vital, alive, very nice, very good.

Harry had been All-American in college. He'd played good football last year, taking over when Danny had gone up to Canada. Mechanically, he was a good football player. He could be depended upon to do the right thing on the gridiron, and he was a good passer; not a great one, but a good one.

"How's it, Handsome?" Danny said.

"I'm well," Harry Bellevue smiled. "You looked good out there today, Danny."

Danny sighed when Harry went on. "He has another virtue," he said to Matty. "He's a nice guy, too, and that's the one that will probably murder me as far as Judy is concerned."

Matty Dumbrowski started to peel off his dirt-caked practice jersey. He said, "You have one chance with that girl as far as I, a psychiatrist, can see."

"How's that?" Danny asked.

"Some girls like screwballs. I don't know why. They just do. There's your chance."

"Someday," Danny said sourly, "you'll compliment me to death, big boy."

He signed his contract with the Cougars that night, at a fairly reasonable one-year salary, considering the fact that he was thirty years old and he'd been out of the league for a year.

After he'd signed, he called up Judy at the hotel and he said, "I'm a Cougar again. Can we celebrate over an ice-cream soda or something?"

"I am engaged for tonight," Judy told him frigidly. "A male acquaintance is taking me to a movie."

"Oh," Danny murmured. "Well, I just happened to have a dime in my pocket, and I thought I'd call up."

"You probably have a lot more dimes and a lot more names," Judy Madison told him.

"No," he said sadly, "only the dimes. They call me the poor little rich boy."

The next morning at breakfast in the hotel dining room, he spoke to Harry Bellevue. Harry came down from his room, radiant as usual, white teeth flashing, looking like a collar ad.

Danny said to him, "How was the movie?"

"Pretty good," Harry nodded.

"You hold hands?"

"Pardon me?"

"I said"—Danny twisted the knife into his heart—"did you hold hands?"

Harry Bellevue grinned a little. "With Joe Rinaldi?" he asked.

Danny blinked.

"You went to the movie with Joe Rinaldi?" Danny said.

"Did I do anything wrong?" Harry wanted to know.

"It was right," Danny murmured. "Oh, so right."

He spotted Judy Madison crossing the lobby, and he ducked out of the dining room to intercept her. She looked very chic in a trim brown suit with a white, ruffled blouse, and she wore a pert brown hat with a brown-and-red feather in it.

Danny said grimly, "So you double-crossed me last night, saying you had a date with Harry Bellevue."

"I never said I had a date with Harry Bellevue," Judy told him, and she looked surprised at his intensity.

"Then who did you have a date with?" he demanded.

"Do you mean whom did I go out with last night?" Judy asked sweetly, and she seemed to be enjoying this moment.

"Who or whom, and whoever he is," Danny scowled, "I'll slug him."

"My Uncle Oscar and I went to the show," she said.

Danny bit his lips. "I guess it's all right with him," he said. "You glad I signed up with the Cougars?"

"I'm not so sure we needed you this year," Judy said. "Harry played beautiful football last fall."

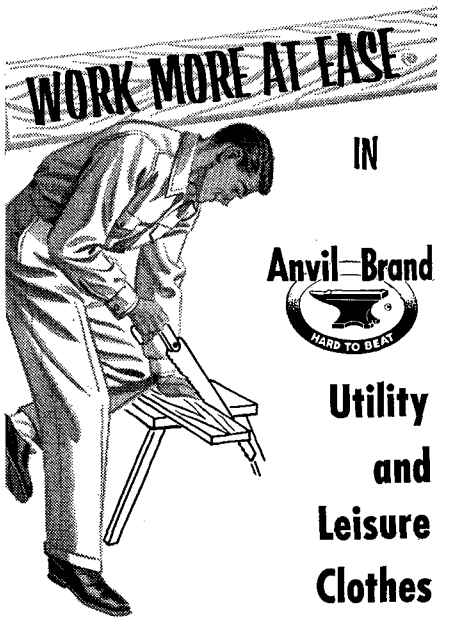
"And the Cougars came in three games behind the Rams," Danny observed; "or didn't you know that?"

"I repeat that Harry Bellevue played beautiful football last year."

"And I repeat," Danny said grimly, "that if I were eighty-seven I could outplay Harry Bellevue from here to Timbuktu and back."

"I don't believe it," Judy observed; "but, still, what does that make you?"

"Nothing," Danny said miserably. "A great big zero." He added glumly, "I



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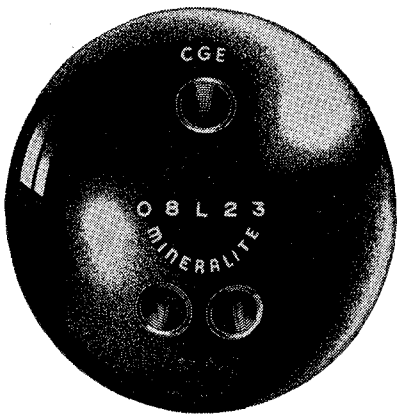

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should have stood in Canada. It was cold up there too."

"My heart goes out for you."

"And another thing," Danny scowled. "Tell that fat uncle of yours not to refer to me as Benedict Arnold any more, unless he wants me pitching for the Rams against his bums. So help me, I'll throw thirty touchdown passes against him."

"Uncle Oscar has a sense of humor," Judy Madison told him.

"Like a beer truck," Danny said. "Tell him to go jump off some high bridge with his sense of humor."

He went back into the dining room in a black mood, and Matty Dumbrowski said, "What do you expect her to do, crawl after you? You're the guy went up to the north woods and never even wrote a lousy letter back to her."

"You're still speaking lousy English, too," Danny growled. "You and all your degrees."

"So I'll give it to you in Canarsie-Brooklyn English, which is where I came from. You were a dope, Danny Forbes, and now you have to sweat. If you get her you're lucky. That's all I have to say, and I don't need any degrees to say it."

"You're all Benedict Arnolds," Danny muttered. "Everybody's against me. My best friend turns his back on me. I think I'll go out Sunday and throw ten touchdown passes—into the hands of Ram receivers."

"That you could never do," Matty grinned. "Not you, even if you tried."

The Cougars opened the season against the World's Champion Rams, and the sun was shining brightly, and it was a beautiful Sunday afternoon. White, fleecy clouds, like little lambs, skipped across the blue sky. It was still baseball weather because the pro footballers were pushing back the start of the season and extending it to the point where, sooner or later, the one would run into the other.

In the dressing room, Oscar Brindhoff said magnanimously, "I am starting you at quarterback, Danny Forbes. I am using the shock troops first. That's my new brand of strategy."

"So I am expendable," Danny growled.

"After they have worked you over," Oscar observed, "they may be too tired to start on Harry Bellevue, and we'll march on to triumph."

"That's nice," Danny said. "That's very pleasant, Mr. Machiavelli."

"Who is he?" Oscar asked curiously.

"An old-time wrestler," Danny told him.

He went out on the field, and he saw Judy Madison in the box behind the Cougar bench. She waved and he waved back, and then he saw Harry Bellevue waving also, and he stopped waving.

"Oh, what a beautiful afternoon," Harry said.

"Nuts," Danny Forbes told him.

They put the ball in play on the Cougar twenty-eight, first and ten, after the kick-off, and Danny had his first good look at the Ram forward wall, which he had not seen in two years. They had been big, fast and aggressive then; they were bigger, faster and ferocious now, and it was an established policy in the pro loop to rough the quarterback just sufficiently so that when he faded to pass, which was about three times in every four downs, he would not feel too comfortable, knowing that whether he passed or not, he was going to be bounced, but hard, on the turf.

Danny didn't pass on the first play. Oscar Brindhoff had worked out some very clever stuff behind the line, and with Danny working his usual sleight-of-hand tricks with the ball, the Ram linemen were not sure whom to tackle. All of them, therefore, tackled Danny with great enthusiasm.

Al Carpenter, the left half, however, had the ball, and picked up eighteen yards on the play, around the right end.

Danny Forbes spat out some turf, felt of a loose tooth, and said without joy, "It's nice to be back, boys."

"We missed you," the three-hundred-pound Mike Musso told him.

Mike had been on the second layer of players on top of Danny.

Danny looked at him critically, and said, "You got fatter, Mike."

"The better to squelch you, my dear," Mike grinned.

"On the next play," Danny informed him, "you'll have my elbow to eat, Mike, bone and all."

"A pleasure," the Ram guard said.

So Danny handed off to Al Carpenter, handed off again to Matty Dumbrowski, who tore through the middle of the line with men clinging to him on all sides.

Matty, however, did not have the ball any more than Al Carpenter had it, and Danny's feathery thirty-yard pass floated out of the blue sky into the hands of the right end, Johnny Buckley, and Johnny went over the Ram goal line for a score.

"You deceived us," Mike Musso said from on top of Danny.

Danny couldn't talk, and he couldn't breathe until big Mike had rolled off him, and then he said, "In the Canadian League all you boys would have made the second team in the Junior Division."

"All right, Fancy Danny," Mike said. "When you have no more teeth to spit out, we'll start working on your bones, one by one."

"You don't scare me," Danny said.

"We don't aim to scare you," Mike informed him. "We are here to kill you, my friend."

Danny's second touchdown pass was a twenty-yarder, following three successive short ones which put the ball on the Ram thirty-eight. Al Carpenter caught the touchdown pass in the end zone when the Rams were concentrating upon Johnny Buckley, who was skipping around like a wild mountain goat, drawing their attention, and Danny seemed desperately intent upon hitting him.

The third touchdown was a little more dramatic, coming near the end of the first quarter. The Cougars had the ball at midfield, and Danny drifted back with the ball, looking for a receiver, moving toward the right side line, with big Mike Musso puffing, panting and cursing after him.

Danny kept retreating and faking his pass, and then, at the last moment, he suddenly reversed his field, sped around the astonished Musso and several other ponderous, eager-beaver linemen. He kept going downfield, his blockers mowing down the tacklers as he skipped neatly along the left side line.

On the three, they hit him, upending him, and he landed on the back of his neck in the end zone, the ball still clutched tightly under his arm. It was 20 to 0 for the Cougars, and the Rams were off to a putrid start in this season opener.

Winded, and feeling the effects of his long run, and the going-over the Rams had been giving him, Danny looked toward the side line. Oscar Brindhoff reluctantly sent in Harry Bellevue, and Danny Forbes pulled his battered carcass from the field.

"I hated to take you out," Oscar said. "You were going pretty good for once."

"What do you want," Danny asked, "my life's blood?"

"I said you looked good," Oscar grinned. "What do you want, a medal?"

"All right," Danny growled. "O.K. Let it go."

He scowled up at Judy Madison in the box and he sat down. He was thinking, *Let's see your boy friend rack up three that quick.*

Harry Bellevue found the Rams fighting mad, and they racked up three on him, but very quick, tying the score before the half was over.

Danny sat on the bench, nursing his bruises. Harry Bellevue played good football. It was not inspired, but good football, methodical football, and it wasn't enough against the Rams, who were very mad, and also very good.

In the dressing room, Oscar Brindhoff said, "Where's that Canadian? Where's that foreigner we signed up this year?"

"All right," Danny scowled. "You want me to pull this one out of the fire for you, Oscar?"

"Just get lucky," Oscar told him, "like you were the first quarter. You'll start this half."

"I can't wait," Danny said.

Matty Dumbrowski said to him, "They'll be laying for you this half, kiddo."

"Don't I know it?" Danny muttered. "That Musso weighs about four hundred pounds this year."

"I can stop him for you once in a while," Matty said, "but he keeps rolling in like the ocean."

"Every little bit helps," Danny told him.

Harry Bellevue came over and said, "You're a greater player than I thought you were, Danny."

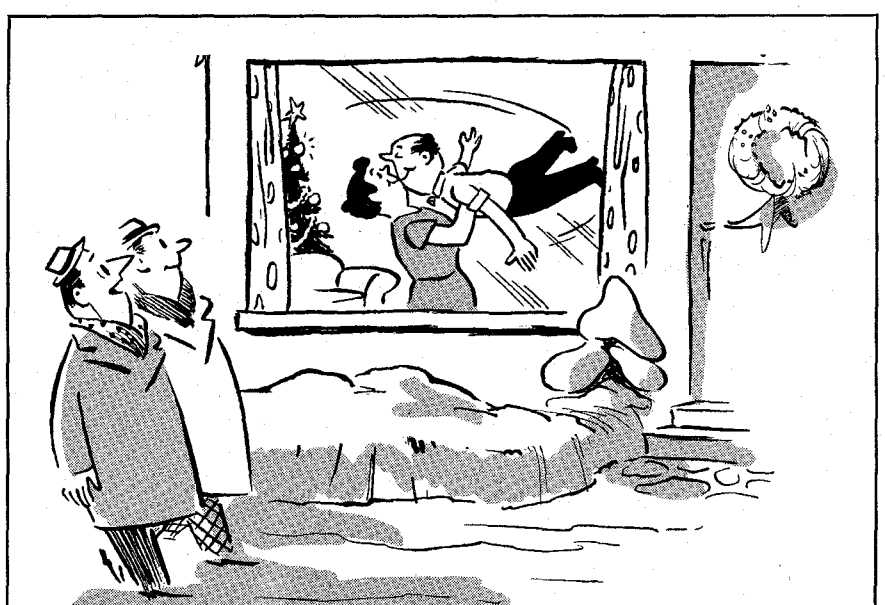
"Thank you," Danny said.

"You're much better than I am," Harry added thoughtfully.

"Let's not knock ourselves out complimenting each other," Danny said. "The Rams will do that for us the next half."

"Anyway, I wanted you to know," Harry said.

"That guy," Danny said to Matty, when Bellevue went away, "is too nice to live."



"Wonder what he gave her for Christmas?"

DRAWN BY KIRK STILES THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

They went out on the field, and Mike Musso said, after the first play from scrimmage, "This half we lower the boom on you, Danny Forbes."

Thinking of Judy, Danny said glumly, "It's been lowered already, bud."

"You are not your spry little self any more," Mike grinned, so Danny skipped through tackle on the next play, when everybody thought he'd handed off to Matty Dumbrowski. He went forty-eight yards into Ram territory, and was stopped only when three Ram players lifted him and dropped him about twelve yards out of bounds along the right side of the field.

He got up, a little weak in the knees, and he passed twice, both short, and they had another score. He hit Johnny Buckley from the six just before six Ram linemen hit him. It took only two Cougar substitutes, however, to carry Danny from the field, and he was through for the afternoon.

He said to Harry Bellevue, coming out to take his place, "Protect that lead, men."

"I'm alone," Harry told him.

"I'm seeing three of you," Danny said. "Carry on."

"That was a fair run," Oscar Brindhoff said. "For a Canadian, that wasn't bad at all."

They lowered Danny next to him on the bench and wrapped him in blankets. He watched Harry Bellevue protect the lead the remainder of the game, and this Harry was good at. He was such a nice, conservative, safe-and-sane young man, exactly the kind of young man Judy Madison should marry.

Danny Forbes settled that in his mind as he limped toward the dressing room, Matty Dumbrowski helping him. He also resolved that he would never again fall in love, and never look at another girl for the rest of his life.

He was in this mood that night as he sat in the softest chair in the hotel lobby, watching happy couples going by. He was not bitter; he was sad and defeated, like Lee at Appomattox.

Judy came up, all dressed in a very nice blue suit, and a trim little blue-and-white hat to go with it.

"Uncle Oscar won't take me to the movies," she said, "so I guess I'll have to ask you, Danny Forbes."

Danny looked at her as at an apparition. "Where's Handsome Harry?" he asked.

"I don't want to go with Harry Bellevue," Judy said. "I want to go with you."

"Why?" Danny murmured. He still didn't believe this; it wasn't possible that the one little drink he'd had at the bar this evening could do this to him. Pink elephants with faces like Mike Musso, yes, but not this.

"I love you, Danny Forbes," Judy said. "Now get up out of that chair."

The hands which helped him were real, and soft, and firm.

"For crying out loud," Danny murmured.

As they were going out of the lobby to the street, they passed Oscar Brindhoff coming in, and Danny said mechanically, "Hello, Uncle Oscar."

"That's what it will be, too," Judy informed him. "You are not going to Canada any more, and I am going to save your money, and someday you'll be coaching the Cougars, because Uncle Oscar will be retiring to the front office."

"How do you like that, Uncle Oscar?" Danny said to Oscar, who was standing by, lighting a cigar and listening.

Oscar Brindhoff blew out a cloud of smoke and grinned. "Not too bad, nephew," he chuckled. "That's what I'd had in mind from the beginning. I guess if you can stand it I can too."

"I can stand it," Danny Forbes murmured. "I could die standing it." He meant it too.

THE END

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Man With a Past (Continued from Page 23)

She pressed the opalescent button of the doorbell and waited. The door opened. She slid in and leaned against it to face a man in flannels and a dark lisle shirt.

"Mr. Hurd?"

A muscular flicker broke the melancholy panel of his expression. "Miss Abbot," he returned gravely.

"It seems ridiculous we've never met," she said hesitantly.

"But quite normal that we should recognize each other. Do I address you as Angie?"

"If it seems easier. They always discuss you as Ric, whether they know you or not."

He swung his spectacles in a triangle from the temples. "At least we are discussed by the same people."

"It's an inbred community." Suddenly and sensibly, she asked, "How many lights can you turn on outside?"

He walked to a cloakroom off the foyer and began clicking buttons. "Six," he announced. "We're as lit up as a midway at the moment."

She peered out a side window, seemed gratified, and began to circle the foyer widely, glancing nervously at the gray velvet benches, the fragile black balustrade, the greenish marble floor, the vault of white plaster above, festooned severely with brass.

"You know, you do have taste," she ventured. "I mean I recognize it isn't yours in the strict sense, but it takes a certain amount to select the right person. You could have done ghastly things." Suddenly she turned, clutching her upper arms protectively. "I've left my car in the drive. If you don't mind, I'd like it to be seen there. They'll be coming along this road from the Monday-night german shortly."

"Who?"

"Everyone from the valley. Please don't pretend you don't understand. You see, I want to be talked about. In a different way."

He inserted his spectacles in his shirt pocket. "Should I have objections?"

She gave him a level look of almost reproving candor. "On the contrary. You brought your money and your curious genealogy and your hermitage to this valley, Mr. Hurd. It's your privilege to debauch in your own seclusion. But, if anything, I might improve your reputation. I may be dull, but I'm an Abbot."

"Are we being serious?"

"It's your nature to be amused, perhaps, but I'm not a laughing matter."

"I apparently am."

"Only one of us is suffering at the moment."

He inclined his head courteously. "Your difficulties aren't readily observable."

"You aren't in a position to hear about them from the people who know. I'm twenty-six. I was a debutante eight years ago. But nothing's happened to me yet. I can't go on living this sort of life. It's dishonest. No one respects me. I'd be more acceptable as a divorcee."

"Or a woman with an affair to her discredit?"

"Well, at least you've got some status as a divorcee. And if you've had an affair, that means someone's been interested in you. And that makes you more interesting to a degree."

Her determination seemed suddenly to collapse. A strand of hair bisected her forehead.

"Now what?" he inquired.

"I suppose I've lost my nerve."

"Everyone does at some time, believe me. But this, too, will pass. Do you need a drink?"

"Haven't you heard?" she said wistfully. "I never need a drink. I'm substandard that way, so they say."

Impatience overran his voice. "They say! What say they? Let them say! In the name of heaven, must you live by what they say?"

"I'm sensitive. I can't help it."

He winced. "What the devil do you think I am? Do you think I have none of those items known as inner tensions?"

She stared at him with intrigued speculation. "If you did, you'd not have a reputation for having relieved them promiscuously."

"Stop talking as though you knew something about life. If I'm to be a prop, I suppose we ought to go to the library."

He disappeared for a brief interval. When he returned, he led her at a soft, light-footed gait, veering slightly offside like a shy animal, along a monastic corridor. She followed, a solemn, blond girl with vexed eyes.

In the library he handed her the poker to stir the fire, as if to divert her uneasiness. "Did you know you have a scratch on your cheek?"

"I must have run into a vine against the house. I'm forever doing that."

He glanced at the scratch more closely on his way to light a lamp. "Do we light this scene up or play it muted?"

"I'm not sure. I haven't given it much thought. It will be different from your usual procedure, of course."

"How's that?"

"Well, you've probably been used to being rewarded. I can't turn it on just like that. But I'm the sort who'll probably marry the first man who gets serious about me. I'm afraid of that. You see, if they just get the notion that I'm not dull or particularly virtuous, I might get ahead of the game. But this way I'm absolutely colorless. If anyone new comes on the scene, he hears the jokes about me before he sees me. And it's too late then."

"There are other worlds. And perhaps better men."

"Not for Augusta. Mother made the world in this valley in her day. And I'm the last Abbot. I keep thinking that if she'd had more children, she might have avoided the disappointment of me."

"Having children is not a complex problem."

She drew a profound breath. "Augusta takes sudden dislikes. I think my father was one of them."

"That's still a nasty scratch you got from that vine."

She touched it in an unconscious reflex. "If Augusta dislikes you long enough, you begin to disgust her."

"The nastiest scratch I ever got I received from a berserk human being."

"I'm twenty-six—did I tell you?"

"An old woman."

"But there's so much competition. Every year new ones. And all of them cleverer about their looks. Do you know something? It's agony to be rock-bottom poor and not be in a position to live like it."

"Augusta expects you to support the enterprise from here on?"

"No, I don't think you quite understand. She did a valiant thing once. She put every last cent into me when it mattered. Only I wasn't up to it."

"Most men never make money. Or inherit it either."

"But I had everything in my favor."

"They should control the number of girl babies. There's bound to be not quite enough wealth to go round."

She burst out angrily, "I wish you wouldn't speak as though there were something dishonest in living with one's society!"

"I'm supposed to be envious, is that it?"

"At least you've never had the audacity to break in at any point."

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"Perhaps I recognize a slum when I see one."

Her head moved in a reflex of quick pride. "You were certainly ambitious enough when you bought this place."

"When I want privacy, I move to a community of social pariahs. . . . Are you hungry?"

"I might be if there's anything interesting. I couldn't eat this evening. Augusta was disturbed. I can cook, you know."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, Augusta can tolerate a hole in the roof, but she sits and weeps if meals don't appear on time. To her, it's the last lap of degradation. And for years we've only had a handyman who can't get a job anywhere else. Listen." She caught her breath and stared beyond the walls of the room.

"It's only a car passing."

"But it's the Howlands' car—can't you tell that chuffy little French motor? And they've slowed down a bit, haven't they? You see, they've caught on!"

"Meaning what?"

"They'll think of me differently. And you too. Everything will change suddenly. Invitations and rumor. It's all quite shocking if you're not immune to that sort of thing. I hope you are. After all, suppose we were serious, which is preposterous, I agree. We'd be holding down every trump in the valley. They'll play safe until they're certain, and by that time, someone will be interested in me and the Howlands will have accepted you."

"Do you admire them?"

"The Howlands? What on earth does that have to do with it? She left him once, if that's what you mean, but the other man couldn't get a divorce and she had to come back. But don't misunderstand me. If the Howlands like you, it matters."

He reached for her hand. "Food is a great joy on occasion. Come along."

They traveled down a back corridor to the kitchen. She pulled back to admire the tiled floor, the stainless utility of everything. In the kitchen she peered curiously into the window of the dishwasher.

"Oh, Augusta is right," she said. "It's a joy to have money in the right way. I mean look at the convenience of all this."

She whirled round and opened the vault of the refrigerator. "Such food! Look at it! Isn't it a luxurious feeling to have a cold chicken and a ham in the icebox at the same time? I only talk to you like this because we're in league, you know." She looked round at him thoughtfully and paused. "It's like having a playmate after all these years." Then hitching herself to a counter, she stared into the refrigerator. "Oh, Lord, isn't it wonderful to have all your money? Where did you get it all?"

"I invented a process on which other processes depended."

"We earned ours by importing fertilizer. So no one can really say we ground the faces of the poor in our own country. They tell me it was nice while it lasted. Isn't it strange? Between the two of us we have everything it requires to succeed in this valley—background and means. But we've not got a thing in common. There, hear that? That's the Ecclestons driving past now." Suddenly she gripped her hands together and bowed her head. "I hope it changes things—I hope, I hope."

He stood haggardly contemplating nothing. "Is everything life and death among these people for you? Have you ever considered the consolation of work?"

She pulled a strand of hair before her nose and smelled it distastefully. "Oh, yes, I had a tiny little shop once. Let me tell you sometime about all the little postdebs with miniature businesses they'd like to call their own. All the proper people patronized me for a season, but they couldn't buy the same thing twice, I hadn't enough working capital in the beginning, and Augusta kept pretending the whole thing was a lark. I took a librarian's course after that —— Oh, what's the use? Do you understand it would be impossible for me to hold a job and control Augusta at the source of her spending? And I don't know that anyone I hire would put up with her or, for that matter, be reasonably kind to her. I'm still twenty-six and Augusta is still Augusta. I've thought it out every way, and this is the most realistic outlook."

He tossed two slices of bread on a scoreboard of black linoleum. "So much for the Howlands and the Ecclestons," he said grimly. "How many more and how long do we carry on?"

"The Monks should be along soon. The Ruxtons are likely to pub-crawl till dawn. But they're important too."

He hung two slices in readiness on hooks above the stove. "The Monks and the Ruxtons," he intoned. "What have we out of common with the Monks?"

She heard him from a private trance. "Once people are married I think they ought to act married, don't you?"

He nodded, "Fair enough. What would you do if you were commanding this valley as of yore?"

"I'd raise goats, make strawberry jam and forget about the lot of them, I guess. I'd know who I am, and I wouldn't be terrorized. . . . You have very sensitive hands for a tycoon."

"You have the hands of a female squash champion."

She reared back. "I wish I understood you."

"Is it necessary?"

"Well, I shall be indebted to you in a way, once this is over. And I should hate to feel sorry for you, living alone and dissipating as you do."

"I apologize for my debased reputation."

"Oh, but you shouldn't. It's what makes you interesting to them. And useful to me."

"Then I apologize for their fantasy and regret your opportunism."

"Must you be so bitter? . . . Aha, the Monks have turned down their road."

"Bingo, the Monks. You wish I weren't so bitter, why?"

"Because you could help me, in a clinical fashion. You're detached from any real experience, in the sense that nothing reaches you, but you must know what men like. . . . I think you ought to put that ham back in the refrigerator." She slid down from the counter and leaned back on her elbows. "For example, do men want the women they marry to be sensual?"

"I've never been married. I don't suppose anyone knows what he likes until he finds it."

"Suppose someone does get interested in me—I've not even the first idea what I'm like. Perhaps I ought just to tell them the truth."

"I would say that was inevitable."

"I'll simply say I'll be loyal for the rest of my life to anyone who thinks enough of me to keep Augusta in her own home. That ought to be a great relief to a man. Most women, you know, have no idea of loyalty. Iris Monk will tell you all about Alec Monk's hostilities, at the drop of a hat. Anyway, I don't think love just happens. I think it's built."

He started an electric coffee grinder. Her hand suddenly darted in front of him to turn it off. "We'll miss the Ruxtons with that thing on."

"We'll miss everything without coffee."

"If you'd concentrate on advising me." She placed her hands against her cheeks, her eyes a fog of worry. "I don't even know how a man likes to be kissed."

"You don't say." He hesitated, took confidence from the delightful humor of her anguish and leaned forward. She clutched the edge of the counter. He drew her toward him, found her wrists and pinned them behind her. She met his lips with blinking confusion.

"Did you like it?" she inquired anxiously.

He gave her a sad and quizzical smile. "It's quite palatable. And educable, which is everything."

"But it has no character, and I know it. It's a beginner's kiss."

"Do you think all men are idiots?"

"What does what I think have to do with it?"

"Because you underestimate their judgment."

She followed him apologetically, as though supporting herself on the strength of his statement. "I don't even know what a man expects of a marriage."

"From most women you can expect either love or mutilation."

She picked up the telephone and dialed a number. Hastily she put the receiver down, her temples pulsing. "It rang," she explained. "The Monks' phone. I had an idea it might be busy—Iris calling Dora Eccleston—but I suppose they'll wait till morning. You think I'm terribly anxious, don't you? Well, I'm not. I've simply decided to be clever for a change. I used to think that was immoral. I don't any longer."

"There are all sorts of progress," he said.

"I suppose we'll have to be seen together in public once or twice after this, if you don't mind. We've plenty of time for that. But if the right situation turns up for me, promise to let me alone, won't you?"

He made an ironic, unfinished gesture.

"And you must feel free to visit me as a friend. I'll always be a friend, you know. I know how lonely it can be if you're different."

He opened the door roughly, as if to change his own disagreeable internal weather. A treble chorus of peepers surged and diminished down the valley.

"I've been thinking of my debt to you," she continued. "I have only one possession of my own—a mare named Lilith. She's the best hunter in the valley. I've turned down wonderful offers for her. I know money has no value to you, but if I didn't wish to give her away, she couldn't be bought."

At a distance, came the sound of a confident motor. "Well," she sighed, "there go the Ruxtons. I hope you don't think I've exploited you."

He took two jackets from a nearby closet and slipped one across her shoulders. "No, but I think you'll be needing this."

"Oh, but I'm used to driving at night with the top down."

He tested a flashlight and handed it to her. "You'll not be driving. I'm walking you home across the back meadows. Your car was sitting in your own driveway fifteen minutes after your arrival here. The scene here, I regret to say, has been unconvincingly dim."

She moved aside, her lips dry and parted. "Why did you let me make a fool of myself?"

"For reasons of my own, if that's what you've been doing with all this patronizing nonsense. Where's your self-respect? And did you think I had none?"

She dropped the jacket and walked ahead of him into the bleaching night.

A cow rustled suddenly from monumental stillness. She ducked as though struck, and lost a sodden moccasin. He found it first. She turned and struck him a blow across the brow with the heel of it. He seemed about to return violence, took a deep breath and found control.

"Don't expect me to act like a human being," she said with fluctuating emotion. "I don't feel like one. I only wish I could hurt you—I wish I could really hurt you."

Fighting a whirlpool of gnats, she disappeared behind the tattered shrubbery of the house at the end of the valley. Suddenly she reappeared, calm and womanly, and returned the flashlight. "I'm sorry; I forgot you have to find your way back."

He turned and walked back across the fields.

In the morning, Angeline Abbot came awake as though addressed by name. She remembered at once her bold stroke of the evening before, her shameful rout and the dismal, everlasting life awaiting her with Augusta belowstairs. If she managed carefully, at any rate, she would not have to leave the house or face anyone for a month. Lying there, she heard Augusta trilling to her in an unreal voice from the foot of the stairs; it was less a voice than a theatrical alert.

She scrubbed her face hastily with the edge of a damp towel, slipped a yellow dress over her head and dragged a brush through her hair.

Augusta, her head a pink cloud above a lavender negligee, stood at the foot of the stairs, a cup of coffee in one hand, the other outstretched eloquently toward a figure at the door. "Angeline! . . . Oh, there you are. Mr. Hurd, from across the valley, has called on you, Angeline. He wants to know if you'll go golfing with him. . . . Oh, Angeline, you do have pleasanter frocks than that."

"It's all right, mother." She went forward to meet him. . . . "Good morning, Mr. Hurd. I'm afraid I'm an exasperating golfer."

Groomed and restless as an exuberant stallion, he greeted her with the impassivity of intense and painful concern. "Let's call it an outing then."

Augusta rattled her cup and saucer in the background. "Why have I never met Mr. Hurd, Angeline? He's a delightful person. And he's just made the quaintest remark. Would you believe it, but he's asked my permission to court you. I never heard of anything so gallant. I think it's charming. I've told him he'll have to take his chances along with the rest. And he's brought you two pet goats! They're tied outside—adorable animals."

Hurd's expression suddenly broke a quizzical barrier and gathered Angeline in with starved tenderness. "Would you care to have breakfast along the way?"

"Yes," she replied economically.

As they left, Augusta drew herself into position at the imposing stairway. "One thing we must understand from the beginning, Mr. Hurd—I have absolutely no intention of ever leaving the Abbot place."

"By no means, Mrs. Abbot."

They had driven half a mile when Angeline spoke. "What kind of goats are they?"

"One of each gender."

"Why did you humiliate me last evening?"

"In order to achieve something better. This is pleasanter and more my way."

She threaded her hand through her flying hair. "I thought nothing ever touched you."

"They say. What say they? Let them say."

"What do you expect of me?"

"Eternal loyalty."

She was puzzled. "Do you think we have enough emotion to fall in love?"

"So damned much we have constantly to keep it capped."

With the bravado of shyness, he handed her a slip of paper.

She peered at it against the sun. "What's this?"

"A recipe for strawberry jam."

She read it, then folded it with the dark-browed deliberation which characterized her. "I think I have a better recipe," she said calmly.

"Good. Always say what you think. I run my own show too. I'm difficult, but I'm a one-woman man, and I want to do this once, forever and well. I should be a natural lover and I know my way home at night."

"Yes," she said. "There's a shop in the village where you can buy a book about goats." THE END

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We Created Our Own Holiday

(Continued from Page 33)

pal yodeled a third time, and the younger ones forgot to tip over their milk. We agreed on the household duties for each person, set C-Day for two weeks off, and decided the youngsters also would select the menu.

But, alone with our second thoughts and cups of coffee, Corinne and I grew skeptical.

"They'll all forget it by tomorrow," I said, at length.

"For children, half the fun is anticipation," said Corinne. "While they're doing the work they decided on themselves, they might enjoy feeling they're earning this holiday and the idea of planning it as they go along."

"I'll bet you coffee in bed that no one even mentions Children's Day before I leave for work tomorrow morning," I said.

"You're on," said she.

She got us more coffee—and big sheets of paper, a ruler, and a pen.

"A new game?" I asked.

"Chore charts," she said.

We listed each child's tasks on a separate sheet, allowing space for him to check them off on completion, thumb-tacked the chart on the cork tackboard each child has beside his bed, and forgot the whole business—until five o'clock the next morning.

I awoke with Corinne clutching my arm. She sat bolt upright in bed.

"Who's in the kitchen?" she whispered.

I became aware of a muffled thumping, jangling.

"Did George bark?" I whispered back. George is our mostly German-short-hair, we think, dog.

"No," she answered. "What are you going to do?"

I hadn't planned to do anything, except vaguely to go back to sleep. But some course of action was indicated, so I tiptoed nervously to the kitchen.

"Hi, daddy!" said Brandon brightly. Fully dressed, he had the eating counter nearly set for breakfast—plates, cups, silverware.

"Look," I said weakly, "you don't have to set the table, except on Sunday evenings for dinner."

"I know," he said. "But I couldn't sleep any more, thinking about Children's Day, and I got my bed made, and I hung up my pajamas, and I thought I'd practice."

Being up, I put on the coffee that Corinne enjoyed ten minutes later, in bed.

Corinne, who knows more parent lore intuitively than I shall ever acquire, has a theory that any child-originated idea, no matter how zany, packs more momentum for children than any adult-suggested idea, no matter how sensible. After experiencing intimately several Children's Days, this theory of hers to me is one of the eternal verities.

A corollary to the Corinne Theory is that there's no energy, outside of atomic, like that generated by children. A bachelor friend, attempting a game of three-handed cribbage with us one recent afternoon, had to have every hand recounted because of our four-year-old Jane. In fifteen minutes, she baked a gooey "cake" on her toy stove, gave Flower, our cat, a haircut, retired momentarily to her bedroom twice to reappear with complete changes of clothing, picked every leaf off a rather statuesque plant, and colored, folded and presented to us about thirty free-hand crayon drawings done on Corinne's best stationery.

"Folks," the bachelor said at last, in a hushed voice, "if you could harness that energy, the world is yours."

Children's Day taps this awesome power. During the two weeks preceding our last C-Day, for example, our car gleamed as never before under the twice-weekly washings by Bob, fourteen years old. He kept the garage spotless, manicured the yard, even did some flat ironing. Kay, now eleven, had our silverware sparkling, every drawer and cabinet neat and newly lined, furniture glistening.

All four beds were made, eight hands and four faces washed and some 110 teeth brushed twice daily. Clean laundry was put away, clothes were hung up. Bob and Kay alternated doing the dinner dishes weekdays. Brandon, seven, cleaned the two bathroom sinks every day, fed George and Flower, and picked up and put away ten things daily—no matter who'd got them out. Jane's tasks were mostly of the self-canceling variety—putting away her playthings—but she also picked up newspapers and magazines, made her bed, washed, and brushed her teeth. She'd be indignant without a chart.

Corinne announced the very first morning, "You've listed your own tasks, except for the half hour a day Kay and Bob will help me. You may do your work any time, but it must be done by noon, unless something special comes up. No one will be reminded again. Children's Day is up to you."

Foot dragging on chores is remarkably rare. The foot dragger quickly learns that three juvenile taskmasters-helpers-advisers are at his elbow, and that it's less irksome to do the work himself. Brandon handled Jane rather neatly.

"Work, work, work," she said sorrowfully, shaking her blond bangs, after about three minutes of picking up toys.

"Haw!" said Brandon. "Look at me! I'm picking up stuff I don't even know where it goes!"

The logic of this escapes me, but Jane thoughtfully resumed work, and she's the best debater among the four.

Dinner hours take on a completely new luster.

"Where's the nearest cliff we can climb?" Bob might ask. For some reason, the notion of clambering up a very steep hill perennially appeals to all four.

From then on, through dessert, we're off—orally scaling cliffs, skipping stones in a lake, taking a plane ride, shooting at gophers, practicing driving the car—"out at the fairgrounds driving area, where we can't crash anybody"—seeing the wildlife exhibits at the university, skimming a lake in a waterbike, eating fantastic ice-cream concoctions, dropping paper sacks filled with water out of a high building—frowned on—looking at Indian and pioneer displays in the Minnesota Historical Society building, visiting the state capitol and sitting on the gilded horses overlooking the Capitol Approach, singing rounds in the car as we travel. Suggestions are screened from the standpoint of fun, finances and physical limitations.

Before our last Children's Day we all visited the St. Paul Public Library, prowling through guidebooks, and I brought home pamphlets on sight-seeing tours. Our maps were out often, and Corinne and I became lightning calculators of the time required to drive from one point to another as the children lined up a near-split-second schedule for The Day. I'm a newspaperman who supposedly knows his city, but I learn much about St. Paul and environs before every Children's Day.

On C-Day eve, the foursome astonishingly started taking baths at seven P.M. A half hour later Corinne and I had each received good-night smacks and mysterious smiles. We heard whispering and giggling from the boys' and girls' bedrooms.

"What do you suppose they're plotting?" I asked.

"Oh, they're just excited," said Corinne. "So am I."

At four A.M., Bob's and Kay's clock radios, full volume, burst into song. In thirty seconds all four were in our big bed with us.

"Our breakfast," announced Bob, with some grandeur, "will be grape juice, pancakes, scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and cocoa."

"Bob and Brandon wanted bacon and eggs, and Jane and I wanted pancakes and bacon, so we compromised," said Kay.

Despite Jane on my stomach and Brandon on my chest, I attempted a leisurely stretch.

Polar Expedition

By Herbert Merrill

I wrap my little three-year-old
In woolly red against the cold
And from the window watch her go
Exploring in a world of snow
That only magic can arrange:
The hedge an arctic mountain range,
The lilac bush a popcorn tree,
The yard itself a silver sea.

Curious as a climbing kitten,
She hoists herself by boot and mitten
Over a foothill, slick and glazed,
Then tumbles down again, amazed.
Where yesterday the puddles lay
The glaciers trip her up today,
Till, woolly white from toe to chin,
She flounders home to be let in.

"Hurry up, daddy," said Brandon earnestly, bringing his nose six inches from mine. "We've got a lot of things to do today."

That, it proved, was the understatement of this age.

The children bubbled as merrily as the percolator at breakfast, and Corinne and I were eager ourselves to see how a little flourish we'd planned would work. It stemmed from an Easter that I'd been hospitalized and couldn't help hide Easter eggs. I'd mailed post cards on consecutive days before Easter to the children, giving broader and broader clues, all in rough rhyme and signed "P. Rabbit," indicating the location of an Easter basket that Corinne previously had hidden. The children were intrigued—almost as much as the mailman, who volunteered suggestions and sneaked hasty look-arounds before resuming his route. (He was close, too; the basket was inside the piano seat on the porch.)

So, as Jane speared the last piece of bacon, I tried to be casual as I said, "Well, what's first on the program?"

"Surprises!" shouted Brandon.

"Well, isn't this strange?" said Corinne, bringing four envelopes. "You each have a letter, and the mailman hasn't even arrived yet."

The foursome blinked, then tore open their envelopes.

"Read me mine! Read me mine!" clamored Jane.

Corinne read aloud:

"Upstairs, downstairs, round about
Are things for Jane, without a doubt!
Not out of doors,
But in two drawers,
(They are in two different rooms—
One by her bed, the other near brooms)
Jane will find, in small sizes,
What do you know!—real surprises!"

"Hey!" yelled Bob. "These are clues! This is a treasure hunt!"

"Oh, boy, mother!" said Kay, glowing. "You and daddy got the idea of this day perfectly."

With a whoop, the hunt was on. Corinne and I explained the clues to Brandon and Jane, giving them hints. Bob and Kay were going in circles, so eager to start hunting they couldn't sit down, yet unable to hunt until they puzzled out the clues.

Exploring dresser drawers in her bedroom, Jane found a sand-box pail and shovel. In a drawer near the broom closet, she triumphantly pulled out a purse full of toy make-up gadgets. Brandon and I watched, he almost palpitating; then we investigated the garage for his surprises—*"that are hidden deep in a sack, one long and shiny that goes 'Crack! Crack!'"* His eyes lit upon the almost-empty potato sack, and he dived into it, pulling forth a toy double-barreled popgun and a red neckerchief.

Kay and Bob couldn't resist watching Jane and Brandon find their surprises; then they began hunting in earnest. Kay finally located a purse and a game taped to the ceiling in the entrance area, and Bob, whose clues said, *"not in the house, but on our lot,"* at last spotted a pair of golf shoes dangling from the swing crossbar.

"You know," Corinne said thoughtfully over a second cup of coffee while the children examined their surprises, "summer vacation contributes to Children's Day's success. The work and planning help fill hours for them after the glow is off their new leisure time. And you have no idea how hard it is to think up something when they all say, 'What can I do now, mother?'"

"Leisure time helps," I conceded, "but I still think we wouldn't have had any Children's Day if the idea hadn't come from the children. Although I have seen mothers plant an idea among children—or with a husband—so adroitly that each thinks he thought it up himself."

She smiled, a Mona Lisa smile.

Discussing Children's Day, we both felt some of the holiday's magic dust seems to rub off—the children are less averse to taking a hand in the daily household tasks after having had some experience with them. Perhaps neatness and daily tasks are somewhat habit-forming.

Another C-Day benefit is the year-around series of "surprises" for Corinne and me. Jane and Brandon devote hours and our gift-wrapping materials to these, and they are truly surprises. Ordered to close our eyes and "choose which hand"—we win, regardless of choice—we receive a thoroughly gummed, labeled, beribboned, and much-wrapped used toothbrush, pretty stone, or whatever. Often it's a tightly folded crayon drawing, bristling with symbols that require fifteen minutes to explain, and always bearing the legend, I Love You.

Our discussion was ended abruptly.

"Up! Up! Up and away!" shouted Bob, bursting into the house.

The rest took up the cry, and within seconds we were en route to our "cliff," rifle

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and wiener-roast supplies aboard, plus George and Flower.

"Is this a real cliff, and not just a little hill?" asked Bob as we drove, everyone eating Bing cherries. (The C-Day menu specified a lug of cherries, to be eaten in any quantity, at any time, by anybody.)

"Definitely," I said, with a false air of assurance. Corinne had suggested the bluffs along the Wisconsin side of the St. Croix River, but we hadn't reconnoitered.

I needn't have worried. We halted at a roadside parking area, and the children, Corinne, George and Flower disappeared before I'd even got out of the car. I walked over and looked—and swayed giddily. Far, far below, five specks waved me on.

Fathers don't show cowardice before the tender members of the family, so I grabbed rifle and picnic basket and backed off. It really wasn't bad—sort of a series of slides—and, if I hadn't avoided looking down again, all would have been well. However, I emerged from the wild roses with very few thorns, and finished my slide with some degree of aplomb.

"It's just like skiing, only in dirt, isn't it?" asked Brandon enthusiastically.

"Did you come down frontwards?" I asked.

Corinne, who was reared in Minnesota's Northwoods and can run like a deer, took to coughing violently.

"Let's shoot the rifle," I said, removing a thorn.

We set up a can against the hill, and the whole family took turns with the .22, learning something about shooting form and safety. Then we skipped stones from the white sand beach into the river and tried to hit floating pieces of wood. While Bob and I started a fire, the rest explored, returning triumphantly with a branched piece of driftwood that appeared beautiful also to me, then.

It was barely ten A.M., but the hot dogs, potato salad, potato chips and soda pop disappeared rapidly. We stretched out on the warm sand. I lit my pipe, listened to the river, had just closed my eyes to the sun ——

"Up! Up! Up and away!" sounded Bob, who's all legs and appetite. "A malted milk on our way back!"

"Up! Up! Up and away!" came the chorus.

I put out the fire, grabbed the driftwood and picnic basket, and saw the troupe scuttling nimbly up the slope—Bob, carrying the rifle, and George in the lead. I scuttled about ten steep steps, then shifted to low. The driftwood and its fragile fingers was awkward to hold, and, to protect it when I slipped, I had to drop the basket, grab the branches gently with both hands and absorb the jolt of falling on elbows and chin, simultaneously kicking out one leg to catch the basket and digging the other foot into the dirt to keep from sliding back down the hill.

Brandon, Jane and Corinne were waiting at the three-quarter mark.

"If that driftwood loses many more branches, it won't have any character left," said Corinne. "Here, you take this piece, I'll take that one, and Brandon. We'll put the basket in your belt, and then you can help Jane."

If I had had any breath, I would have commented on the character of that driftwood. What little I had, left me when I noticed that Corinne was carrying a small log for the fireplace, besides helping the two youngsters up—and looking fresh as a gazelle at dawn.

So, with Jane on my back, log in my arms, dirt in my eyes, humiliation in my heart and basket bunting me behind, I flopped to the top, where I was greeted with helping hands and cheers. I gazed down at the beach, catching my breath, my humiliation yielding to a strange exhilaration. I looked for the clan. They were doing handsprings and headstands on the grass.

"Up! Up! Up and away!" I croaked, creaking toward the car.

"And a malted!" they shouted.

Everyone raced into the car except Brandon. He paused on the brow of the hill.

"Look!" he said, pointing, left-handed as usual. His finger started downriver, swept over the huge bluffs, the tiny towns and infinite stretch of farms beyond; then completed the arc to the blueness far upriver.

"You know what?" he said excitedly. "This is what Davy Crockett meant when he sang, 'This land is biggest, this land is best.' Isn't it?"

There was a silence while we looked, then Bob said, "Brandon's really getting kind of smart."

Brandon beamed bashfully at Bob, and his figure against the sky line seemed to swell slightly.

"Nor money for the amusement rides if this heckling doesn't cease," said I, aware of a small audience of spectators.

"They do, too, look like daddy," insisted Jane, but the three hustled her along.

The weekday price for the rides was twelve for a dollar, conveniently affording three rides apiece, and Corinne and me an opportunity to sit down while we waved at the four excited faces each time they were swung into view by the amusement devices.

Next stop was the nearby waterbikes, contraptions that seat three, maneuvered around the lake by pedals. As if by prearrangement, Jane and Brandon were nodding as we returned to the dock, so we drove the short distance home, where Corinne took Jane and Brandon for a story and a nap; and Kay, Bob and I girded for golf—he, of course, in his new shoes.

Bob, who oftens shoots in the eighties, and I coached Kay, and we played an enjoyable ten holes before Kay tired. By the time we were home, showered and changed, the other three were dressed, so we all had a cooling drink together. Corinne wore her trim white nylon suit, the girls were frilly in nylon dresses, the boys were white-shirted and bow-tied, and I had donned my new light suit.

At the close of a Children's Day, Jane Eddy, with her daddy as a consultant, puts together the jigsaw puzzle she received as her surprise that morning.

We sang rounds as we rode, and decided to go swimming before we had the malted. We stopped at a beach on a lake, where Bob and Kay demonstrated their swimming skill and Brandon and Jane splashed us all. Then we hurried home, changed clothes, and were off to a place Bob recommended, "where you get the biggest malted in town." His report was accurate; the rich, king-sized confections extended everyone except him to capacity, even outlasting Kay and Jane. He pounced on the surplusage with a straw, demolishing it with a final loud gurgle.

"Ah-h-h," he said happily. "O.K.; Science Museum next."

He had been doing some reading, and he conducted our tour quite ably. From there, zip, bang, to the zoo and another tour, much of it on the half trot. Kay, who'd been identifying the animals for Jane, doubled with laughter before the seals barking and flopping up the runway from their pool.

"She says they look like daddy on the cliff," she shrieked, unnecessarily loud, back to Corinne and me.

Brandon giggled, then defended me loyally. "Daddy doesn't have fur," he said.

"Nor flippers," added Bob solemnly, but eyes atwinkle.

It was pleasant, watching the foursome, on hands and knees over the amusement ads, deciding our evening movie. It suddenly struck me how Children's Day has helped teach us the fun of doing things together, perhaps as families did before so many spectator activities and highly specialized leisure-time pursuits became easily accessible. I was reminded of how every spring, now, our clan picks out the flower and vegetable seeds for our gardens, the children electing some amazing ones, and we plant the flower beds outside our bedroom windows together.

When I'm away from home and think of my family, it's pictures of these family activities that pop into my mind—reading around the fireplace, going to church, gathered around the dinner table, picnicking, celebrating each family birthday, Children's Day. And, it's during these activities that I learn to know each child better, and they find we enjoy things that they do and aren't just distant, stuffy grownups.

"Are you tired?" Corinne said, smiling at me.

"No," I said, "but I don't know why not."

Corinne said she wasn't either, and the only reason we could think of was that we'd been having fun. It had been an exciting day, and we'd seen it partly through bright eyes, sharing youth's zest for living. Perhaps adults don't see the world and life too clearly sometimes—as in the Hans Christian Andersen fable, where everyone but the child was duped about the king's magic clothes.

"Let's go, daddy!" said Kay.

As we left, she noticed the driftwood piece, which Corinne already had mounted over the stairwell.

"Isn't that really beautiful?" she said, pausing. "And we'll always remember we found it on our Children's Day beside the cliff and river, won't we?"

"Good memories are part of Children's Day," said Corinne.

And we all smiled lovingly on the branched driftwood—even I, with my skinned elbows.

Just as my suggestion for golf had won a place on the C-Day schedule, so had Corinne's for dining out. We went to a restaurant that was reasonably priced, where the linen was white, the glasses sparkled, the food was good and the personnel seemed to like children. At least, those are the reasons Bob gave in proposing the restaurant, and the others approved his choice unanimously.

"May we have George Washingtons to drink?" said Kay to the waiter.

"But yes —— But what?"

"It's lemon-soda pop with a cherry in it," said Bob. "This is our Children's Day."

"But yes —— But Children's Day?"

"You've heard of Mother's Day and Father's Day?"

The waiter, elderly but apparently interested, said, "To be sure."

"Well, this is Children's Day."

"To be sure," he said again, nodding.

The children ordered chicken. When it arrived, Kay said, "Do people ever say grace in restaurants?"

Corinne said, "You may say grace, Kay."

She and the rest of us bowed our heads, and she said softly, "Lord, we thank Thee for this food You have given us, and for our family, and for Children's Day."

With the "Amen," Brandon added, in his seven-year-old fashion, "I like to pray our hands."

We ate heartily, and our waiter seemed to share our enjoyment. The check, when it came, bore the notation: "George Washingtons, no charge, Children's Day."

Bob, struggling through high school on an allowance, was most struck by this gesture, and on our way to the movies, said, "Did you tip him, dad?"

Corinne replied, in the manner of the waiter, "To be sure."

The foursome chuckled warmly at our own small joke.

Bob encountered two of his pals as we entered the theater. They wanted him to sit with them.

"No, we're all together," we heard him say. "It's Children's Day."

"Children's Day?" they said. "What's that?"

"We all do things we want to do," he said, "and we all stick together."

The show was a howling success, except for Jane and Brandon, who went to sleep. Kay, too, was asleep by the time we reached home.

Brandon and Jane were stuffed into pajamas, then bed, without a sound.

But Kay, just before she snuggled down, said, "I'm glad I invented Children's Day."

We all are. THE END

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I Work on the Railroad—and How!

(Continued from Page 19)

The click of the wheels on the rails seems to loosen up inhibitions and make people act naturally—or maybe I should say unnaturally. The party boys and playgirls, most of them of indeterminate age, are trying to recapture lost years in two or three days away from home, families, telephones and time clocks. Following an affectionate farewell from his family, the party boy quickly makes himself known by announcing, as soon as we get rolling, "Well, I've got to check the train."

"Don't bother, sir," I tell him. "I've already checked it."

I always do that to spot the doctors aboard, in case of emergency, and passengers who may be able to interpret for bewildered foreigners riding the train. But our gay blade does his own checking just the same, peering into bedrooms and compartments, sizing up the coaches as well as the Pullman cars. Then he usually tells me, "Well, there's no one on this train but newlyweds or nearly-deads," or makes some other keen observation.

Even so, back in the buffet car or up in the upper decks, he usually finds a playgirl who has removed her wedding ring for the trip. She isn't too newlywed to join him for lunch or dinner. Sometimes he wants an assist from me. When I am taking reservations, he whispers, "Put me at the table with the dish over there, will you?" Chances are the "dish" is just waiting for a meal ticket. I waste no sympathy when he complains later that "she was a dud."

Quite often, when he is checking the train, our party boy discovers an empty drawing room, which he needs for a few hours to finish some work. "I am snowed under," he says, patting a fat brief case.

Occasionally an obliging Pullman conductor lets him have the room until the passenger who reserved it boards at a station up ahead. This usually winds up in a hassle. Forgetting about work, the playboy has ordered drinks, invited in new-found friends and is in the middle of a very big time. He doesn't want to move out when the rightful occupant boards. He promises to report the outrageous treatment to his friend, our president.

Recently one of these middle-aged playboys was the life of the party all the way to Chicago. He had a gay luncheon with one woman, a very lively dinner with another, kept open house with plenty of drinks in his compartment. He told me his life story, in snatches, when I had a moment to listen, called me "Nellie" and asked me to call him "Joe." He knew so much about everything and everybody and was so interesting that I thought, when we said good-by, *What a wonderful man to know. I hope I have him on my train again.*

Three weeks later I had him. But on this trip he was accompanied by his wife and twins. He was quiet, aloof, a doting husband and father. He didn't call me "Nellie," so I didn't call him "Joe." In fact, he didn't seem to recognize me. I guess he was just a dual personality.

There is something about a club car that not only loosens tongues but releases imaginations. You'd think that some of our club-car squatters were in training for a whoppers' convention. I think I've listened to some of the biggest lies ever told. And believed them. One man, who knew everybody worth knowing, charmed the entire car with his fund of geology lore as we rolled through the Rockies. But when we got to Denver the police grabbed him. He was a rubber-check passer, not a geologist. Another voluntary lecturer told everybody how the holes in the rocks of the canyon walls were made by birds. This jinxed my story, which was that they were worn by rushing waters. That's one trainload of people who think Zephyrettes are liars.

Sometime I'd like to go to a convention and see what happens that changes men so much. We Zephyr a lot of conventioneers to Chicago. They get aboard out West with cases of liquor, take over a car, joking and roaring with laughter, talking up their products. They're all pepped-up personality-plus boys. They eat big steak dinners and party all the way to Chicago. Money means nothing to them. "It's all on the expense account," I hear them say.

A few days later, when we Zephyr them back home, they're different characters. They're fagged. They can't eat. They don't drink. They don't know any jokes. They stay in bed most of the day. They're not interested in dinner reservations. If one of them notices me, he remarks, "Oh, we've got that same Zephyrette again!"

In my book, I distinguish between party boys, lounge lizards and wolves. The party boy is just trying to recapture lost youth. The lounge lizard never lost it; he is a show-off who plants himself in the club car, then begins to make coins or cards disappear until he attracts an audience. In the diner he stops at tables and asks someone to pull a card out of his deck, so he can identify it, sight unseen. He is just out to entertain his fellow passengers. Some of them are bored, but I'm not. I'm a push-over for card or coin tricks anyway.

The wolves are something else again. They start operations in the buffet car too. Most of them start out timidly, but you recognize them by their roving eyes. They don't miss anything. After a few drinks Mr. Wolf isn't shy any more. He wants something explained—that odd formation on the landscape or a gadget in the roomette that he doesn't understand. You begin to remind him of his wife. One wolf told me I reminded him of his fourth wife. Another Zephyrette reminded a wolf so much of his wife that he chased her through the cars and into the dining-car kitchen.

When you begin to look glamorous to a wolf, even in your uniform, and he undertakes to pull you into his roomette for a drink, that's the time to explain, "Sorry, I have a sick baby that needs a bottle, up in one of the coaches." The gallant wolf already has his bottle, so he can't do anything but let you go to the sick baby.

I wouldn't want to leave the impression that a Zephyrette's days are full of odd characters. Most of the seats are occupied by normal people, but even they have their idiosyncrasies. Once we pull out of the station, we're in a Shangri-La on wheels. Gossip gets about fast. Everybody wants to check rumors. People want to know my duties, what are my wages, where I stay away from home, who pays for my room, does the railroad buy my uniform? Several passengers always make it their business to double-check me and see that I'm on the job all the time.

One of my duties is to watch for people who are not eating. I've had first-aid training, and if they are train sick I can help them sometimes, although the only pills I am allowed to dispense are soda mints. You'd be surprised what a lot of ailments soda mints can help. If a passenger is without funds, I report it to the conductor, who is authorized to sign chits in the diner for anyone who is hungry. Sometimes it takes some tact to find out if a passenger really needs help. Recently a man pointed out an attractive young woman to me in his car.

"I have been watching her," he said. "She hasn't eaten since she got aboard yesterday."

When she didn't make a dinner reservation, he really (Continued on Page 54)

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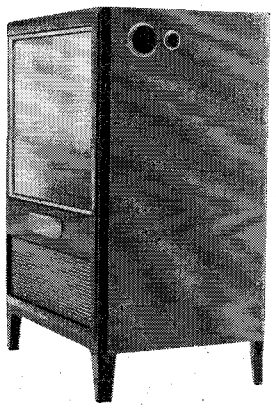

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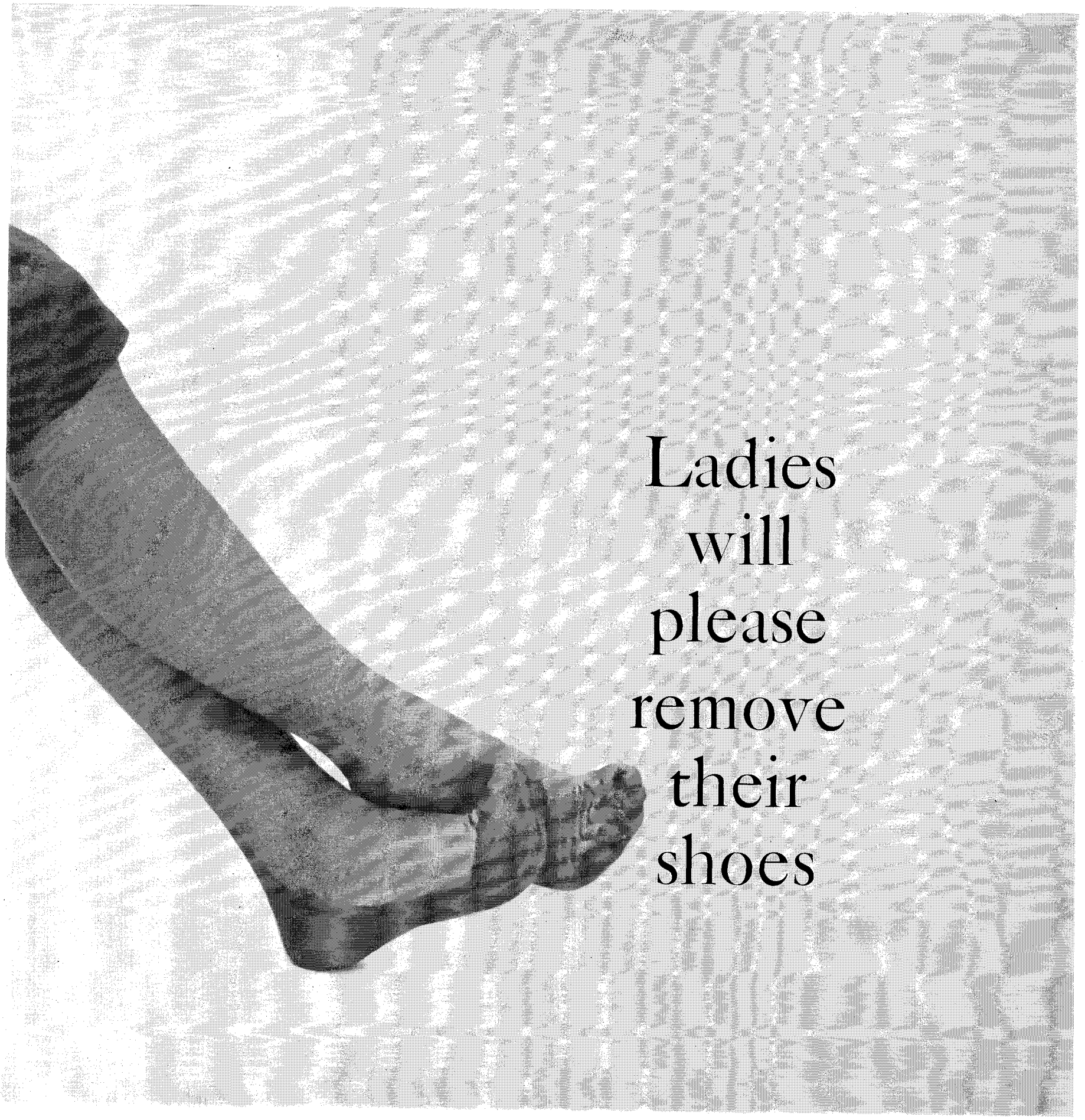

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(Continued from Page 51) was excited. "Everybody is worried," he told me. "We want to buy her some food. Find out if she is broke."

It is a slightly delicate operation to walk up and ask a well-dressed woman if she is penniless, but this busybody passenger badgered me about it until I finally did tell her it was part of my duty to help anybody short of funds, and could I do anything for her? At first she flushed angrily; then she thanked me and said, "I've been so thrilled with the scenery I just wasn't hungry."

Next day she flagged me as I made my morning round of the train and said, "If it will make you feel better, I'd like to report that I went into the diner and ate a large breakfast."

After that I confined my activities to seeing that children traveling alone got to the diner and ordered nourishing meals. Among my other chores, I usually have to mother as many as half a dozen youngsters traveling alone. They are invariably better passengers than the spoiled brats whose parents let them run wild. Often, when I have been hustling to make the dinner reservations for a trainload of passengers, I have had to stand for ten minutes listening to some little prima donna argue whether the family should eat at the first, second or third sitting.

Although I try to see that children traveling alone order adequate meals, get to bed on time and don't miss the train at station stops, baby-sitting is not one of my duties. I do it now and then in my off hours for mothers tied to their seats with babies. On one trip some parents, going to the diner, asked me to check their bedroom, where their children were sleeping. I checked just once. When I opened the door a huge sign greeted me. It read: LOOK OUT. DOG BITES.

Often Zephyrettes are asked to dog-sit while Fido's owners are having meals. I decline firmly, explaining that I have urgent work in the coaches—although I would rather sit with most dogs than with some children. On a recent trip a woman passenger called for me and said, in commanding tones, "Zephyrette, I'll need you to walk the dog when we stop in Ottumwa." I explained that I would be off duty when we reached Ottumwa. She said that she would be in the diner at the Ottumwa stop, and that the dog had to be walked. She was quite miffed when I suggested that she eat at another sitting, so that she could do her own dog walking at Ottumwa.

Pet lovers are a page in my book. When you ring the bell of a compartment or a bedroom to make a dinner reservation, you can expect anything to leap out at you. One day I opened the door of a bedroom that was full of parakeets flying about.

"That's O.K.; they'll stay with me," called the woman occupant. But I hurriedly closed the door before the birds could get out. I could see myself chasing parakeets all afternoon.

Another day a man sent for me to see if I could bring some fresh hamburger for "Jake." I looked around the compartment for Jake. He finally peeked out from under a chair. He was a pet turtle.

On another trip I was slightly annoyed by a wolf whistle whenever I passed the open door of a bedroom. I couldn't very well go back to see who was whistling at me, so I asked the porter who was in that room.

"Just a lady, ma'am," he replied.

"Somebody in there is whistling at me," I said.

He said he would see who it was. In a minute he called me to come. When I entered the room, the woman occupant said, "This is Miss O'Grady. What do you say, boys?" Instantly six myna birds in cages began whistling. The woman asked them how they liked me.

"Prettee-ee! Prettee-ee!" they chorused, and repeated the wolf whistle.

After that I believed anything. I even believed the tipsters who ride on our train. En route through the Utah and Colorado uranium belt, we make a special stop at Thompson, Utah, where prospectors and promoters are always getting off and on. A lot of fortunes in uranium are made in our club car by these hopeful characters who are invariably loaded with hot tips on the right penny stocks to buy. I thought these fortunes were largely imaginary until one of our porters bought some six-cent shares and sold them for seventy cents. After that I was a believer and even bought some myself. But instead of going up, mine went down. They even went clear off the board. Later I learned that the promoter who let me in on something because I'd been so helpful to him, as he put it, was really unloading when he advised me to load up.

The card hounds are one group that have me baffled. Most travelers go into rhapsodies about the mountain and desert scenery they feast on, but the card fiends never see any of it. Almost before we leave the terminal at Oakland or Chicago, someone is asking, "Do you know anyone who would like to play bridge?" Or poker? Or canasta? One group boasted they played 4000 hands of gin rummy between San Francisco and Chicago. I have to be careful about finding partners for games, because if I innocently introduce a greenhorn to a group of card sharks, the railroad gets the blame for his losses.

The gadgeteers who ride on our trains fascinate me, especially the compass carriers, who have to check every so often which way the train is going. They evidently don't trust our rails. And the barometric-altimeter fans who have to know the altitude without consulting the timetable. A lot of passengers get aboard staggering under loads of field glasses, cameras and light meters. Sometimes it seems as though the gadgeteers carry their equipment mainly for conversation openers in the club car.

At night the star gazers give me a bad time because they get into arguments as to which star is this and which is that. And I'm supposed to know the answer. Fortunately we always have walking encyclopedias aboard who know the answers to everything. All you have to do is to plant one of these know-it-alls in the proper place and then get out, so you won't get caught in the cross fire of stupid questions and brilliant answers.

The most argumentative of all are the railroad fans, who know more about the train than the trainmen. They know all about all trains, carry scores of timetables, have ridden every railroad that carries passengers and most of them that don't. They quiz me about the weight of the engine, the horsepower, the size of the wheels. One day one of them gleefully asked, "What do you call that sweeping light on the locomotive?"

"I don't know, but I'll find out," I replied.

"Don't bother; it's a Mars lamp," he said.

"Why did you ask me if you knew already?" I asked him.

"Oh, I just wanted to see if our little Zephyrette knew her train," he answered, with a happy grin at the other passengers.

I finally found a way to cope with the railroad bugs' questions. The company provided me with blueprints of our train. When the barrage starts, I give the amateur railroaders a blueprint. "Take it," I say. "It's too complicated for a Zephyrette."

These pseudo railroaders always want to ride in the cab of the diesel engine. They are hurt when you explain that it is against the rules.

"The Santa Fe lets me do it," one of them grumbles. You know that on the Santa Fe he boasts that the Western Pacific always invites him to ride with the engineer.

The old saying that it takes all kinds of people to make a world goes for our train. We have some passengers so finicky about germs that they wear gloves all the time they are aboard, even while eating in the diner. Other travelers can't ride backward without getting sick—so they tell the dining-car steward. Certain people can't eat unless they are sitting by the window. Some males who can't eat unless they have company insist that the Zephyrette dine with them. I have the healthiest appetite on the railroad. My "host" is usually a little taken aback when I order the most expensive items on the menu. You should see the look of relief when I explain that the railroad is picking up my check.

Our train is something of a Honeymoon Special, particularly for elderly newlyweds. Maybe we just don't spot the young ones, who try to act like old married couples. The old honeymooners are just the opposite. They hold hands and behave like young honeymooners. The old swains always refer to their wives as "my little bride." They want everybody to know. Even the occasional blind travelers, who "watch the scenery" by listening to what other passengers say about it, know they are riding with elderly brides and grooms.

Sometimes I think our train should be renamed the International Zephyr. We carry many foreign travelers, and they're the Zephyrette's special problem. I ring the bell, open the door and ask if they'd like a dinner reservation. They respond with blank stares and shrugs of their shoulders. I make like eating, try hand talk, drop in a few words of French, Italian, Spanish, all mixed. It's as clear as the inside of a tunnel, so I try to guess what nationality they are and scour the train for someone to interpret. What burns me up is to find these same travelers in the club car later, talking to other passengers in English!

On one trip I chaperoned a Chinese picture bride, loaded with notes reading "get dinner" or "take taxi to Dearborn Station," written in both Chinese and English. Money was clipped to each note. Someone had planned her trip down to the last detail. The only trouble was, we ran into bad weather, the train was late, and she was going to miss her connection in Chicago. We figured out how she could make it by changing trains at another junction. The conductor tried to explain the plan to her, I acted it out, then others in the car joined in the gesturing and talking. She was all smiles, shaking her head in bewilderment.

Then I remembered another Chinese up in the coach part of the train. I raced up to get him. Fortunately he spoke English. I dragged him back to explain the plot to the picture bride. He rattled off a cascade of Chinese. She replied with a flood of Chinese. He turned to me with a perplexed look on his face.

"Sorry, can't understand a word she say," he said, and stalked off in disgust. He spoke one kind of Chinese, she another. We finally got the idea over to her in hand talk, pictographs and a new note: "Take train to Minneapolis," where we prayed she found her picture bridegroom.

"What an easy way to earn a living!" people exclaim, especially women who envy me my life on the rails. After all, a Zephyrette is on duty only sixteen hours a day. After that she can rest in her room, which nobody is supposed to know about, but everybody does, so the bell may ring any hour of the day or night. Most of the sixty Zephyrettes who have worked on our trains have quit after about two years. I have stayed seven years because I like people.

I was in the first group of nine girls who were given a one-month Zephyrette training course in Chicago. First we listened to lectures daily by heads of departments of the railroad, so we would know the answers to all the questions about how to run the railroad. We were issued first-aid kits and even screw drivers, so we could fix anybody and anything. Then we were sent to charm school for a week, so we would know how to act and walk like models. I'd like to see any model walk like that down the narrow corridor of a weaving train. Finally we spent a day in each railroad station in Chicago, studying schedules, so we could help people figure out connections. When we finished, we were so completely exhausted by our training that we could barely report for work. The training course has since been canceled. Nowadays a new Zephyrette learns her trade by making two or three trips with a veteran like me.

You may wonder why I have stayed in uniform so long, in spite of the long hours, the hard work and the problem passengers. The answer is, the nice people I meet. I was counting up the cards that passengers have given me, inviting me to come and see them in their homes. I have over 400 of them. I have visited enough of these friends to know that they mean it.

How else could I ever have sat down and talked with President Eisenhower—when he was president of Columbia University—who helped me to plan a trip to Europe I made in 1950? What other work would have enabled me to chat with Bernard Baruch or Pierre Monteux, or Tokyo Rose, who was en route to prison? Where else could I have been whistled at by myna birds whose lives were insured for $50,000? Or have traveled with 165 marines, loaded with souvenirs from Korea?

"You're in for a rough time," my superior said, but I wasn't. They were gentlemen, and I had the time of my life.

Probably the most unusual trip, though, was one on which we carried four young prisoners being transferred from San Quentin to Sing Sing. It was when canasta was new, and one of my "guests," a charming young confidence man, said he'd like to learn the game. I told the guard I'd be willing to teach them in my rest periods. We got along famously, and soon the prisoners were in such a mellow mood that the guard felt he could safely remove the handcuffs. They told me all about life in San Quentin and the various jobs they had pulled that put them behind the bars. Their guard learned more about them in two days than a whole squad of detectives had uncovered in two years.

The young confidence man boasted of the bad checks he had passed, literally hundreds of them, nearly always in antique shops. He always told his victims, with a disarming laugh, "This check is no good, you know." The checks were invariably accepted—or so he said. When we got to the end of the trip, he wanted to do something to show his appreciation for my time and interest. He said he'd like to write me a check.

I said, "Thanks, we never accept gratuities."

He replied, with his usual laugh, "The check wouldn't be any good, you know." As I say, Zephyrettes meet such interesting people.

Judging by the personal questions they ask, people find Zephyrettes interesting too. One thing they always want to know is what I do on my time off. I give them one guess. For my last full-length holiday I rounded up passes on twenty-two railroads. Then I rode the rails from Chicago to New York to Montreal to Quebec to Boston to Philadelphia to Washington, then down South and back north to Ohio and finally back to Chicago, where I caught the Zephyr and worked my way home to Palo Alto, California.

Sort of a Zephyrette's holiday, wasn't it?

THE END

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The Post Presents One of the Literary Treats of the Year:

The Glory of the Sea

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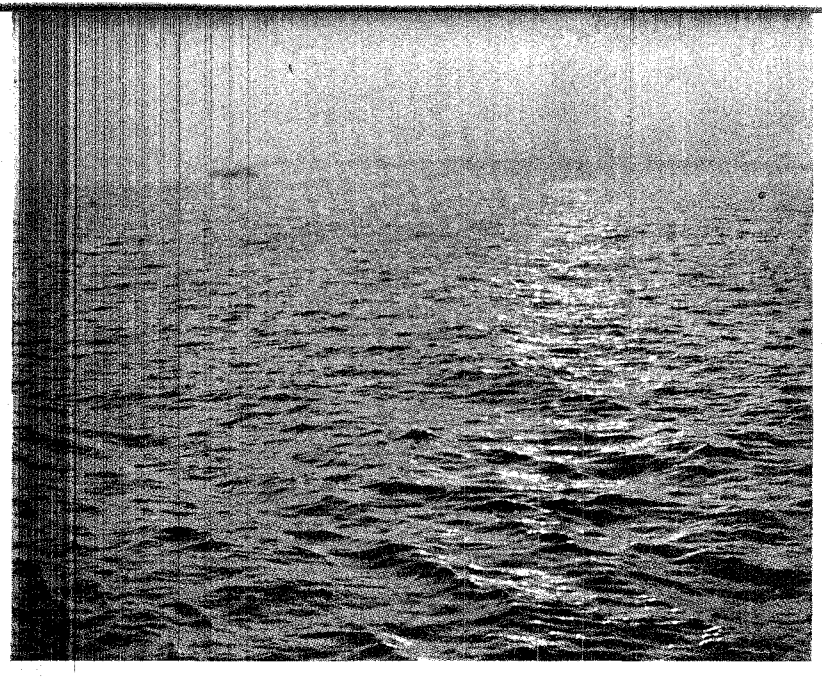


". . . the miracle that never fails to make man humble."

Sunrise

However bewildered, homesick or seasick the young sailor may be, he will forget himself for a few moments when he watches his first sunrise at sea. There is something about a ship emerging from the night that cannot be equaled by any dawn ashore. Night at sea is closer to the origin of the earth than it is on land. There are few dangers that can be called real: the coast and its rocks are far away; other ships are well lit and easily spotted; the night itself hides no burglars, ghosts or cats on the prowl to tinge the darkness with terror. There is nothing but the darkness, in which an occasional wave swishes past or a burst of spray shimmers green on starboard, red on the port side.

Dawn at sea breaks high in the sky: a faint flush on the highest peaks of the clouds. Then the miracle starts that never fails to make man humble—the momentous occurrence of the earth's creation. One moment, darkness is upon the face of the deep and the spirit of God moves upon the waters; the next moment, there is light. The young sailor will see the light and feel, more than he understands, why God called the light Day and the darkness Night, and rested.

Dawn at sea is short. Within a matter of minutes, after the first cloud's peak being touched by the light, the newborn day starts to foretell the weather or to reveal the lookout asleep; within a quarter of an hour, Paradise has been created and lost, Man has fallen and the gates of Paradise have closed behind him until tomorrow's dawn.

If the young sailor can keep alive within himself that moment's awe for the miracle of Creation, he will fall asleep after his first watch with the certainty that he'll be all right.

Atlantic

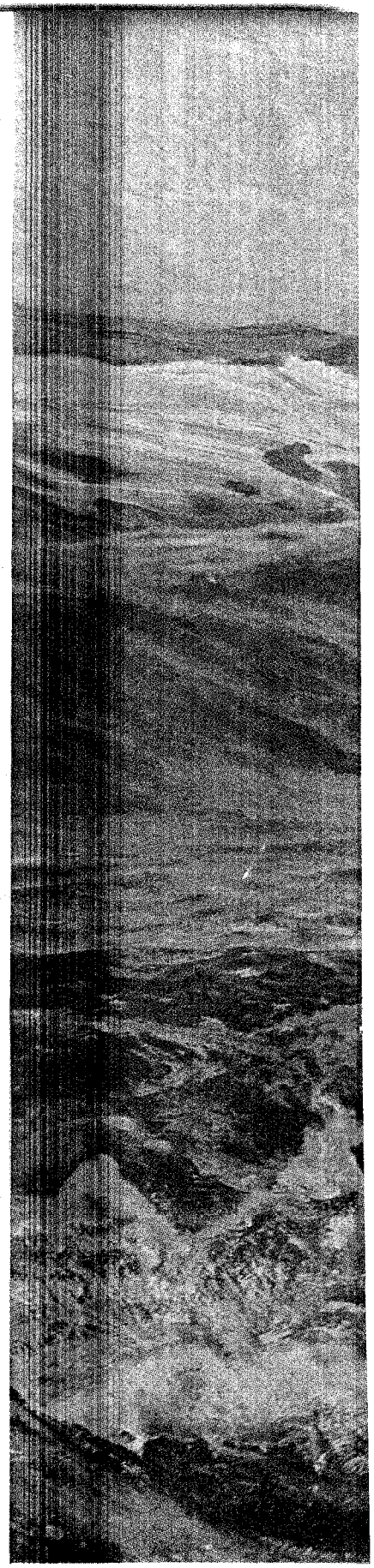
There is a South Atlantic and there is a North Atlantic, but only the Northern one is unique. The South Atlantic is a watered-down version of the Pacific and the Indian Ocean. It is neither the sea on which every point of the compass holds a different promise, like the Indian Ocean, nor man's nearest experience to eternity, like the Pacific. It is like the big square in a provincial town—smaller than others and bigger than some. It looks and feels as if it were a substitute for something; apart from the trade winds and the doldrums, the South Atlantic is just any sea until one reaches the Horn.

The trades, so the young sailor will find, make him uneasy; they just cannot be true. For the same wind to blow at the same strength from the same direction forever is, strangely enough, the very reverse of relaxing. The doldrums, important in the days of sail, have now lost their menace, except to lifeboats.

It is only in the North Atlantic that man is forever faced by Oceanus in his might. No two days are the same: gales of incredible violence, days of supernatural glassy calm, red skies, green skies, blue skies and the fantastic northern lights make the sailor realize he is fighting an alien element.

It is not for nothing that of all the great explorers, Columbus is the most famous, for ever since antiquity the Atlantic has been the threshold to the edge of the world. All fantastic stories, from sea serpents to the Aldebaran and Atlantis, have come from the Atlantic, and no one who has not sailed that incredible sea knows what it means to be a sailor. All other oceans have their schedule: the Indian Ocean has a bad period and a good one, the Pacific gives ample warning of its mood, even the Mediterranean harbors few surprises to the experienced navigator. Only the Atlantic is completely and utterly unpredictable, despite all the solemn studies written about her character that try to make sense of her streaks of madness and her incomparable moments of majesty. All the adjectives used to describe the sea since the beginning of man's consciousness can be applied to the Atlantic. The only way to predict her aspect for tonight is to write all those adjectives on separate bits of paper, roll them into little balls, put them in a tin, shake them and let the cabin boy draw. It may be "azure" and it may be "fickle"; it may be "terrifying" and it may be "pewter"; the only safe ones are "deep" and "wet."

To those reared on the North Atlantic, every sea change will be a holiday.



North Sea

When I was young, the North Sea was the biggest sea I knew and terrifying in its might. To the youngsters of the east coast of England, the North Sea is a friend; to the ones on its opposite shores, it is fraught with menace, a never-relenting enemy. Young English boys potter around lustily with little boats and rickety old yachts in the shelter of their island; on the eastern shores of the North Sea, it is another matter.

For the prevailing winds in the North Sea are westerly and gales are frequent and sud-

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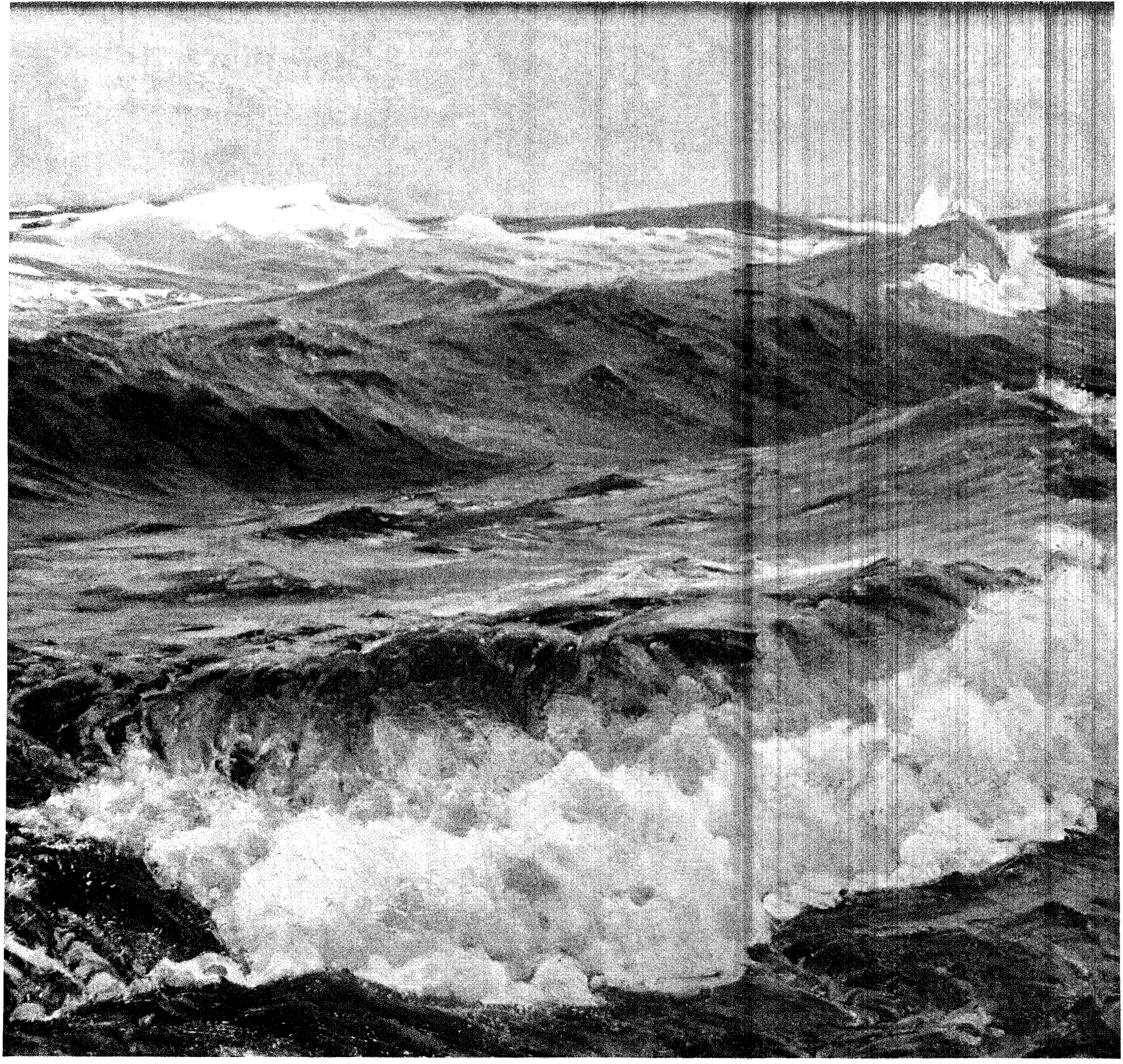

Frederick Waugh's *The Roaring Forties* (from the Metropolitan Museum). "Somewhere a gale is brewing, waiting to pounce with all the shrieks of Hell . . ."

den. Furthermore, the eastern shores are sown with banks and shifting shoals, so, apart from courage, the young yachtsman needs a solid knowledge of navigation to go playing around in the great gray open.

The North Sea, more than any other sea I know, belongs to the fishermen, a great many of whom are Dutch. They are among the toughest and most antique of their kind. Some of them still wear their local costumes and pray to tribal gods. I sailed with them as a boy; so, to me, the North Sea stood for seasickness, cold, wet clothes, sore hands, homesickness and the icy wrath of Yahwe. I shall never be able to give an objective description of the North Sea for that reason. There I have known my first fears and joys; my earliest dreams of love and adventure have been circled over by mewing sea gulls in a pale-blue sky, and my first anticipations of eternal damnation have been shivered out in the peak of a rusty trawler as the relentless hordes of the horses of the Apocalypse came thundering by from horizon to horizon.

To the young sailor who passes through the North Sea on his way elsewhere, it will come as a surprise. The waves are steep, short and aggressive, the currents are strong, and navigation becomes tricky because of the shoals of fishermen and the intense traffic, which turns the Channel into a village main street on fair day. The fishermen are worse in their disdain for intruders than anywhere else. If they show lights at all at night, they show the wrong ones, and as a lot of fishing is done in pairs—two drifting luggers dragging a net between them—one should take great care not to pass between the two. For trouble on the North Sea is about the worst to be got anywhere.

On summer days the North Sea can give a wonderful somnolent feeling of security that is

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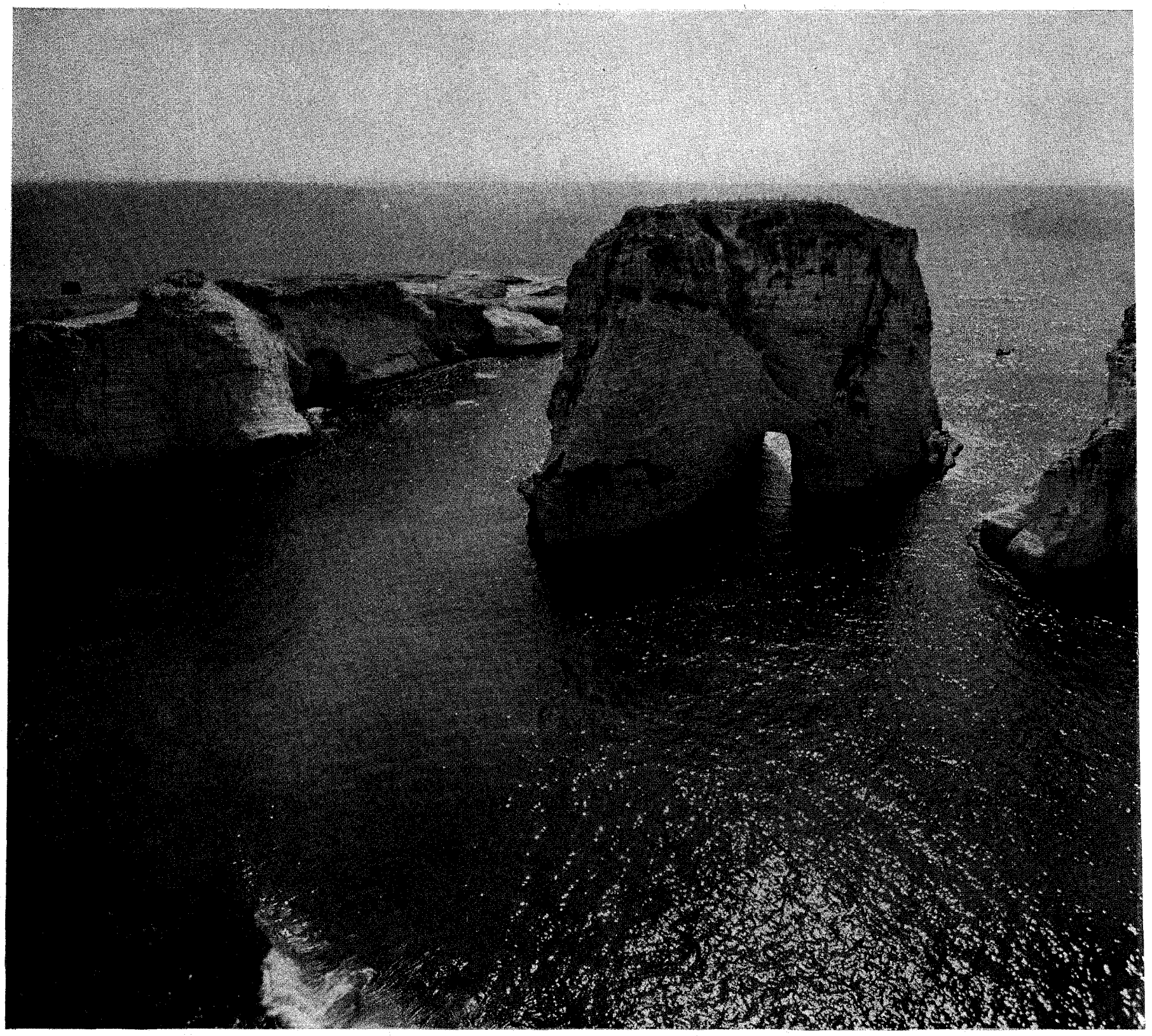

dangerous. Lighthouses and lightships swing their transparent scythes through the stars, garlands of colored lights festoon the distant shores and the faint glow of towns lights up the haze afar.

Yet those visions of a better world and eternal peace should be considered as highly suspect. Somewhere a gale is brewing, waiting to pounce with all the shrieks of hell, and there is little leeway to the east.

My most poignant memory of the North Sea in later years was a Christmas Eve over the Dogger Bank. I sat with the wireless operator in his cubicle on the boat-deck and we listened in to the divine services of all the countries around the shores. There came a moment when they blended: prayers from Denmark, songs from Germany, bells from Holland, carols from England, sermons from Scotland, and a faint icy tinkling of handbells, shaken by children in the snow outside some Norwegian village church. I have never felt nearer to God and His benevolent bewilderment than at that moment.

If the Mediterranean is the cradle of man's culture, the Atlantic the backdrop to his daring and the Pacific his lonely road through space, the North Sea is the convex mirror of Christianity's young struggle and melodious hope.

Mediterranean

This is a magnificent sea. It combines everything one dreamed of as a boy: the deep blue water, the crystalline depths, the hot sun, the white clouds over distant mountains. Every shore bears the trace of antiquity: in the south, the Dark Ages loom from the forbidding hilltops, and on deserted beaches the antlike silhouettes of a man and a donkey trudge wearily along the shore. In the north, the orange and dark green of fir-grown cliffs and the sky line of snow-capped mountains give

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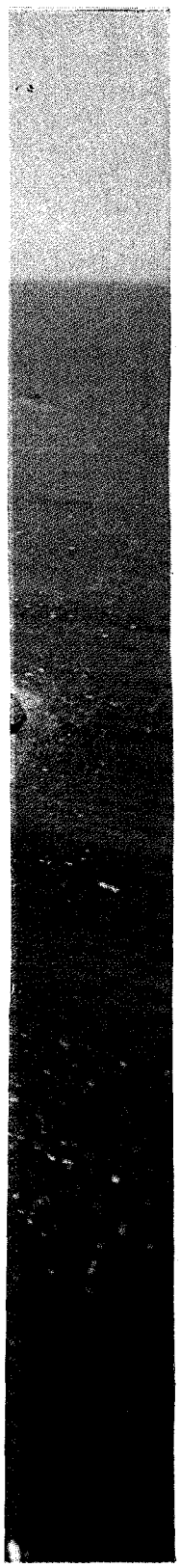
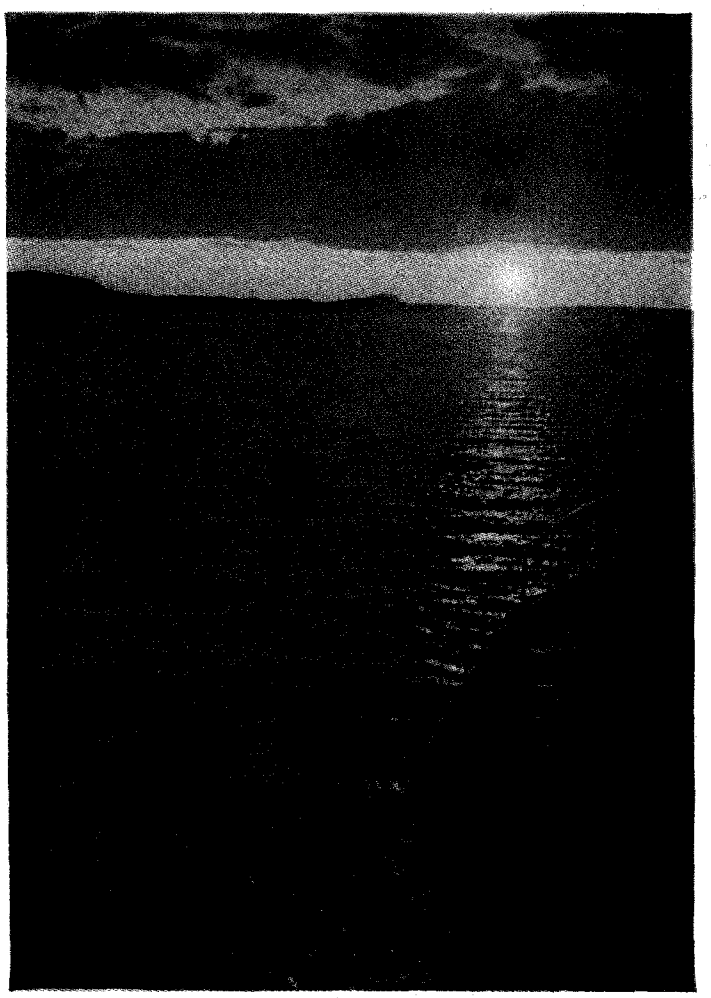


Pigeon Rocks, on the Lebanese coast in the Mediterranean, where "every shore bears the trace of antiquity."



"The little islands set gemlike in the evening sky are . . . offered as a temptation."

the sailor lost in this dream a feeling of being offered all the riches of the earth at once, like Jesus.

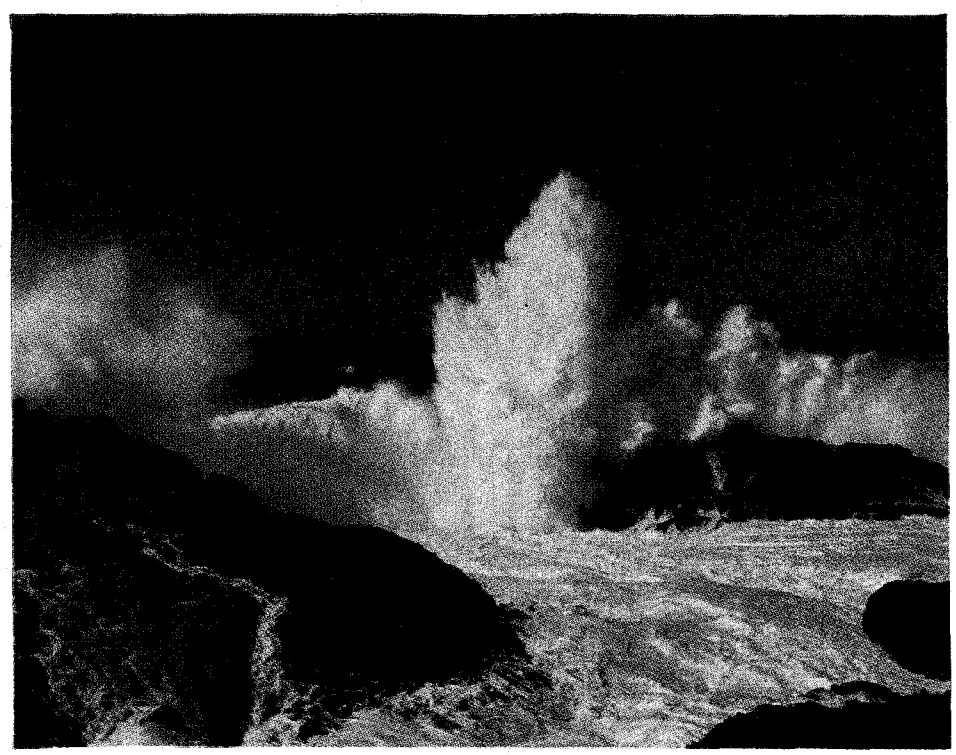
The keynote to the Mediterranean shores is ripeness. The fruit is bigger; the flowers, heavy with scent, bloom forever; enormous crickets rattle like dice, and prehistoric fish rise, gaping and monstrous, within sight, as in an aquarium. The people are ripe too; the centuries of strife are past; now they sit or loiter amid the cozy rubble of discarded cultures, and play games with giant iron marbles. They rarely sing, always quarrel, never fight; their life is punctuated by the slow-swinging clatter of the wooden bead curtains that keep out the flies; and they exert a tremendous tidal pull toward their careless, lazy existence.

The off-shore dangers, apart from the reefs and rocks, are sudden violent winds that have romantic names like mistral, sirocco and tramontane. They come literally like bolts from the blue and, in the case of the mistral, its violence is never quite realized because of the bright blue sky and the dazzling visibility. The waves are short and steep, and there are some regions marked in red on the pilot charts where crosscurrents and confused swell can sink ships without a trace. The dangers at sea are the reflection of the dangers ashore; the little islands set gemlike in the evening sky are, like the happy ripeness of life on land, offered as a temptation. To be young and a sailor in the Mediterranean is to feel like the gods on the Olympus. On going ashore, one feels like shedding one's cloak of immortality and turning into a swan. When Ulysses had himself tied to the mast after blocking the ears of his crew to the sirens' song, he wrote a most important addition to the Notices to Mariners, Mediterranean.

Pacific

Years ago I described in my first novel a sailor's impression on rounding the Horn and facing the Pacific for the first time in his life. I said that the waves were different, for behind them surged twenty-five thousand miles of loneliness, and that every crew emerging into the waste of the silent ocean had a difficult time overcoming the archaic terror of man's futility in the universe. After reading the book, several old sailors wrote to me saying that for the first time they had found the Pacific truthfully described.

The Atlantic, "threshold to the edge of the world . . . completely and utterly unpredictable."



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Ceylon's Galle Coast, on the Indian Ocean, the "sea of dreams."

Yet I had never been there. All I had done was to look at a sixpenny globe atlas and realize how big it was. I have been there since and found that I was right; there is indeed something about the Pacific that makes it different from any other ocean on our planet. The description I provided as a young man was not a flash of genius; every sailor facing a waste of water which he knows to be the Pacific falls under the spell of the sixpenny globe of his own childhood.

There are things man is unable to forget. To look at a photograph of a Sphinx may make it look like one of a set of iron log supports; once he sets eyes on the real thing he will be assailed by the concentrated awe of hundreds of generations of spectators. The same goes for the Taj Mahal, Napoleon's Tomb and Washington's spectacles. It is the magic of the countless that does its eerie work; and the Pacific, biggest ocean of the world, is the most tinged with mankind's imagination. It is a place where vessels vanish and are perhaps still sailing between water and wind. It is a desert full of ghosts, and on its trailless plain more dreams and memories course than there are shooting stars in an August night. For beyond the silver horizon lies modern man's new paradise—the islands.

People who have actually been there rarely dream about living on a Pacific island. They are not fragments of paradise; they are outsize cradles. If modern man thinks of a return to the satin and the faint smell of powder of babyhood as bliss, the Pacific islands are indeed the answer. To lie on his back, pint-sized, facing the lazy choice between his toes and the dangling rattle is the real image of man in the South Pacific paradise. For the guitar-strumming beauties in their grass skirts are oddly sexless, once one sets eyes on them, and the eternal song of the surf underneath the tropical sky has the disadvantage that it is eternal. On these conditions bliss is the best working description of hell I can think of.

The ocean itself, however, will give the young sailor an unforgettable experience. By its sheer size it brings home to him the tempo of life at sea. To sail for weeks upon weeks without anything in sight but the water, the sky and the snub nose of his vessel slowly rising and falling, will set him musing in his diary about things he has so far ignored because of his eager expectancy of land to be sighted at dawn. He will write, "I wonder whether perhaps I am idealizing Maggie," which is the first step on the road that took the great philosophers of mankind out of sight of the foot-slogging army.

When at last land is sighted, and the pilot or the harbor master climbs on board, he will have the strangest experience of all: he will feel an inexpressible mixture of relief and regret.

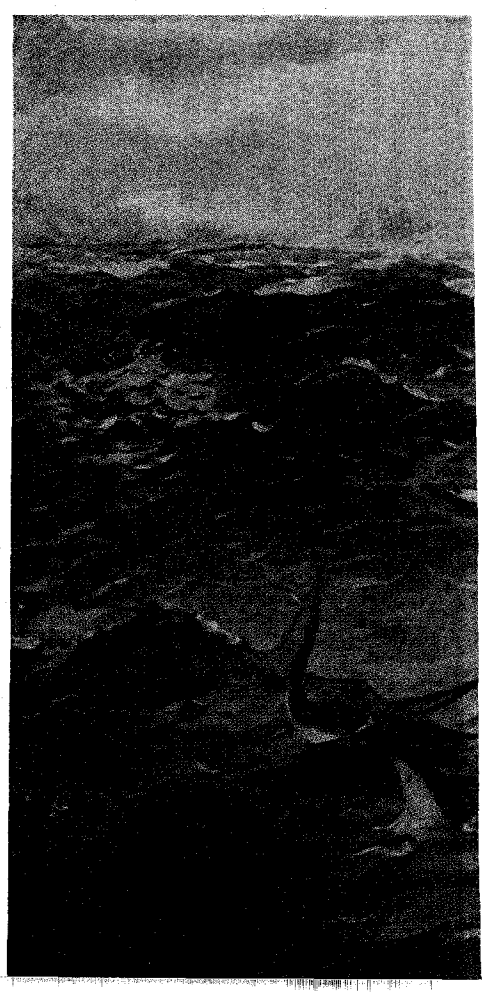
Indian Ocean

There are two Indian Oceans—one between November and April, and one between May and October. The two are so different that the Indian Ocean frequently becomes the cause of heated quarrels in fo'c'sles and messrooms, when those who know it contradict one another with the violence of conviction. In the Arabian Sea, for instance, winds are mainly southwest from June to August, reaching gale force on eight to ten days a month. From November to April, light to moderate northeasterly winds prevail. Between Suvadiva, in the south of the Maldive Islands, and the west coast of Sumatra, light to moderate winds between west and northwest cradle the sailor on a sea of turquoise between November and April, whereas from May to October he is buffeted and maddened by squalls and calms from the south. This goes for the whole of the Indian Ocean in varying degrees, and the contrasts are so strong as to be hard to believe. There are months in which one might as well be sailing the North Atlantic, snarling and gray, with low ragged cloud, and there are months of such unearthly beauty that it has taken Conrad a lifetime to describe it.

The young sailor entering the Indian Ocean in the good period will realize that he has never known there were so many brilliant stars in the sky. The whole night dome, of dark blue velvet, seems to have turned into one colossal Milky Way, and the Milky Way itself is a dazzling furrow plowed through the universe. The sea has an oily quality that is not encountered anywhere else on earth. It breathes slowly, like a sleeper, with a long, cradling swell and the ship's wake mirrors the Milky Way. Strange luminous shapes glide silently underneath the glassy surface, squids rise like fiery rockets from the depths, and occasionally, in very still nights, the young sailor will feel as if touched by a magic wand and turn into Sindbad, when in the darkness a whale roars or a dolphin splashes.

The Indian Ocean in the calm season is a sea of dreams. To stand on the bridge at night and watch the world makes the sailor feel young and immortal. His future is brilliant, his past fortunate, his sweetheart the greatest stroke of luck any man ever had, and they say that women show their breasts in Bali. He will think of leading the life of a planter; he will look forward to all his boyhood books of adventure coming true. Above all, he will be happy to be himself.

Then when the land of promise is first discerned by a strange, nutty smell, he will head for those waiting for him with a completely guileless mind. The magic will last until he either sails home in the gale season or sights the white miracle of Aden. Until then, the



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Demure maid of Bali.

rug he bought will be Persian, the brass idol gold, the Javanese rice picker sculptured in teak a work of art, and the earrings of conscience will be jade. Seldom will a man have brought home more junk and a better notion of the richness of life.

Fish

The sea, to the sailor, is a surface, and secretly he hates everything that reminds him that there is anything more to it. So fish and sailors don't get on well together. Unless he is a fisherman and takes a commercial interest in the denizens of the deep, he acknowledges their existence, if pressed, and leaves it at that. Unlike birds, fish are no harbingers; they are reminders.

The reason why Miss Carson's admirable book The Sea Around Us is not so popular with sailors as the ladies who compose the reading bags for the Merchant Navy seem to suppose, is that, in a way, Miss Carson's book is a printed fish. Next time you go on a sea voyage, take it with you and read it in your bunk. Ten to one that by the end of the first chapter, your hair will stand on end and you will be unable to fall asleep, even with the light on, for Miss Carson has contrived to make you aware of the unechoing depths underneath your mattress.

Yet, once the sailor has got over his subconscious repulsion, fish are very interesting creatures and extremely intelligent. Any underwater hunter who stalks his prey with bottles of air, frog feet and a portable harpoon will tell you how intelligent they are, for they usually get away. There is many a tale in the lore of the sea about intelligent fish. There was a white dolphin off the coast of Australia that used to follow the ships in and became so popular with the sailors that a law was passed to protect it. It met its end by being cut in half by the screw of a Turk, and everyone who had ever been welcomed by its playful leaps mourned its passing.

Dolphins are magnificent fish. Anyone who has ever seen them leap and play around the ship has stared at them in wonder. Shelley wrote a poem about them, I had my ears boxed for them by Captain Jongman, of the Loppersum, when I was apprentice on duty. Apart from the dolphin, there are hundreds of thousands of different fish in the seas, but the less said about them the better. Every man will see for himself. There are two kinds of fish, however, that must be talked about because they rank high in the sailor's imagination.

First, the whale, which, ever since Jonah, is supposed to have a little apartment inside complete with potbellied stove, cuckoo clock and Lutheran prints. Every cabin boy is told the story of the famous Finn who dropped overboard, was swallowed by a whale and spat out again on the beach of Monte Carlo. Some say he was green when he came out, others say red; in any case, he was raving mad and an obvious liar anyhow, as the whale's gullet is not made for man.

The fo'c'sle fantasies about whales, however extravagant they may be, are always friendly. Even the fact that a whale, when maddened by torture, will attack a boat does not change the sailor's opinion of the mammal. The people in those boats only got what they asked for. Whalers, for that reason, are not popular at sea.

The shark, on the contrary, embodies all that is evil. Scientists, divers and big-game fishermen all assure us that sharks very rarely eat human flesh, because they don't like the taste. "Very rarely," however, will do for the sailor. The scientists may disagree; the sailor is convinced that sharks do eat sailors and everything else that drops overboard—bottles, caps and the scraps of discarded love letters. When a shark is caught and hoisted on board ship, as occasionally happens on long voyages, the aft deck turns into a slaughterhouse. The men go berserk in a prehistoric orgy of fury and blood and rip out the animal's stomach to see what is inside. At those moments, the jolly old tars are not lovable. When the orgy is over, there is a bewildered sense of shame, and they pretend that the slaughter has had a purpose. They will cut out the spine to turn it into a walking stick for a father-in-law; I have seen a grim, fat bos'n struggle for weeks with a bit of corrugated-iron skin trying to make a handbag.

There are fish no bigger than a finger which come in shoals and strip a man who falls overboard down to his skeleton within five minutes. There are fish . . .

Well, there are fish.

Winslow Homer's *Gulf Stream* (from the Metropolitan Museum). "The shark embodies all evil . . ."

Ice

On the pilot charts of the oceans is found a red line, along which is printed: "Extreme limit of drifting ice." Further north, or south as the case may be, there is a second red line: "Extreme limit of polar pack ice." Between these two lines lies a ghostly region.

No one who has not sailed these regions can quite imagine what they are like, for not only is the sea totally different from anywhere else, the sky changes also. It may run through all the colors, from rose to dark orange with a greenish hue, like the copper chimney of an old-fashioned ship's stove when it is heated.

There are many sailors who talk about the sea as if it had a personality and were subject to moods, like the early God of the Old Testament. I defy anyone who has sailed in the ghostly region of icebergs and floes to endow the sea with any manlike emotion. The sailor moving slowly among the icebergs, his little ship and its little noise lost in stark eternity,

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will, after a few days, feel creep over him the mindless awe of the dawn of creation. For even the word "day" doesn't apply here any more. He will move either in a perpetual variation of misty dawn and hazy dusk or in an eternal night; and when aurora borealis raises its world-large frayed standard of victory older than the sea itself, the sailor can truly say that he has seen, if not the edge of his world, at least its Bethlehem.

The arctic regions are not interesting; for no man can call their effect on him "interesting." It is crushing, it is evaporating, it plays havoc with the ego and makes the ties of love and comradeship seem as flimsy as gossamer threads, at the mercy of the evening breeze. One impression is supreme: man has no business there, and in the great white silence a lesson is put to him which he is unable to grasp. The young sailor may come across some older officer or seaman who seems different from those around him. Calmer perhaps, less emotional about big things, and overshadowed by a faint sadness that yet is not dark. Chances are that his companion has sailed the arctic route during the war. For to have witnessed man hunting man in the arctic changes the survivor for life.

At college, the pupil is taught rules about icebergs and how to avoid them, but not until he has felt their cold radiation and heard his voice echoed by the first substance of the earth will he know what lies in store for him when the cry goes up from the mast: "Ice!"

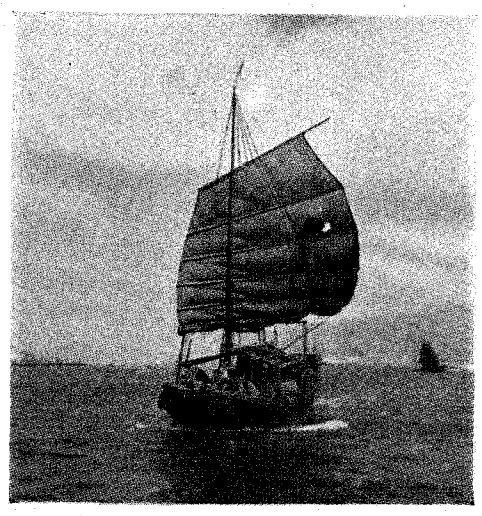
On Seeing

You may have been at sea for years without ever really looking at it. Many a landsman would be surprised to know that, after one cruise of a fortnight, he has a better picture in his mind of the sea than many a sailor; for he has been a passenger, and the sailor on the bridge or on the lookout is on duty. When a sailor scans the sea, he is looking for something or at something, rarely at the sea itself.

I had this brought home to me when I sailed as a junior seaman on a Dutch fishing smack out for herring on the North Sea. The ship was buckled and rusty; the captain a stolid man given to long prayers before the meals, which consisted of fish with stewed pears on Sunday. It was the first trip of the season.

In Holland, a reward and much publicity await the fisherman who brings home the first herring of spring. Life on board our fishing smack, ordinarily hustling enough, was a frenzy this time. On all the trawlers and luggers of the herring fleet men were driven to exhaustion by their skippers eager to catch the reward. It was before the invention of the shoal detector, and no aircraft circled over the fishing grounds to guide our fleet. Fishing was still in the stage it had been in on the Sea of Galilee when Jesus spoke to the crowds from a boat.

Despite the race for the prize, the trip was a normal commercial proposition. No captain would dream of turning for home without his holds being full; so the ship that caught most in the shortest time, and was nearest home, was the winner. An impartial observer could have told us before we set out that we hadn't a hope. The ship was slow, with a blunt bow which it pushed into the waves like a cow its muzzle into the hay. If the engine turned at more than half its maximum revolutions, the whole ship shook and rivets snapped in the



The China Sea.
Eastward lies a watery
"desert full of ghosts."

hull. Yet we were full of hope and the captain was full of certainty, according to his prayers. At every mealtime, after we had slumped down on the wooden benches in the poky fo'c'sle, covered with the scales of fish, our hands clumsy things unable to move, the captain addressed God as if He were in his service. He was not downright critical, yet he made it plain that if he was not going to catch the first herring this spring, he would have to think again on the matter of religion. We listened to his prayers, dazed with the singing in the ears that exhaustion brings.

Then the morning came when the boy in the masthead yelled, "Over starboard, skipper! Two points above the beam, starboard!" We all looked. There went the lucky trawler, a white mustache in front of her bows, heading for home, flying a flag from her mast as big as a house, blowing her hooter, with a white plume followed by a triumphant shriek.

The captain scowled at the winner, and we waited for him to speak, but he said nothing. He only set his jaw, and we knew that God had it coming. That mealtime, at noon, he said, "Silence." After a long, motionless silence, in which we stared at him with our hands folded, he said, "Amen."

During the days that followed, it dawned on us as we hauled in the meager catch that the skipper believed in God no longer. Never since have I seen a man so steeped in damnation. He was not an intelligent man; his rebellion had nothing to do with reason. He stalked the bridge and the deck, his hands clasped behind his back, his head jutting out, as Adam must have stalked in Paradise after it turned into a hostile jungle. None of us understood why he should have finished with God this time, considering that he had never caught the first herring in spring. There was no reason. He had been stricken by the moment of darkness that awaits every man in his time.

The effect on the ship of his brooding, depressing at first, grew frightening. Men started to grumble, the cook burned the meals and snarled when anyone dared to remark on it. The engineer, who had concentrated on pistons and tappets so far, and to whom the catch meant little, stopped singing while oiling the engine and no longer tried to cheer the morning table with his jokes. In the end, the captain's silence spread over the ship like a shadow. The only human sound to be heard was the mate's Gregorian chant at the hauling in of the nets.

The sun was shining all the time; it was a lovely spring. Yet I have never known a trip to last so long. When, finally, the holds were full, every man had secretly decided not to sail with the captain again. The last catch was hauled in in the evening; we turned for home and sailed into the night.

The next morning at sunrise most of us were still on deck packing the last herrings of the trip into the barrels. The sun rose out of a misty horizon, the sea was calm, the eastern sky opened like a flower. The morning star still sparkled coldly on the edge of the darkness, but from the sea rose the promise of spring. The first man who looked at it did not look away. In the end we all looked, knife in hand. When the sun came out, our scale-covered oilskins glistened like armor. Then the captain came out into the dawn, stood still and gazed.

The ship plodded on in the slow swell. As the colors faded in the sky, we washed, took off our oilskins and sat down in the fo'c'sle for the morning meal. The captain folded his hands and said, "For what we are about to receive, O Lord, make us truly thankful." Then he took his fork and speared a fish.

"Stop me if you know this one," said the engineer.

the end

The Glory of the Sea is a portfolio of tales from A Sailor's Life, a new book by Jan de Hartog, to be published January 30, by Harper & Bros.

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Those Midford Girls (Continued from Page 15)

"How nice," murmured Mrs. Midford, smiling desperately.

"Well," said Mr. Page, "did the aura around back suit you?"

"It's a little turgid in spots, I regret to say. There's a definite yellowish tinge around the back door."

Mr. Page said, "Well, for only seventeen thousand you'd hardly expect to get that clear cosmic blue aura you're looking for, Mr. Krishna."

Mrs. Midford tried to get the conversation back on a more mundane footing. "You have a large family, Mr. Krishna? This house is very suitable for children. They love the ——"

"I have no children. Only disciples."

"Then why ——"

Mr. Page, sensing that the sale was slipping, said smoothly, "Mr. Krishna needs a quiet place in the country so his disciples can exercise their astral bodies without fear of ——" He was suddenly seized with an inexplicable fit of coughing.

"Negative violence," said Mr. Krishna. "The neophyte runs grave risks when he first releases his astral body from the physical plane. Boston traffic ——" He shook his head lugubriously.

Mrs. Midford was now so bewildered that the sort of words she used at an afternoon tea for the D.A.R. came automatically to her lips, as if she felt that, although they might do no good, at least they could do no harm. "Would you care to see the inside?"

"Not now. Today I must devote exclusively to the aura."

"It has three bathrooms," said Mrs. Midford persuasively.

But perhaps astral bodies did not bathe, for Mr. Krishna did not rise to the bait. Instead, he stared transfixed at the student who came toward them, briskly pushing the lawn mower. A look of horror slowly congealed on Mr. Krishna's face.

"Is that your son?" he asked sharply.

"No. He's only ——"

"He should be made to leave at once," said Mr. Krishna. "You can't be too careful, madam. A strong negative personality can have a devastating effect upon the ——"

"But he just came!" protested Mrs. Midford. "And he seems such a nice boy. Really, I ——"

"Young man!" called Mr. Krishna imperiously. "Young man! Yes, you! Come here a moment, please. What's your name, young man?"

"David Hanna. What's yours?"

Mr. Page said hastily, "Chandra Krishna, White Lama of the Brotherhood of Astral Light, Tamale Chapter."

"Tibetan," corrected Mr. Krishna acidly.

"Pleasure, I'm sure," said David Hanna, extending his hand. His face was serenely serious, except for the glint in his eyes.

Mr. Krishna made no move to shake hands. "I feel it my duty to warn you, Mr. Hanna, that you are in a very serious condition. You should leave immediately, before contaminating Mrs. Midford further. The danger ——"

Mrs. Midford was completely taken aback by the gall of the man. "Oh, no! You mustn't go! . . . Mr. Krishna, I have to have the grass cut, and I do think it's ——"

"Mind telling me just what's wrong?" asked David, in a deceptively quiet tone.

"Your aura's turning brown, Mr. Hanna. It may not be too late, however. I don't want to give you active hope—brown is such a serious matter—but perhaps if you'd subject yourself to rigid discipline ——"

"Brown, you say?"

The swami nodded sadly.

A slow smile broke over David's face. "Good," he murmured, with deep satisfaction. "It's working then."

"Working, Mr. Hanna? What's working?"

"The experiment. Would you say it's a deep chocolate brown?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Mr. Krishna in horror. "Merely a sort of dead-leaf shade. And only around the edges. There is still hope if ——"

"I'll just have to keep plugging then," said David in a disappointed tone. "And I don't mind telling you, Mr. Krishna, it takes it out of you. But in the interest of science ——"

Mr. Page gave a peculiar burp, but when Mr. Krishna looked at him, his face was partially covered with a handkerchief and he seemed to be quietly choking.

Mrs. Midford said gently, "Don't you think you should get on with the lawn, Mr. Hanna?"

"In just a minute, Mrs. Midford. I don't get a chance to talk with a white lama every day. . . . I'm certainly glad to have it on your authority, sir, that I'm getting someplace."

"You mean you're deliberately —— But brown ——"

"I feel I owe it to myself to run the gamut, Mr. Krishna. Trouble is, I never know what's coming next. Last week it was green; entirely too frivolous. Had a jittery effect on the atomic pile too. Every time I went near it ——"

The lama's hypnotic gaze bored through Mr. Hanna, who seemed quite unaware of it. "You mean to tell me you change your aura at will?"

"Why, of course! Don't you? It takes a little work, naturally. The good things of life are never free, Mr. Krishna, but ——"

"Would you mind telling me how?"

David started backing off toward the lawn mower. "Well, it's pretty complicated. Takes a lot of discipline. And nuclear physics helps. But I will give you a hint, Mr. Krishna. You start by rubbing salt on it."

"Salt! Why, that's ——"

Mr. Page said suddenly, "The taxes are very low here. Only seventeen-fifty a thousand."

"Young man!" called the lama. "Come back here, Mr. Hanna!"

But Mr. Hanna only waved at him gaily and began again to push the lawn mower, whistling blithely.

"You must get rid of him, Mrs. Midford. It's absolutely impossible to change the ——"

The telephone in the house jangled. "Oh, excuse me!" gasped Mrs. Midford, feeling intense relief as she ran up the walk. Even if it was the wrong number, she'd talk until the white lama was gone. "Oom," she said in a tone of disgust as she picked up the receiver. "Oom, oom."

"Mother!" said the voice at the other end. "Have you gone crazy?"

"Oh, hello, Ruth. How are things in Boston?"

"Fine. Mother, I've got a customer for the house!"

"Another one? Mr. Page is out there now with ——"

"Oh." Ruth sounded disappointed.

"I don't think he'll buy it, dear. The aura's a little turgid."

There was a moment's silence in Boston. Then: "What did you say, mother?"

"Er—nothing, dear. What about your people?"

"They've simply pots of money, and they adore old houses, so ——"

"But why should they want to live way out here in ——"

"It's his ulcers. They're fed up with the city. They're coming to look at it this afternoon, so I thought ——"

"Thanks for warning me. It looks awful, but I'll try to give it a lick and a promise."

"Don't bother, mother. They're frightfully artistic, so they won't notice a little dirt. But—you will be nice to them, won't you, darling?"

"Ruth! Am I usually nasty to people?"

"It's just—they're so sophisticated. They'll think you're a sweet old-fashioned darling, but —— I mean, they're just not the purple-glass type, and if they start talking about Klee and Tamayo, don't let on you've never heard of them, mother."

"Well," said Mrs. Midford flatly, "I never have."

"Now don't be difficult, mother. If you'd just try to be a little tolerant ——"

"They only want to buy the house, don't they? I wasn't planning to sell myself, you know."

"That's just what I mean. If you get sarcastic, they won't ——"

"I'll try to behave, dear. Don't take it so hard."

There was the slightest hesitation; then Ruth said, "Mother, have you heard from Sue lately?"

Sue was Mrs. Midford's youngest daughter. "No. I'm afraid it's been over a month. Why? Have you?"

"No. I—I just wondered, that's all."

When Mrs. Midford was face to face with her daughters, she could always tell if they were lying. Over the telephone it was more difficult. Now she had the impression that Ruth was not being quite honest. She'd heard from Sue or she'd heard something about her—something not good. "I expect she's busy. She probably has a lot of rehearsals for that show she ——"

"I hope so," said Ruth quietly.

"Of course, I haven't heard from Marilyn either."

"Oh, Marilyn's all right. Take care of yourself, mother. Don't try to do too much."

Vaguely irritated, Mrs. Midford hung up. They were only trying to protect her, but she did wish they wouldn't. It made her feel shut out from their experiences, as if they thought her inferior or immature. And they had such troublesome experiences: Marilyn with her wrecked marriage which she would never discuss; Ruth, so efficient and modern, trying so hard to be sophisticated; and Sue, the baby, off on her own in New York, trying to be an actress.

But perhaps she really couldn't understand their problems. Her own life had been serene and almost indecently happy until Dick Midford had died. She'd never had any reason to pretend to be sophisticated or ambitious. So, of course, they'd said to her from the time they were little: "Now, mother, don't pry!" "But, mother, you just don't understand!" And the dismissal she hated most: "Don't worry, mother. I'll be all right."

The grandfather's clock chimed eleven. The morning almost gone and she hadn't done a thing. Now she'd have to start fixing lunch for David Hanna. It took five hours to cut the grass. And she ought to be doing something to make an impression on Ruth's pots-of-money people, who probably wouldn't even show up.

She went into the kitchen, her mind worrying over her daughters. Marilyn, with corn-silky hair and greenish eyes, who, when she was no more than six, had crawled into her lap and said, "Mother, I'm going to marry the richest man in the world!"

"Why, dear?"

"Because I want things to be pretty!" And she had married George Stafford. Rich, yes—but it was an awful chore to have to pretend to like George.

Sue, with her red-gold hair and wide gray eyes, keeping her own counsel and going her own way. On the day she'd been graduated from high school, she had said at dinner, casually, as if announcing that she was going for a walk, "I'm going on the stage."

Dick Midford had said quietly, "Tonight?"

"No, father; tomorrow. I'll take the morning train to New York."

"But you haven't any money, Sue, and we can't afford to ——"

"Yes, I have, mother. I sold the diamond earrings grandma gave me. I have two thousand dollars." Her confident gay smile had flashed over them. "Don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

David Hanna walked by the kitchen window. He saw her and waved, grinning. A likable boy, she thought; efficient, no wasted energy. She supposed she'd have to give him the frozen chicken she'd planned to have for her own dinner. She took it from the icebox, along with some frozen peas, and began gathering together the ingredients for biscuits. He must come from a nice home, she thought. He had such frank, easy manners. And the way he'd handled that awful swami —— His father was probably a professional man and his mother the sort of woman she would like.

She was blending the shortening into the biscuits when the doorbell rang.

It was old Mrs. Blenkham, ponderously fat, stiff in the joints, the wires of her hearing aid festooned over her bosom, her bulldog jowls quivering, her heavy cane clutched in her hand like a quiescent bludgeon. And equally old Miss Harrid, thin and eager, her eyes sharp as paring knives, her muscles knotted from years of wholesome exercise, her shoes—and indeed all her clothes—flat and sensible. Mrs. Midford sighed. These two had no sense of time, once they got talking, and Mrs. Midford was hungry.

"We knew you'd be home at lunch time," said Miss Harrid.

Mrs. Blenkham croaked. "We never eat lunch ourselves," in a tone suggesting that there was something wrong with people who did.

"You needn't sound so virtuous, Hester. Everybody knows you nibble all day. If you'd let me put you on health food ——"

"Eh? What's that?" yapped Mrs. Blenkham. "What'd you say?"

Miss Harrid ignored her. "We'll just come in a minute, Myra. We met Israel Page, and he says the house is practically sold to some kind of yogi." Miss Harrid unerringly selected the only uncomfortable chair in the library: an angular, spoke-backed antique which had been built by some Puritan in the dread of hell fire, and which everyone in the family always called the Iron Maiden.

Mrs. Blenkham grunted and oozed herself onto a small rosewood sofa. She settled her cane beside her, fiddled with her hearing aid; then bellowed, "Yogis! Ridiculous! Months ago, Edith and I decided we had a very proper use for the place!"

"You should have come sooner, then," said Mrs. Midford.

"Eh? What's that? You'll have to speak up, Myra."

"How could we know there was any hurry?" asked Miss Harrid. "And I've been busy this summer with my mountains. You should climb, Myra. It's very beneficial. It heightens the whole body tone. I can lend you some gear if you like."

Mrs. Blenkham broke in, "Don't mumble so, Edith. . . . We have our plans all made, Myra, and they depend absolutely on this place. May be years before anything so suitable comes on the market again. How many bedrooms does it have?"

"Seven!" shouted Mrs. Midford. "And two in the attic that used to be for servants, and one over the barn for the handy man!"

"Oh," said Miss Harrid. "We thought it had more. But perhaps if the girls doubled up ——"

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"What girls?"

"We don't want it to get around yet, Myra, but Hester and I have decided we've got into a rut. Hester does nothing but eat all day, and I find my mountains and the various clubs and church affairs don't keep me as occupied as I'd like to be. I've noticed lately I spend entirely too much time reading, and you know what that does to you. You start thinking, and —— Well, we won't go into that. So when you put the place up, Hester and I decided it would be ideal as an establishment for young ladies."

Mrs. Midford, pinioned on Miss Harrid's sharp stare, nearly choked. Since her grandmother's death she had not heard anyone mention an establishment for young ladies, except in a connotation which could hardly be the one intended by Miss Harrid.

"We find the youth of today extremely unpleasant!" shrieked Mrs. Blenkham. "They are pushy and rude! They need improving!"

"You mean you want to run a school here?"

"It would be rather special," said Miss Harrid. "The accent would be on health of mind and body, the building of a wholesome outlook on life in preparation for the demands of the future."

"I shall handle the domestic arts!" boomed Mrs. Blenkham. "Nowadays they can't boil water when they marry! Such gracious little touches as serving tea and the necessities like making beds——"

"Good heavens!" gasped Mrs. Midford. "People don't have to be taught to make beds!"

"We feel it is a great lack in the world of today," said Miss Harrid firmly.

"Bedmaking?"

"Don't try to be funny, Myra. The completely finished young lady is a thing of the past, and we feel——"

"Don't you think it's a good idea to leave her there, Edith? What earthly use does the world have now for a completely finished young lady?"

To Mrs. Blenkham all conversation apart from her own was mumbling, and she could take very little of it. "We have exactly the right experience for it. We both attended Miss Becket's Seminary, and Edith taught kindergarten for two years. Think of the satisfaction—molding hoydens into ladies, teaching them how to pass sandwiches and make cake——"

"Cake comes out of a box, and you add water," said Mrs. Midford.

They ignored her. "I shall handle the Nature program," said Miss Harrid. "The contemplation of the ferns, a good brisk walk to the shore, coping with a mountain—you can't ignore such things and have a wholesome personality. Modern girls would be very different products if they didn't ignore Nature. It fills a need."

"The birds and the bees," murmured Mrs. Midford, who had reached such a degree of hunger that she was willing to insult her guests if it would only make them leave.

Miss Harrid said, "That remark was quite uncalled for, Myra. Everyone knows there is a questionable side to Nature—even a dubious side, from which the young must be shielded."

"Where will you get customers?" Mrs. Midford shouted.

"Speak up, Myra! As you get older, you mumble worse and worse!"

Miss Harrid said, "It will fill a need, whether people know it or not. We'll sift the wheat from the chaff very carefully, because if you let the bars down you soon find yourself swamped by a certain element which is all too common today. And they simply take over."

Mrs. Blenkham shrieked, "We'll give you six thousand, Myra! I know it's too much, considering the condition it's in, but we'll sacrifice a good deal to see our dream come true!"

It occurred to Mrs. Midford, rather sadly, that if you'd lived all your life in a house and loved it, you felt responsibility toward it. You couldn't abandon it to the wicked dreams of old women who veered dangerously toward the dark ages. "Mr. Krishna is willing to pay much more. He only has to do a little tinkering with the aura, and——"

Miss Harrid sputtered, "That's ridiculous! Joel Hibbard's place sold for only ten, and it was far superior to this!"

Mrs. Midford stood up. "If you'll excuse me, I have to finish cooking lunch. I must feed the boy who's cutting the grass."

Although Mrs. Blenkham could get down, she couldn't get up. Miss Harrid helped her, saying, "When we make up our minds we're not easily put off, Myra. But we know now who's who and what's what. That's something. . . . Come, Hester. Myra wants us to go."

Mrs. Blenkham looked at Mrs. Midford with candid fretfulness, but she allowed herself to be pried loose from her moorings. She yelled, "You're making a serious mistake! Your dear grandmother was a special friend of mine, and she wouldn't approve of your lack of co-operation at all! But maybe when you think it over——"

"Yes," said Miss Harrid brightly, "we'll be back! I'll bring you a loaf of my new health bread, made with grapefruit peelings. Science has discovered they're wonderful for cattle. Full of vitamin C. And with blackstrap molasses and plenty of wheat germ, they're quite tasty."

"They must be," said Mrs. Midford politely. To her, the only acceptable bread came in fat loaves, brown, crusty and fragrant, from her own oven. But you had to have a big family to make it worth while to bake bread.

David Hanna ate ravenously, which pleased Mrs. Midford. She hated to cook for picky eaters. Prying gently into his affairs, she discovered that he was twenty-six, a graduate student in nuclear physics, and that his education had been interrupted by a stint in Korea.

"If you're not married and have the GI money, why do you have to mow lawns? Are you extravagant?"

"My GI time runs out in a few months, and I won't get my doctor's degree for another year, year and a half. So, when a job comes along, I take it. Specially if it's outdoors. This is good chicken, Mrs. Midford. I like old-fashioned cooking. Restaurant stuff is slop, and even when you eat in people's houses, it's something out of the freezer."

"Frozen food is a great convenience," said Mrs. Midford dryly.

"Um. This sure is a nice house. It's got a contented look, as if people were happy here."

"I'm sure they weren't always. It was built in 1788, and there must have been a lot of death and sickness and problems in all that time."

"Sure. But it's not a chicken coop where people just come home to sleep and the garage is bigger than the living room. Maybe I have a complex. I just like a lot of room."

"I wouldn't call that a complex."

"It is nowadays. My brother's house has a kitchen like a ship's galley. If you want a frying pan, you have to climb a ladder. They had an efficiency expert design it, so the only way you can move is up and down." He looked around Mrs. Midford's big kitchen contentedly. "I'd have thought my brother would have had enough crowding as a kid. But early environment seems to be a two-edged sword. One child will rebel against anything that reminds him of the old homestead, and another will feel uneasy if everything isn't just as it was when he was growing up. I'm the rebel type. I can't get enough big rooms or trees and grass and sky."

Mrs. Midford got the remains of a gallon of ice cream from the freezer, left there since Ruth had brought the children down for a visit in August. She handed a heaping plate of it to David, who dived into it.

"You were raised in a city apartment, then?"

He laughed. "That's a fancy way of putting it. I was raised in a slum tenement. My father died when I was a baby. My mother worked out by the day, cleaning people's houses. She managed to raise my brother and me and keep us from growing into hoodlums."

"She must be very proud of you."

"She died when I was in Korea. And proud—I don't know. I believe she thought I was lazy to keep going to school. I don't mean she disapproved of education. It was just not very real to her—beyond a certain level, I mean. She respected a thing called science that was always making discoveries, but it was a little like magic to her. The miracles got done by disembodied spirits, not by one of her sons."

"That's a little the way I feel about my daughter Sue," confessed Mrs. Midford. "She's trying to be an actress."

He lit a cigarette. "Have you any grass clippers? To cut the hay around the fence."

"There're some in the barn. But I've been thinking —— The fence is so dilapidated I ought to take it down. Wouldn't the place look neater without it?"

"Yes. I'll do it for you, if you like, but not today. I have to be back at the lab by four. I have something cooking."

"I'll have to do it myself. I can't afford to pay you for it."

He looked at her candidly and said, "Tell you what, Mrs. Midford. I've got a proposition to make. Suppose you give me a room here and let me work to pay for it. Cut the grass and tend the furnace——"

"It's oil. And besides, I'm really going to sell the house. Then you'd just have to move again."

"But I'd enjoy it while it lasted. I've got a little dormitory room now, no place to put anything—have to pile my books on the floor. And when school opens, a lot of kids will be coming around when I want to work, yapping about their girls and trying to get me to do their problems for them. And it costs me ten bucks a week. I wouldn't be any trouble to you—I mean, I'd make my own bed and sweep my room and all that. I just thought —— Well, it'd be a help to me, and maybe I could help you. I'd enjoy working in the yard and painting the house——"

"You'd paint the house?"

"Sure, why not? Might take a while, but——"

Mrs. Midford's eager expression faded. "Oh, it wouldn't be fair to you. I'd be getting the best of the bargain. And it would be so annoying to think that at any moment you'd have to move. Probably Mr. Krishna——"

A gleeful light danced in David's eyes. "Somehow I don't think so. He's just a fakir."

Mrs. Midford chuckled. "Isn't he awful?" A car crunched up the drive, and she jumped to her feet. "Good heavens! It's those people of Ruth's!"

He carried his dishes to the sink. "May I move in tonight, Mrs. Midford?"

She answered absently, "Yes, I suppose so. I don't really——" The car door slammed and quick steps ran up the walk. She whisked off her apron, dreading the ringing of the bell.

It did not ring. The screen door slammed, the steps ran through the hall, through the dining room. Mrs. Midford's heart pounded. They were not the steps of a stranger. Frantic, hurried—one of the girls was in trouble—Sue —— The kitchen door swung open.

"Marilyn!"

"I'll just get on with the grass, Mrs. Midford," said David Hanna. "Thanks for the lunch."

Mrs. Midford took in everything about Marilyn in one quick glance, everything that had changed since the last time she had seen her: the new leaf-brown tweed suit, the new smooth hairdo, the new violet circles under the greenish eyes, the nervous tension in the hands that grasped the smart saddle-stitched handbag. Marilyn was too thin. Mrs. Midford did not approve of people getting fat, naturally, but there was a limit. She suspected that Marilyn had been living on black coffee and lettuce leaves.

With careful matter-of-factness, she asked, "Have you had any lunch?"

"Yes. I stopped on the way from New York. But I could use some coffee." She got a cup from the pantry and sat down at the kitchen table. "Mother——"

"Yes, dear?"

"Brace yourself, darling. I've got bad news. Something's happened to Sue."

Mrs. Midford filled Marilyn's cup and her own. "I thought so," she said quietly. "I talked to Ruth this morning, and I didn't like the way —— Has she married some awful man?"

"I don't know what she's done. Mother—she's lost!"

"Lost? Honey, people don't get—lost."

Marilyn fiddled with her cup, not looking at her mother. "I know. But perhaps they really do get amnesia or maybe they get hurt. I think—I really do, mother—that if she'd been in an accident or anything, we would have heard of it. But she's gone. I—oh, it's all so complicated, and there's so much you don't know. You see, I went to Reno, and I didn't tell you because I didn't want to worry you, and I made Ruth and Sue promise not to tell. And Sue said when I got back I should stay with her for a while, and we'd celebrate. You know how she always hated George."

Mrs. Midford believed that you could stem a tide of trouble by doing little things to keep yourself busy, by keeping your mind off it, by saying little things that were beside the point.

Automatically she now said, "There's really nothing wrong with George."

Marilyn shot her an oblique glance. "We'll go into that later." She gulped coffee. "I got back from Reno last Monday and I went straight to Sue's. She wasn't there. The building superintendent said they'd evicted her a month ago because she hadn't paid her rent.

"Oh, no!" gasped Mrs. Midford. "It must have been something else! Sue wouldn't——"

"Perhaps she couldn't help it. But don't worry. I paid it. Nobody in the building knew where she'd gone. I went around to all the theatrical agents, and they didn't know either. I looked up all her friends I could think of, and they hadn't seen her. And, of course, I called Ruth."

"Yes, of course."

"I—mother, I got frantic. I went to the police."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Midford carefully, "it was the only thing to do."

"George told me to. I even went to George." Marilyn laughed, a bitter little chuckle revealing grief. "I went to everybody."

"George is very efficient," said Mrs. Midford evenly.

"The police will contact him," said Marilyn, as if she were talking in quotes, mockingly. "And he will contact us."

"And we—we're just supposed to sit here and wait?"

"I believe that's the general idea."

Mrs. Midford went to the sink and began to wash the dishes.

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"I'll do that, mother, if you want to lie down."

"Lie down? I'd go crazy if I tried to lie down. Besides, some people are coming to see the house. Some friends of Ruth's."

"I'll go bring my bags in."

Sue wasn't dead—that was the thing she had to believe and keep on believing. She didn't believe that Sue was ill either. When girls living alone got sick, they were packed off to hospitals, and hospitals wanted their money. No, Sue was hiding somewhere, using all her wits and energy to hide. The dead couldn't do that, or the sick. That was something the proud and defiant did when they were badly hurt.

She heard Marilyn moving around in the room overhead. Mrs. Midford began to wipe the dishes—something she usually considered a waste of time. But with those people coming ——

Marilyn ran down the back stairs. She was dressed now in brown-and-white-checked pants and an orange knitted shirt. "Mother, I'm going to help that character who's working in the yard."

"You shouldn't call people 'characters,' Marilyn. He's a very nice boy."

Marilyn kissed her mother lightly. "Sorry. It's just a manner of speaking. I can prune the roses or something. I'll go nuts if I don't move around." She slipped on dark glasses, starting for the door. "If anyone calls ——"

"I'll let you know." Mrs. Midford got the broom and went to sweep the front hall.

When that was done, she decided a good scrubbing wouldn't hurt it. She got soapy water, rags, a brush, and went at it with vigor, venting her pent-up emotions on the floor. There was nothing like housework for dulling the edges of the mind, she thought. Perhaps that was why women of the old days—people's mothers and grandmothers—had always seemed so placid.

She had just got the floor completely sloppy when a red sports car drove up. Two people got out of it and started up the walk. With fervor, Mrs. Midford wished she'd had sense enough to leave the floor alone. But if she tried for a million years, she thought, she'd never learn how to be in the proper situation at the proper time. Some innate shyness made it impossible for her to cope with the sort of people who were now approaching. Even when she'd been warned beforehand, they managed to catch her with her slip showing. She had a cruel vision of how she must look to them: an aging woman down on her hands and knees, wallowing in soapsuds, rumpled, homely. Poor Ruth, to be caught with such a mother!

They were two scrawny people. The woman wore red-and-green-tartan pants, a pair of purple sweaters, and big fake pearls around her neck. She had on a scarlet hunting cap with the visor turned up. It formed an odd obtuse angle with her beaky nose, from which her chin receded. If she'd had tail feathers, she'd have looked like an ostrich. The man was tall, nervous, slightly bald on top. He wore dungarees and a plaid flannel shirt. Obviously, they'd gone to some trouble to dress for the country.

"We're looking for Mrs. Midford." The woman smiled, showing a row of large, horsy teeth. "We're the Allbrights."

"I was expecting you." Mrs. Midford stood up. "Be careful in here. The floor's slippery."

"We can start upstairs and work down," said Mr. Allbright. "Give your floor a chance to dry."

They were not inconsiderate, then. Mrs. Midford liked them better.

It was a gracious staircase with paneled walls. The white paint which she and Dick had put on the paneling the first year they were married had been scrubbed into dullness. Now it was chipped and stained.

"What kind of wood is it?" asked Mrs. Allbright.

"Pine."

"How interesting! If it were stripped——"

"Be an awful job," said Mr. Allbright.

"But pine, Jock! And we could always hire some of the natives to help."

"There's buttermilk paint under the white," said Mrs. Midford.

"Buttermilk?" Mrs. Allbright looked at Mrs. Midford as a Roman senator might have looked at the oncoming Goth. "You covered the original——"

"It's peacock blue," said Mrs. Midford defensively. "All down in the grain. You'd have to sand it off."

"But we wouldn't want to! The whole idea is to restore the place to its original beauty."

"That'll be hard. People have been patching it up for over a hundred and fifty years. But if you like buttermilk paint, there's plenty of it. Barn red and dirty yellow and lots of the poison blue. If you ever stripped it, you'd see what I mean. A little poison blue goes a long way."

Mrs. Allbright smiled condescendingly. "Tastes differ, of course. I'm happy to say Jock and I aren't afraid of color."

"This is the halfway room." Mrs. Midford opened a door on the broad landing. "It makes a good nursery or sickroom because whether you're up or down, you don't have to run the whole way to get to it."

It was a big, battered room with a bay window, a fireplace with a coal grate, and faded yellow paper on the walls. Although Mrs. Midford had spent her childhood in this room, she always associated it now with her grandmother propped up in the big bed, the little lace cap with the violet ribbons on her white hair. Grandmother—shrunk in old age to the size of a wizened child, talking through the days and nights to the ghosts from the past, seeing people who had died long before Mrs. Midford was born. Calling "Myra! Myra! Aunt Susan's come to tea!" Acting it all out, pouring the tea, passing the cakes, brushing up the crumbs, while Mrs. Midford sat on the window seat, fearing grandmother would scald herself or drop the teapot. It always had to be the best china for these ghostly parties. Listening to the gossip, the tragedies and joys revived from her grandmother's childhood: the orneriness of Uncle Hezekiah Bitterwell, who'd been killed in the Civil War; the whereabouts of Uncle Job Penny, who'd gone off on a whaler and never returned, and grandma saying, "He was always loose with women. I expect he became—er—preoccupied on a South Sea Island. Because no ship he was on would dare to sink." The shocking and wonderful life of Aunt Deborah Stevens, who'd sailed around the Horn to California to marry her fiancé, who'd been bitten by the gold bug; and had married a bandit instead and ended up, after a long and wicked life, one of the richest women in San Francisco. "Which," grandma would say, "is every bit as outlandish a place to live as Timbuktu."

"It would make a terrific studio," said Mrs. Allbright.

Mr. Allbright crawled over the floor, measuring it with a carpenter's rule. Mrs. Allbright poked into the closets; though it was a wonder all the junk in them didn't fall out on her. Mr. Allbright said, "It's too big for our green rug, Liz."

"That's good. It simply cries out for white fur. Deep purple walls, white fur and ——"

"Perhaps a few touches of silver?" suggested Mr. Allbright.

"I think you've got it, Jock. That dull Japanese silver paper on the fireplace wall, and the others purple." She turned to Mrs. Midford, saying brightly, "Jock and I both vibrate to purple."

"How nice," murmured Mrs. Midford absently.

"I dunno, there's something about Christmas down here. . . ."

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She took them up more stairs, past the old whaling harpoons nailed to the walls, past the old sea chests, and into the front bedroom.

"But this is charming!" gushed Mrs. Allbright. "Two levels in one room!"

Mrs. Midford had not been in this room since Dick's death. After the funeral, she had made Sue take all her clothes out of here, down to the first-floor bedroom. But Dick's clothes had not been moved. His red hunting jacket still lay where he had dropped it over the chair by the fireplace. A pair of his shoes, neatly aligned and now covered with dust, stood beside the chest at the foot of the bed.

Mr. Allbright got out his rule, and Mrs. Allbright made for the closet. Mrs. Midford quickly turned her head so that she wouldn't have to see what was inside. But not quickly enough. That blue shirt hanging on the door —— She heard his voice again, casual, the everyday voice for a commonplace affair: "Will you sew a button on this, Myra? When you get time?"

Mrs. Allbright went into the bathroom and let out a little scream of distress. "You'd better make a note of it, Jock. Completely new plumbing!"

Mrs. Midford leaned against the old four-poster, dislodging dust from the tester. It had been clean and starched when she'd shut this door. Now it was limp and grayish yellow. She wished these people would go. They didn't want this house. They couldn't. They didn't understand it at all.

Mr. Allbright said, "That'll give you a chance at a black-and-gold bathroom, like you've always wanted."

"Um. We could use black marble for the walls and floor ——"

Mrs. Midford remembered a snowy night when she and Dick had been sitting here by the fire, and Dick had told her about the people who'd bought the old Sammon place and restored it, and then got all their friends from Boston down for the housewarming. "White ties and tails, Myra. Plush and mink. Quite the shindig. Israel Page told me about it. He was the only native they invited. He'd sold them the place and they wanted him to see how they'd improved it. Well, they got through the soup all right, and through the trout, and the proprietor had just given the waiter the signal to carve the venison when the whole tile bathroom started creaking overhead, and all that plush and tails just made it to the door when the whole business came tumbling through, including an electric shaver and a box of cleansing tissue. Now wouldn't you think ——"

The Allbrights were ready to move on. Mrs. Midford led them to Sue's room, saying, "I don't think the beams will support the weight of a marble bathroom."

"But why ever not? Everybody's using marble now."

"But they didn't then." She scolded herself for arguing. It was none of her business what they did with the place. Once it was sold ——

She opened the door to Sue's room, catching a glimpse of the odd, faded, rose-colored paint that Sue had worked so hard to mix. She couldn't go in there. Not today. She hoped if she stood back in the hall she wouldn't hear them doing it over.

Mrs. Allbright said clearly, "Well, somebody's been trying her hand at interior decorating! How quaint to find a Picasso print out here in the wilderness!"

And Mr. Allbright: "Oh, it's only the Woman in Pink. The whole Classical period's as trite as Rembrandt now."

"Jock, you know this'd be a good room to get Tommy to put one of his murals on. One of the psychopathic bedroomy ones with the dirty greens and——"

The telephone rang. Mrs. Midford leaped toward the stairs, her heart pounding.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Those Smug, Smug Russians (Continued from Page 13)

TO SURPASS YOUR NORM AND YOU MUST DO IT. Then we came to a garden. It was a small and rather messy garden, with hand-scythed, straggly grass. But it was a garden, all right, with flowers and benches and even a fountain, which was not working. We all stopped and solemnly admired the garden.

"You see," said the portly manager, "in the Soviet Union we have gardens in the factories for the pleasure of the simple workers. I do not suppose you have ever seen a garden in a factory before?"

They waited for my expression of amazement. When I said that indeed I had, that many American factories had rather elaborate gardens, the manager shook his head in sad disbelief, while his cortege of linen-coated underlings exchanged winks and smiled.

A little later our small group passed a long procession of workers, leaving the factory on a shift—grimy men, but healthy looking and well fed. The manager continued heavily on his way, occasionally nodding faintly to a worker he recognized.

Then Alexei Alexeyvitch nudged me and said something, which Victor interpreted, "You see, there is no humbleness of the worker here, no pulling of the front hair to the manager."

When I remarked that pulling the forelock to the manager was also unusual in American factories, there were the expected winks and smiles.

These three small incidents, which were absolutely typical, suggest what I mean when I say that Russians are nice people, but intolerably smug. Soviet smugness is an important phenomenon, for a simple reason. A smug man not only acts as though he were superior, he really thinks he is superior. The Soviets really do think their system is superior.

They really do believe that the rather pathetic advances in living standards which they have made since the war have left the capitalist countries far behind. They really do believe that the Soviet Union, which is the most rank-conscious country in the world, is the world's most egalitarian society. They really do believe that only the "people's democracies" are truly peace-loving. Finally, they really do believe that the United States is governed by a tiny, war-mongering, ruling clique of capitalists, who ruthlessly oppress the "toiling masses."

And is this, when you think about it, very surprising? Suppose there were two all-powerful newspapers in the United States—call them Truth and News after Pravda and Izvestia. Suppose that every other paper in every city and hamlet in the United States simply reprinted verbatim what appeared in Truth and News. Suppose that every organ of communication in the United States—radio, television, magazines, books, movies, plays—slavishly repeated or enlarged upon the version of the facts which appeared in Truth and News.

Suppose, finally, that everyone knew it was dangerous to say, or even to think, anything that did not appear in Truth and News. Wouldn't the majority of Americans end up by believing what they were told in Truth and News? No doubt there would be a secretly skeptical minority, but surely it would be a small minority.

Western visitors to the Soviet Union make the mistake, moreover, of assuming that the Soviets can "see with their own eyes" that the communist experiment is a failure. They forget that the Russians see Russia not through Western eyes, but through Russian eyes.

Even Western eyes quickly get used to Russia. I spent my first twenty-four hours in the Soviet Union in Leningrad, generally considered the pleasantest of Russian cities. I was appalled. The general bleakness and dullness, the crumbling walls of the buildings, the hideousness of the women's dresses, the execrable taste of the few new public buildings, the grimness of the people's faces—these things filled me with a heavy sense of depression.

As I stayed on and went to other cities, each new city seemed less ugly and more livable than the last. I stopped briefly at Leningrad again on my way out, and I was surprised in retrospect at my first impression—after some weeks in Russia, Leningrad seemed a rather handsome city after all.

And if this is true of visitors, it is surely far more true of the Soviet citizen, who has, after all, no base line, no standard of comparison at all, except that provided by his own experience.

By this base line the Soviet citizen is doing well. By our standards he is dully fed, badly housed, hideously clothed, lacking in the rudiments of freedom and ruthlessly exploited by the state. By his standards he is better fed, better housed, better clothed than he remembers ever being. By his standards, moreover, he is almost intoxicatingly free from fear, for the police terror has unquestionably been greatly muted since the death of the neurotic and suspicious old tyrant, Josef Stalin.

It would be silly to suppose, of course, that every Soviet citizen is filled with dewy-eyed devotion for the regime. Plenty of Soviet citizens are bitterly dissatisfied. I myself happened on a rather surprising little episode which suggests to what lengths bitterness and dissatisfaction can go.

George Kennan, our brilliant former ambassador to the Soviet Union, had suggested to me that I take a boat trip on a river. On a Russian river boat, he said, you can see what the country is really like, and the people are more relaxed and friendly than on dry land.

Accordingly, after much battling with Intourist, Victor and I boarded an elderly side-wheeler at Kiev and chugged down the Dnieper River for a couple of days. Except for the usual unspeakable plumbing, the boat was comfortable enough for us first-class passengers. But I would have slept on deck rather than miss that trip.

For Kennan was right. As the flat, sandy empty-seeming land slid gently past the side-wheeler, hour after hour after hour, I got a feeling of the vastness of Russia I never got from the air. And the people were indeed relaxed. Most of the men on board wore pajamas all day—pajamas are a peculiar Russian symbol of freedom from care, and a Russian on vacation will proudly wear his symbolic pajamas even on the main streets of Moscow.

The first night out I got into a conversation—through Victor, of course—with a nice, very handsome, very young man who turned out to be a mechanic on a collective farm. He asked if I had any American money on me, and I foolishly showed him a ten-dollar bill. He politely insisted on exchanging a ten-ruble note—which has about seventy cents' worth of purchasing power—for my ten dollars, as a mark of mutual esteem. The ice thus broken, he began asking me the usual personal questions: how many rooms there were in my house, whether I was a capitalist, how much money I made, and whether I was happy with my wife. Then it was my turn. He was not married, it turned out. He was a Russian, not a Ukrainian—we were in the Ukraine at the time. His father, he said with pride, had been a full colonel in the Red Army. I noticed the past tense, and asked him if his father was dead. He said yes, that his father had been killed right there in the Ukraine.

"In the war, I suppose," I said.

"Oh, no," he replied; "he was killed in 1949."

I asked how his father had been killed, and when he answered, I thought Victor hesitated a moment before he interpreted, "By the Ukrainian nationalist underground."

What impressed me was not so much what the mechanic said as how he said it—as though it were the most natural thing in the world for a Russian colonel to be killed, four years after the end of the war, by underground resistance fighters.

The young mechanic's remark reminded me of the story of the Potemkin villages. When he was her lover, Prince Potemkin went to great lengths to please Catherine the Great. When she went out into the countryside, he even had false façades of pretty, prosperous villages built, to conceal from the eyes of the empress the miserable hovels in which most of her subjects lived. Was I being fooled, I asked myself, as Catherine was fooled by Potemkin? Was the monolithic, disciplined dreariness of Soviet life a mere façade to fool the foreigner, and was the reality behind the façade a bitter and bloody resistance to the regime?

I wish I could honestly say that I discovered that the Soviet Union was one vast Potemkin village, and that the mechanic's unguarded remark accurately reflected the relationship between the regime and the people. But I can't.

Of course, there are people in the Soviet Union who abominate the regime. How could there not be, after the long years of the police terror, the forced-labor camps, the persecution of the peasants and all the rest of it?

The handful of Western diplomats and journalists who know the Soviet Union really well can cite many instances of dissatisfaction or bitterness. But not one of them believes for a moment that the Soviet Union is seething with resistance or that there is the slightest practical likelihood of a successful uprising against the regime. On the contrary, almost all of them believe that the regime now has a solid base of popular support.

A lot of people think that anyone who has been to Russia has been "shown only what the Russians wanted him to see." And, of course, this is true in a way. If you are shown a factory or a collective farm, you can be dead sure that it is not the worst in the area. You can be equally sure that your Intourist guide in Moscow will not go out of his way to point out the slums or the terrible prices on consumer goods—$400 for a secondhand suit or two dollars for a small gobbet of unidentifiable meat.

But even the Soviets do not build factories or collective farms solely for the purpose of impressing foreigners. And you can see the Moscow slums by walking a few minutes in any direction, or the prices people pay by going into a store and peering at the price tags.

By the same token, it is silly to suppose that the entire man power of the Soviet Union is in the business of fooling foreigners. It is just not possible that everyone you see is a plant.

Of course, the visitor who does not speak Russian must allow for the presence of an interpreter, but a fairly experienced observer can surely tell the difference between a person who is repeating something by rote, like a phonograph record, and a person who really believes what he is saying. I remember another small episode on that river boat, which was really a great deal more typical than the young mechanic's indiscretion.

There was a tiny lounge in the prow of the boat, with the inevitable big pictures of Lenin and Stalin, and smaller pictures of local heroes. The lounge was hardly used at all, because the Russians liked to sit out on the deck in the sun, in their pajamas, watching the flat, sandy shore slip slowly by. I liked to do the same thing, but I had some work to do, so I took my typewriter into the lounge and began to peck away at it. Victor, my interpreter, an intelligent and interesting man, wandered in, and I welcomed the excuse to break off work and chat with him. Then a young engineer in pajamas and straw hat—another proud symbol of release from care—came in, and began asking me, through Victor, about America. Then another two or three pajama-clad citizens entered the little lounge, and then more, until the lounge was full to bursting. There followed the kind of combined mass interview and political debate that the American traveler in Russia experiences again and again.

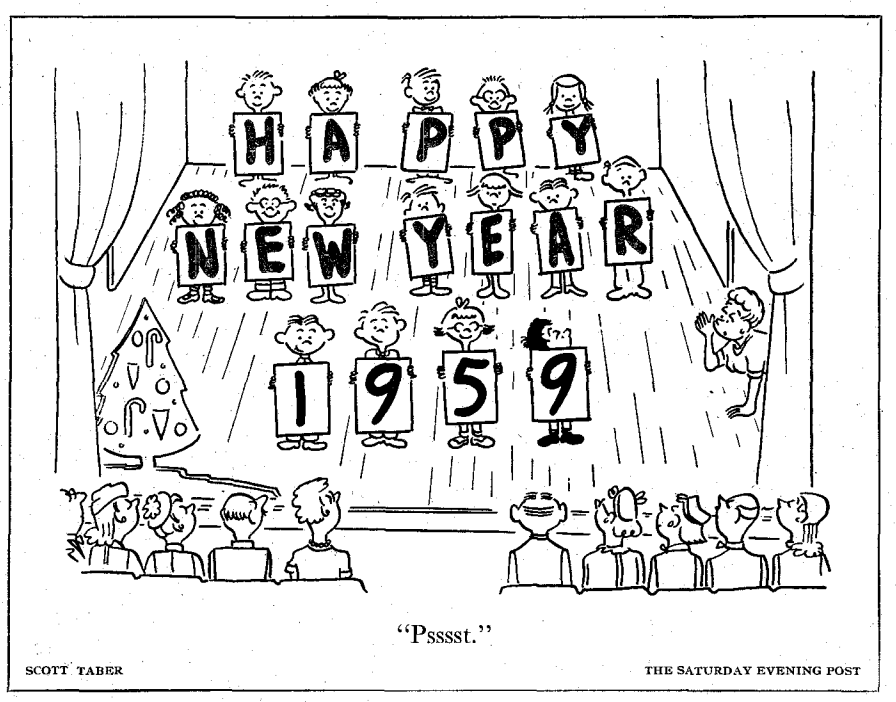
"Why do you insist that our citizens be fingerprinted before they can go to America? Fingerprinting is for criminals and uncultured." (I heard this question, oddly enough, more than any other.)

"Why have you been so cruel to the great artist, Charlot Chaplin?" (For some reason—maybe it was Victor's translation—it always came out "Charlot.")

"Why do you refuse to outlaw the atomic bomb?" (I heard two or three Russians add that "the bomb kills communists as well as capitalists," which is surprising, since it is contrary to the current line.)

"It is correct, is it not, that your capitalist ruling clique wants war, because capitalists make great sums selling arms?"

"Have you read the famous book of Elliott Roosevelt, son of the great President?" (A remarkable number of Russians



"Psssst."

SCOTT TABER THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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actually have read Elliott's silly pro-Soviet effusion, and take all his nonsense for gospel.)

"Why do you encircle our country with air bases to destroy us?"

"Why have you organized an aggressive bloc, the so-called NATO, to attack us?"

"Why is your country against peace?"

And so on and on. If you try to answer the catechism rationally and seriously you are met with a smugly polite disbelief all the more infuriating for being polite. Always before on such occasions I had kept my temper, but this time I lost it. The breaking point came when I asked them whether Khrushchev or Bulganin was No. 1 man in the Soviet Union.

They all looked embarrassed by this tactless question, and there was a brief, painful silence. Then a blond young man saved the situation by replying, "And in your country Number One is not Eisenhower, but Morgan's bank or Ford, no?" They all laughed at this witty sally, and when I said that the automobile workers' union was at least as politically powerful as any motor company, and they laughed smugly again, I got angry and showed it.

A nice middle-aged man in a straw hat sensed my anger and tried to mollify me. He patted my arm and said, "It is not your simple workers and peasants we distrust, but only your ruling clique. For your workers and peasants we are filled with comradely love."

I replied that Americans had plenty of comradely love for the ordinary Russian people, but that in view of such aggressions as the Korean war, we also had plenty of reason to distrust their ruling clique.

There was another uncomfortable silence, as though I had uttered an unspeakable blasphemy. Then a young man called Mischa, with wild black hair and burning eyes, took over. Facts, he said, were what counted. They knew the facts. They had the documents to prove that John Foster Dulles, acting for Wall Street, had ordered the Korean war. They had the documents to prove the American atrocities in Korea. The documents had been published in all the newspapers. He did not mean to be impolite, Mischa said, but, he added with passionate conviction, you could not argue with the facts. All the pajama-clad figures in the lounge nodded their straw-hatted heads in unison, and smiled at Mischa in approval.

Then I tried a new tack. Why did Russians always agree with each other and never argue with each other about political matters? Americans were always arguing with each other. In my notebook I have the reply, written down carefully to be sure it was right:

"It is said that in argument lies the birth of truth. But we have already found the truth. So we have no need to argue with each other. Mischa." When Mischa said this, the straw-hatted heads nodded again.

In my notebook, below the quotation from Mischa, there is a note rendered almost illegible by fury and frustration: "the incredible smugness." A little farther down there is a kind of reminder to myself: "Try to read faces—is conviction really so deep?" And finally, farther on: "Your world is dying."

It was the blond young man who told me that my world was dying. He spoke courteously, even with a certain regret, but with a conviction that seemed to me very deep indeed, and the straw-hatted heads nodded again. Our conversation ended, and we all went out on deck again, to watch the cliff swallows and enjoy the sun and the slow movement of the old side-wheeler. But somehow the peculiar, pleasant, old-fashioned, Mark Twainish flavor of our river expedition had faded for me, to be replaced by a sense of sad uneasiness.

This was only one of many similar conversations. But it first convinced me that

The white linen coat is the trade-mark of Russia's new managerial class.

the surface smugness of the Soviet citizenry has an inner and deeper meaning. I will stake my life that Mischa and the blond young man really believed what they said, that their conviction really was as deep as it appeared to be. I am sure that, by and large, their generation—born to the misery of war, wholly isolated from the world, knowing only a slow but steady alleviation of misery—shares this conviction. The younger people quite genuinely believe in the superiority of the Soviet system and the inevitable triumph of communism. Older people may have their quiet doubts, but these doubts are very quiet. And even the older people seem really to believe what they have been told to believe, if not with passionate conviction, at least as a learned response, an automatic reaction.

Just as Pavlov's dog was trained to salivate when he heard the bell, the Soviet citizen has been trained to the conviction that war, any war, can result only from imperialist capitalist aggression; and that the "breakers of the peace" must be punished with a ruthlessness terrible enough to fit the terrible crime. The Red Army could march on Western Europe tomorrow, and the Mischas would respond in their millions to the call to arms against the unspeakable capitalist aggressor.

But the learned responses of the Soviet citizen also have immense value to the state in time of peace. During the last year or so, an acrimonious debate has been going on among Western economists about the real rate of growth of the Soviet economy. Some economists claim that the Soviet economy is expanding at a rate double that of the United States. Others, like Britain's Colin Clark, argue that the Soviet economy is expanding only half again as fast. But no one doubts that the rate of Soviet economic expansion, as measured in the production of steel and other indices of economic growth, is markedly greater than that of the Western nations.

There are many reasons for this more rapid Soviet economic growth, including the fact that it is easier to make big percentage gains from a low base than from a very high base. But tour a few Soviet factories and you will find another reason.

The Soviet worker works an average forty-eight-hour week and he gets a vacation with pay and free medical care. But in every other way he is exploited in a manner to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the most shameless nineteenth-century capitalist. The Soviet worker cannot strike. He cannot leave his factory for another job unless his work card is countersigned by his manager. He works on a speed-up piecework system outlawed by American unions decades ago. Above all, he works for real wages so low that a huge proportion of his total output can be plowed back by the state into capital expansion.

For a rough analogy, suppose a big American industrial concern somehow got away with cutting its workers' wages by 80 per cent. The huge saving on the wage bill would mean immensely increased profits, and the profits could then be plowed back into expanding the capital assets of the company. The Soviets do the same thing on a national scale. By our wicked capitalist standards, in short, the Soviet workers are ruthlessly exploited, in order to expand heavy industry and arms production and thus aggrandize the power of the Soviet state.

But the Soviet workers do not know they are being ruthlessly exploited. And because they do not know it, they do not resent it. I am sure that this is true.

In the factories I visited in the Soviet Union, I talked to dozens of workers, chosen at random—and chosen by me. They talked about how much better off they are now than they were a few years ago—and, after all, this is true, miserably paid as they are by our standards. They talked about their wonderful new machines—and they are getting good new machines, largely competent copies of American and British models. They even talked, with a sort of wide-eyed, Boy Scoutish enthusiasm, about how the factory was beating its "norm"—indeed this was a favorite subject, for if a factory produces more than the goal set for it by the state planners, the workers get a bonus.

The manager, in his white linen coat, was always somewhere nearby, to be sure, and it is possible that all this seeming contentment was mere forelock-pulling, although I don't think so. But it really doesn't matter very much. For the fact remains that the Soviet Union has a huge pool of hard-working, reliable labor which can be exploited to the advantage of the state in a way absolutely unimaginable in any Western industrial society.

Like almost all Westerners who visit the Soviet Union, I felt curiously oppressed and uneasy during the weeks I spent there. I am still not quite sure why—the people are friendly and courteous, and there are many marvelous things to see in Russia. In retrospect, I think partly it was because the Soviet Union is so peculiarly difficult an assignment for a journalist. The life there is so utterly alien to anything we know that it is almost impossible to convey it to the American reader. It is a little as though a land animal had managed to live in the sea for a few weeks, and then had to report back to his fellow land animals what life is like in a place where there is no air, and the dim light is refracted so that everything looks different, and gravity is partly neutralized.

It would be easy to report that Russia is one vast slum inhabited by people living in abject misery. There are plenty of slums in the Soviet Union, and plenty of miserable people. But the average Soviet citizen does not lead a life of misery, even by our standards. He leads, instead, a life of extraordinary monotony, of disciplined drabness, except for that short time each year when he is allowed to put on his pajamas and escape from boredom for a little while.

Drabness is, indeed, the real hallmark of Soviet life. The system is incapable of producing beauty. There are many beautiful things in Russia, from the ballet to the breath-taking art collection in the Hermitage in Leningrad. But the beautiful things are the product of czarist times. With the possible exception of some music, whatever communist Russia has produced, from the pathetically hideous women's print dresses to the corrupt architecture and the monotonous, state-approved art and literature, is bleak and drab and dull. The magnetic attraction of this profoundly anti-intellectual system for many Western intellectuals is one of the great ironies of our time—as great an irony as the attraction of a system which ruthlessly exploits its workers for many workers in the West.

A system which produces drabness and dullness on a scale hardly known before in human history might logically be set down as a miserable failure and no real threat to Western values. But make no mistake about it, in those areas which determine the real power of the state, the Soviet system works remarkably well. And this is another reason, I suspect, why most Westerners suffer from a sense of oppression and uneasiness in the Soviet Union. For there is an unacknowledged, perhaps unconscious fear that this utterly alien and horribly monotonous way of life may actually represent the wave of the future; that our children or our children's children may really have to live out their lives in this disciplined drabness.

For the Soviet Union's rapidly expanding industrial economy turns out the instruments of state power—above all, the complex and terribly expensive modern weapons—in great profusion. Industrial expansion and arms production are achieved at enormous cost to the Soviet citizenry—a cost so great that no Western government could impose it without being overthrown. But instead of being in a mood to overthrow their government, most Soviet citizens, especially the young ones, are smugly convinced that the system which exploits them so pitilessly is the best there is.

The Soviet citizen has been successfully taught, in short, to love his chains—or at least to be unaware that he is wearing chains. This is why the smugness of the Soviet people, who are such nice people in so many ways, is an important phenomenon. Soviet smugness is, in a sense, the Soviet system's most important achievement.

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Alsop. The second, which tells how Communism has become the Soviet religion, will appear next week. The Editors.

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Honky-Tonk Hero

(Continued from Page 20)

the room where Laurie and her mother lived, rapped and said, "It's Nick."

The door opened wide; not cautiously enough for a woman who was in hiding.

"Oh, Nick, how pleasant of you," Judith Camlin murmured. Nick went in, closing the door behind him.

"You think anybody's spotted you?" he said abruptly. "Anybody?"

She stood with her hands on her hips, looking distantly amused. She was New York theater, top. New York theater—a great name above rainy pavements, and a curtain whispering upward in a breathing hush which was waiting for her voice.

"Well, the only anybody I've talked with is the room clerk. The old, nervous, fat one, late at night, when I come in from my walk. And he still calls me Mrs. McKechnie, without suspicion. Isn't that a brilliant idea for a name? Mrs. McKechnie."

Watching her with the sad clearness of the young, wondering how older and successful people got themselves into such jams, Nick said, "Well, right through here is probably the worst."

"Until the windy night I die," she smiled. "With the rain crawling on a black window pane. I've been thinking about that too. But lightly. Always think lightly about that, Nick."

The lovely careless drawl of her voice, making an understatement of death itself, told you why she was a fine and very modern actress. Even broke, and in fear, she somehow gave this crummy room an air.

"So if it gets any tougher," Nick said slowly, "I can—well, I can help. Some."

"You're very sweet, Nick," she said. "And very young." Her voice roughened ever so little. "And Laurie's one of my worries, too, Nick."

Quietly, he watched her. It was still a wonder to him—kind of an awe—that he should ever see Judith Camlin this close, and talk to her like this. And here she was: vulnerable, relying upon Laurie, and in some ways pretending to her own self.

Gently he said, "Don't worry about Laurie. With me."

"But," Judith said, "I do. She's a pleasant child."

Nick fumbled for a cigarette, and then stood looking at it instead of lighting it. He knew the long, hard roads of another way of show business, and he could not ask Laurie to travel those roads with him.

"Try your drink," he said mildly. "Laurie and I have to go to work."

She lifted her glass to him, giving him her slow, faint smile.

He went back to his own room, and Laurie was standing in the middle of the floor, powdering her nose. Her hand was unsteady, and Nick came from the door and wiped a streak of powder from under one of her eyes with a corner of his handkerchief. He patted her shoulder and she nodded, her lips parting slightly. They turned away from each other shyly, to pick up their short glasses. Laurie was not quite nineteen, and they spent their working nights watching the rougher follies of a rough town. They had known each other nearly two weeks.

"Mother's getting restless," Laurie said. "She walks up and down the room all day, smoking cigarettes. It's a sign. And she's so careless anyway. She's going to end up by being recognized around here, if she doesn't watch out. And then all her hiding won't have done any good."

"Never mind about your mother. Hello, Laurie," Nick said softly.

"Hello, Nick," she answered.

And for them, this cheap hotel on a Western back street was not just a creaking and dusty place where you stayed awhile because you were poor. It was a place for each of them to remember gently when they were old, no matter what other people and places and chances of life might come, in between.

With quiet, lingering hands they put their glasses back on the table. They avoided glancing at each other again. Nick's beat-up old car with its California license plates was parked across the street. As he swung it out from the curb with Laurie sitting silently beside him, Nick was even more bitterly and hopelessly conscious of the hard roads of his kind of show business. Time was, not long ago, when they were adventure to him, in this clattering jalopy—long Western miles, and mountains in the sun. But now they were miles he would have to travel alone, and mountains that Laurie would never see; and towns, maybe years of towns ahead, where the music would only say that Laurie was far away somewhere in her own better world.

But just for these evenings, just for now, it was springtime along the little high Western river which sings on its stones through Reno. Driving, Nick could feel Laurie's secret and inwardly trembling fear of the noisy, merciless evening ahead.

"Oh, Laurie," he said. And because his own voice suddenly sounded shy and helpless, he said harshly, "This is no life for you. I'm glad it's not for long."

"How about yourself?"

"That's something else again. I'm O.K. here." Already he was part of Reno's nights. Reno adopts her wanderers quickly.

The place where they worked was a tough third-rate night club, off the highway. Nick parked the jalopy on the sketchily graveled lot. The orchestra was playing softly-intended dinner music, and there was a fair-sized crowd at the bar. The gambling tables were going pretty well. Nick watched Laurie go down the stairs to the dressing room she shared with a couple of other girls, and then he went out to the back steps to have a cigarette.

The chef came out from the kitchen to join him, with a half-burned cigarette stuck on his lower lip.

After a while he said, "Heard Leo mention your girl."

Nick took a long, careful drag on his own cigarette. Leo was the owner of the club. Letting the smoke dribble out, he asked, "What did he say?"

"He said she was a nice girl, but he said she didn't belt out a song big enough for a smoky dive like this."

"O.K.," Nick said. "Thanks, Tex."

"Just a passing mention. Leo said she was a real refined-type girl."

Nick listened to the orchestra working at loud-beating intervals with the first act of the dinner show, a spruce and gauntly desperate old comedian. When the music beat up extra big for his exit and then shaded off into a dreamy theme, Nick threw away his cigarette and went on in.

His small white show piano, crusted with glitter and edged with gilt, had been rolled out on its invisible rubber-tired wheels. It waited on the cramped, dingy floor under the orchestra stand. When the amber spotlight came on it, Nick Moran walked out and sat down. His piano, talking clear, came in with the orchestra on the final fading-out bars of the theme, and then, as the boys on the stand turned out their lights and got up to mosey out through the back curtain, the piano went on alone with a slow succession of dim minor chords falling toward the singing bass. Something about his act, maybe just the change, somehow stopped most of the chatter at the tables. Pulling the watch-sized microphone nearer his face, Nick leaned forward and went into the first of his Monodramas with Piano—The One-man Theater of the Keyboard.

Sure, it was corny, and it was booked out by a walk-upstairs agency in Hollywood, and he was twenty-three, and over the roads he hauled the little white-and-gilt piano lashed up in a tarpaulin on a second-hand two-wheeled trailer hitched onto the jalopy. But his speaking voice was low, uninsistent, and it carried. For his first number here, because it came right after a comedy act, he used one of his dramatic monologues called Now That We've Said Everything, which ended with a whispered line that traveled to the farthest dark corner of this joint. Nick had been soaked in music, the atmosphere of professional music, all his life. But he knew he could be a better actor than orchestra pianist. Maybe nobody else thought so, but he did. He was living poor because every payday he sent all but hotel-room-and-hamburger money to make things decent for his father, who was dying in a Brooklyn nursing home.

Nick went into his second number, a reasonably bawdy bit about a gloomily confidential night-club owner telling his troubles, with long blues-filled pauses between the growls of voice. He saw Laurie watching him from the curtained performers' entrance. She was dressed, ready for her turn. He also saw Leo standing in the gambling-room archway, smoking a cigarette, his hand covering a steely grin. This number always went well with the customers, and Leo usually drifted in from somewhere to catch it; because Nick was ad-libbing the weary, tough mannerisms of Leo's own voice, and faking up something new every night.

It was underlined with a faint absent-minded savagery tonight, for he was thinking about Laurie. He knew what it would mean if she lost this job too soon. He thought about Judith Camlin cooking a lonely supper on the electric plate they had smuggled in. Show business is full of weird shifts and muffled hullabaloos, of alarums and excursions, but this was the weirdest.

Judith Camlin was here to get a divorce, her third, but that was not the reason she was hiding. In fact, when she first arrived in Reno, three weeks ago, she had a suite in one of the luxury hotels on the river, and there she had given charming interviews to the papers. While Laurie, with her heart in her throat, went looking for a job. On her own name, Laurie Gordon, which nobody would possibly connect up with her mother's name. Leo gave her a chance here in this club, and here Nick met her one night, shadow-shy in the performers' corridor.

Judith Camlin was broke, and for business reasons she didn't dare to show it or let anybody of importance know. But after Nick had hauled Laurie back and forth to work three or four nights in the jalopy, they told him the score. And very late one night Judith and Laurie slipped out of the big hotel and over to the cheap one where Nick lived. Judith had established her front in the luxury hotel, and its manager was an old friend of her second husband—all inquirers were told that Mrs. Camlin was in seclusion and was not to be disturbed. Laurie picked up her mail every afternoon. A few long-distance calls were deftly switched to Room 422 in the bum hotel.

Judith Camlin had the most important contract of her life coming up with Joseph Thal, that grandest and most unpleasantly cultured figure of the theater, but it wasn't signed yet. Under this pending contract, Judith Camlin was to become an actress-manager, with full power in her own company. Beginning with a stunning play she had found, by a new young Austrian.

"Actress-manager. My own company. It's my big throw at fortune," Judith said. "And if Thal knew I needed money—well, you don't know Thal. Merciless, merciless. In the most sensitive, artistic way. I'd get the contract, all right—but my dear, the terms! And I'd have to take them. It's only because he thinks I'm coolly independent that I can dictate."

From Laurie, Nick knew of her lavish, automatic generosity to anybody who needed it or wanted it—"A snowstorm of checks. Ever since I can remember." Her appallingly bad investments, usually for friends, or husbands, or husbands' friends; her wide-hearted, easy way of living. And her flawlessly clear hard work.

With nearly the last of her current money, she paid the rent ahead on her expensive New York apartment before buying plane tickets to Reno. "In this frenzied world," Judith said briskly, "you must keep up the front. Tiresomely. Certainly if you're dealing with a pale somebody like Thal." So here in Reno, Laurie's slender night-club check not only helped out on room rent and groceries, it also sent money to New York on some bills that Judith had forgotten.

Tonight, when Laurie went on for her turn with the orchestra, Nick slipped into a dim corner to one side of the stand, where she would not notice him with the spotlight in her eyes. She came in on a soft beat, with a dry click in her throat. The coldly glittering microphone caught it and you could hear it. After that, her voice steadied, low and pure. Too low, too pure. The knives and forks and gabble of the eating people kept right on. Nick had listened often before, but tonight he didn't want to listen any more. She was slim and golden in her blue evening dress, and her voice had a lovely childish catch as it seemed to stroll with a couple of violins, and she didn't know how to punch it out to snake-eye a noisy dive like this. Nick went away and sat on the back steps.

When they left after the one o'clock show, Laurie walked with her head half bowed, and Nick didn't say anything either. But at the dilapidated slam of the car door she smiled at him, hardly more than a trembling shadow brushing her lips, and they drove up the side road to the highway and back into town. In the lobby of the hotel the old fat night clerk slid their keys across the desk.

"Mrs. McKechnie hasn't come in from her walk yet," he said.

He took them up in the elevator, and they went along the corridor. Laurie bent over her doorknob to put her key in. It made uncertain metallic scratchings around the lock, and she bent a fraction closer to try again. And suddenly the key with its numbered brown tag fell with a tiny clank to the scuffed carpet, and Laurie was straightening up and turning slowly to face Nick, and they were looking at each other.

And for them, all the clocks in the world stopped for a minute because Laurie closed her eyes. Her lips were cool and soft, but Nick would always remember that the first time he ever touched them, they slowly and silently became wet with tears.

They heard the elevator door. Too late. As they stepped quickly apart, Judith was strolling toward them along the corridor, coming in from her solitary walk along the dark river. Not too much, she raised her eyebrows at them and glanced at the key on the floor.

"Well, well," she said with perfect courtesy.

But she unlocked the door, stepped over the fallen key and went in. The click of the closing door was too quiet.

"That tears it," Laurie muttered through clear white teeth. "When mother becomes very careful —— Oh, Nick—Nick!"

"Yes, Laurie," Nick said steadily.

Yet, the next afternoon, Laurie had to admit, "She didn't say a thing when I went in and got ready for bed. She made the most peaceful act of pretending to be asleep. . . . Well, she did say one thing, darling—darling. She pretended to half wake up and said, 'Wash your face in cold

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water. Your eyes are swollen. I found earlier than your age,' she said, 'that cold water helps.' Oh, Nick," Laurie said forlornly.

"Yeah," Nick said. "Here. You carry her drink to her this afternoon. With me, she might not pretend to be asleep."

That night, halfway through his first number, he spotted Judith Camlin among the dark haze of faces beyond the top of the glittering white-and-gilt piano. She was sitting at a table in a dark corner. With a soft-brimmed felt hat pulled low—a hat that made you think of country roads and the rain—and her dark hair pinned back, she was an anonymous woman, sitting alone. Through her cigarette smoke, she was listening to Nick more than watching him, and he gave her no way of knowing that he had recognized her. At the final bitter whisper of Now That We've Said Everything, she stubbed out her cigarette. And through his routine about a night-club owner, she watched the faces around her, not so much when they laughed, but when they glanced at one another and turned to listen again. Nick finished, nodded amiably to the ringside tables and walked off.

But this time he was behind the silvery curtains at the back of the bandstand when Laurie came on with the orchestra, and this time he was studying Judith Camlin through cigarette smoke of his own. Laurie, beautiful and shy in her blue dress, having to take the spotlight in her eyes, the band beating gently—and Judith Camlin's slow anger as she looked around with cold eyes at the unheeding faces. And then, after a while, a slower, deeper anger, of another kind, as she sat staring into her empty coffee cup. Nick left her to figure it out for herself, and went out to the back steps.

Tex, the chef, stuck his head apologetically from the kitchen door. "Not good news," he said.

"My girl?"

"Heard Leo growling around," Tex said. "Seems as though her two weeks is up tomorrow, being of a Thursday. Leo mentioned the fact in my hearing."

Nick turned and went in and walked straight through the club to Leo's office.

"I hear you're going to let Laurie go," he said.

Leo looked up from his desk. "Oh. Laurie Gordon." Leo's eyes, pale gambler's eyes, hardly ever blinked. You got used to it after a while.

"See if your heart's beating tonight, Leo. She's helping out her mother, right through here. Pretty bad times."

"Lots of girls help out their mothers. Some sing louder."

"She's got a good voice, Leo."

"Well, maybe good, but —— Now, if she could dance, maybe ——"

"She doesn't dance. Not that way," Nick said coldly. "Look, Leo. I'll take the band piano, for her turn, and I'll sell them her songs with an emcee routine that'll knock you over."

"Skip it." Leo's mouth never softened, but it could suggest a companionable leer. "O.K., O.K.," he said wearily. "For you, Nick, she can have another two weeks. If it'll help you any."

Nearer than the click and drone of gambling, they heard a woman delicately clear her throat. Judith Camlin was lounging in the door.

"I followed you, Nick," she said, and looked at Leo. "I'll take my daughter's place."

"Who are you?" Leo sighed.

"Judith Camlin," she said calmly.

Leo started to smile politely, as if at an inexpert gag, and then he stared more closely at her face, suddenly remembering the newspaper interviews.

"My God!" he said.

To Nick, she said, "That frightened child! I didn't know." One of her hands fumbled awkwardly with her purse, and it was strange to think of her fumbling anything. "I don't like myself for this," she said. "And you've known that Laurie has been terrified at every minute of it, and you've been her friend. I—she had a walk-on part with me last summer, in her vacation from school, but a New York theater is very different from a place like this. And besides, she doesn't care at all for the stage, in our way. Maybe she's seen too much of my life. She wants to be a costume designer. She belongs on some creative side of our world, Nick. Far from this sort of thing."

"I know," Nick said quietly.

To Leo, she said, "I'll go on as the last act of your show. Scene from an old play of mine, years ago. Put a bare wooden table on the floor. Two chairs. The older and more banged up, the better. A bottle. One glass to begin with, and another when I signal the waiter. Give me a blue spot. That's all I need. And no microphone. . . . You, Nick, you go out and sit down at the table. With your back to the blue light. That's all you have to do. Pretty soon I'll come along."

"I've had to fake in worse spots," Nick said. "I'll be there."

"Why, of course," she said. "Most of your acts are ad-libbing, aren't they?"

After a long time studying her face, Leo said, "Want me to take the mike and make a special announcement from the floor?"

"No. We'll try it cold and nameless," Judith Camlin said. "I'm curious."

"O.K.," he said. "I'm curious too."

As Nick showed Judith the way to the back of the club, Laurie was nowhere in sight. She had gone down to the basement dressing room, and a dance team was just leaving the floor.

In the performers' corridor, Nick said, "It isn't as if this was one of the big spots even. This is a tough dive off the highway. You're going to be playing in the dregs of show business. For small eating money. Your friend Thal will have a seizure. This is going to mean ruin to you, you know."

"Very well," Judith said serenely. "Ruin, then."

As the pair of acrobatic dancers squeezed past them, panting, Judith pulled her hat to a fleering slant. At that touch, it became rakish, tough as the joint itself. With her lipstick, she sketched in her mouth, big and loose, and she powdered the rest of her face to a vicious, dead pallor. Her eyes became darkly enormous. But more subtly than that, her whole face changed and was waiting. Somebody had hurriedly told the orchestra that they were to bring on a new dramatic act unrehearsed, and they were making a loud routine buildup.

Nick walked out and sat down. Leo had ordered the house lights dimmed almost to darkness, and the blue spotlight made the bare wooden table top a funny sick color, with his shadow across it. Nick dropped one hand and the music died away. He sat there alone in the middle of a puzzled hush.

And then Judith Camlin had come into the light, and stopped at the table, looking down at him. He had known what the blue spot would do to her face, and still he was startled. It was the most defiantly, toughly tragic face he had ever seen. And beautiful—terribly beautiful. And lost. When she raised her eyebrows inquiringly, he made a brief gesture to match that face, and she sat down on the other chair. They lit cigarettes and sat looking at each other sullenly, pulling the silence out and yet further out. And then she began to talk.

With her first husky lines, Nick knew how far he had to go to become anything like a big actor. In the first minute and a half, this close, he heard the years of a thoughtful mind at work. Which could play damnation, because some thoughtful minds have known that too. And on that slow voice alone, across a bare wooden table, everybody in the place was suddenly in the smokiest of smoky dives—maybe a cellar honky-tonk somewhere, or a water-front saloon, or a Western highway trap—it was every rough joint in the world. And Judith was a woman who had been cast off by a younger man. As soon as Nick got the drift, he began answering her leads curtly, with a quiet snarl in his throat, and he, too, was playing it from watching the sins of the world these many nights, but sometimes his throat clamped.

Without moving her lips, Judith said in a half undertone, "You're O.K., Nick. When you can't think of anything to say—don't say anything. I'll carry."

She was using the place itself as a set, and the crowded, shadowy people at the tables around them became, themselves, a silent company backing up the scene. A bottle clinked absent-mindedly, a man coughed with a nervous throat. The gambling-room archway was crowded, and the doorway from the bar. As the scene rose in pitch, Nick, on his own instincts of showmanship, glanced at Johnny, the orchestra pianist. Johnny was show-smart, and his wondering face signaled back, "O.K.," boy, so Nick cued him with one hand hanging loosely over the edge of the table.

The piano came in with dim sultry chords, filling in, making background mood, trying to be like Nick's own piano. Then one muted violin came in, and then, very softly, a trumpet. Judith nodded, but so slightly that no one but Nick saw it, watching her eyes; and Nick himself, caught and swept along with something bigger than he had ever known—power, power—Nick was playing bigger and more quietly than he had ever known he could. And all his life he would remember Judith Camlin's undertone to him through almost motionless lips, "Play to me—play to me. Fake any line. I'll pick it up. I'll carry."

When the woman of the scene finished her last bitter drink with the man she had lost, and blindly tried to put her glass down, but missed the edge of the table, so the glass crashed on the floor, the whole room crashed with it—hands and voices and Nick highballing the orchestra in lieu of a curtain.

The performers' corridor was crowded with awed faces, the tired faces of the hard roads, and Laurie wasn't there, but Leo was. Some of the audience were standing, and pretty soon they all were, and they called Judith and Nick back four times. Nick tried to make her take the last bow alone, but she had his hand and took him out with her again.

In the corridor Leo said, "Can I put ads in the papers? Your name?"

"Why not? I'm going to be here," Judith said. She turned her head to smile faintly at Nick. "With three shows a night, we'd better work up two more scenes. Tomorrow morning. We'll give 'em a two-player repertory, Nick."

When Nick stumbled out to the back steps, Laurie was waiting there, and they stood clinging to each other. Nick was surprised to find he was trembling like a leaf.

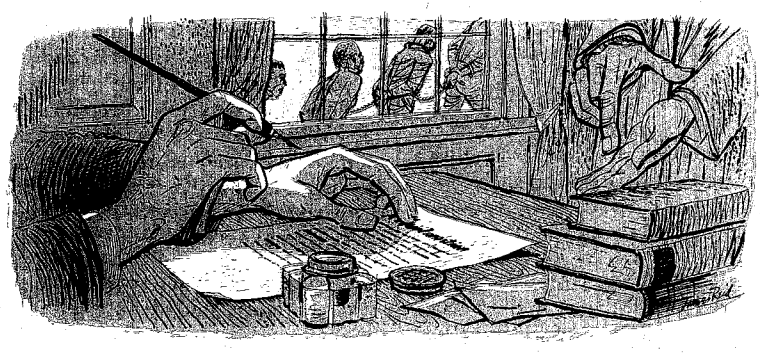
"Yes, dear," Laurie said. "I told you—when mother becomes very careful, all hell breaks loose."

The second show went even better, because Nick knew the routine, and at the end of that one a reporter was waiting in the corridor. "Leo phoned me," he said.

Nick knew him, and he also knew that he was the trusted Reno tipster of Max Felder, the New York columnist of show business. But he did not tell Judith. The damage was already done, and nothing could help. He beat it out to the back steps and Laurie again, and he did not tell Laurie either. Tomorrow was time enough for the debacle.

The next evening, when the three of them drove out in Nick's jalopy, the parking lot was already crowded with cars, and the club was doing a bigger-than-downtown business. As they edged along between the packed bar and the gambling tables, a bartender waved a handful of telegrams at them. Dazedly, Nick received four of them. They were all from agents, offering him night-club bookings, two in New York. That was all right for him, but —— Judith was calmly opening one of hers. She motioned Nick with her head, and he came to read over her shoulder. It was very long and expensive, three pages, and it was from an actress friend of hers. After a few lines of theatrical cooing, it quoted Max Felder's column of that afternoon in New York:

"Last night an anonymous woman, unannounced, walked onto the floor of a murky night spot on the edge of the sagebrush outside of Reno. And for twenty minutes this woman, with an unknown young actor, played to a drinking, gambling crowd, and knocked their ears off



What's Going on Here?

With a flourish of his pen, the first Republican candidate for the presidency of the United States, now acting in another capacity, signs a Civil War proclamation for the emancipation of slaves. Northern "radicals" hail his deed as a blow for freedom. Others in high authority in Washington object that it is premature and politically dangerous. The objections lead to its modification. Who modified it, and why?

Aston J. Waters

(See page 70 for answer)

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with pure theater—big theater—the topmost theater there is. For the anonymous woman was our own Judith Camlin, and she taught once more a sometimes forgotten lesson: that greatness is greatness no matter where it works, or even nameless."

The column went on for quite a length, describing the scene and the place where it was played, and it ended:

"Somewhere, Judith Camlin has unearthed a young actor, very fine, very restrained, with a tough power that played right back to Judith Camlin at her most powerful. His name is Nick Moran. Always remember that I am the one who told you about him first."

Judith's next telegram was much shorter, more parsimonious, and it was signed THAL.

"My dear, you are even smarter than we thought. A publicity smash. Two news magazines want spreads of pictures. Radio tonight. Am announcing contract to press. Your terms. Suggest you plan to put this Nick Moran under contract quickly. Love, from me to you, you astonishing gambler."

And only Nick and Laurie, and maybe Leo, knew that she had done it for next week's rent and groceries. And for Laurie. She had thrown away her poor front, with an open heart, and had made a greater front. On the back of Thal's telegram, she scribbled her reply with the bartender's pencil, and showed it to Nick.

"*Dear Joseph:* You have said nothing in your entire wire that was not taken for granted, including Nick Moran. He will be a member of my—repeat, my—opening company. Love. JUDITH."

Laurie's hand was on Nick's sleeve. Judith saw it, and silent laughter lines appeared at the corners of her eyes.

"All right," she said. "The back steps. But I saw the cook watching over you, too, last night. He shooed me away with a dignified glance. You'd better tell him that you're engaged and that I'm part of the family."

Hollywood's Blond Surprise (Continued from Page 26)

without trace in their pages, and she is a passionate devotee of double crostics. And her voice, unlike Billie Dawn's, is quiet, well-bred, softly musical.

Nevertheless, she pumped so much conviction into her portrayal of the tousle-headed doxy in Born Yesterday that many playgoers were sure that she had steeped herself in the part for months. Actually, the steeping lasted only three days, and she approached the job by backing into it. In 1938, when Judy Holliday walked backward into the corner of the room which served as a stage for the Village Vanguard, a bistro in New York's Greenwich Village, she was backing toward a night in 1951 when a gilded figurine called an Oscar would be thrust into her hands. At the Vanguard she was a member of a fivesome known as The Revuers. One member of the group says, "We walked on backward because we thought it would be safer. Then, if the crowd hated us, we could leave in a hurry."

For that matter, Judy Holliday backed into the Vanguard the first time she ever saw it. Early one September evening she was trapped by a rainstorm, and to avoid being drenched, she ducked down a stairway leading to a cellar. A man opened a door and said, "Come on in."

"No, thank you," Judy told him primly.

"I didn't know whether to trust him or not," she told me not long ago. "But he said, 'Don't be silly. You'll get wet,' and I went in." The only light inside came from candles on tables. Poets stood around reading aloud from their own works while other poets threw pennies at them. The man who'd invited her in owned the place. His name was Max Gordon. He bought her a soft drink, and she asked, "Why don't you get some entertainment in here? I could find you some."

Gordon grinned and said, "Go ahead."

During the preceding summer, Judy's mother had taken her to a summer camp in Pennsylvania, hoping that the outing would repair the ravages wrought by a strep throat. There she had met Adolph Green, one of a band of actors who put on a different play each week. Judy watched the rehearsals and helped out with the props. "Those runaway-deer eyes of hers followed our every move," Green remembers now.

When the stock company disbanded at the end of the season, the friendship between Judy and Adolph continued and, when Max Gordon said, "Go ahead," she thought of Adolph. She broached the matter to him and he enlisted a couple of talented boys with theatrical background acquired at NYU and at a Broadway drugstore, a pharmacy and lunchroom much favored by show people. Green persuaded a girl named Betty Comden to join them; he talked Judy into becoming one of the group, too, and the five became The Revuers. They composed music for their own songs, and wrote sly, quick skits which burlesqued everything imaginable, including the early 1920's—a period which was already considered "quaint," although the time was only 1938.

Max Gordon paid The Revuers five dollars for each performance, but the poets who frequented the Vanguard resented the bright kids who'd pre-empted their place, and tried to get even by heckling. Sometimes the bards in berets grew so rambunctious they had to be removed bodily, but the scuffling made small difference to Judy. She was blind and deaf with fright, and ridden by the notion that if The Revuers gave her a funny line to say, it wouldn't be funny any more. "I was a frightened, tense, squeaky kid," she told me. "All I wanted was to get the hell out of there. I had no hint of talent; just a great fear and an inner sickness." Fortunately, there was a room behind the Vanguard where she could hide in bad moments. Liquor was stored there, it was equipped with a sink, and a girl petrified by fright could weep there between waves of nausea and cradle her head on whisky cases.

For every protesting poet-customer Gordon lost, The Revuers pulled in four new ones. Old-time Vanguarders came up to Gordon and asked, "What is this, Max? Amateur hour? Why don't you get yourself a couple of broads?" But Gordon knew what was packing the crowds in, and he began to pay The Revuers more money. Before long he acquired tablecloths, and a second night club uptown, The Blue Angel, with murals on the walls. "Finally I began to get kind of good," Judy recalls. "But it took me almost a year to get over my shame and fright at appearing before an audience."

The Revuers learned to sharpen their timing to a razor edge and to grab the attention of night-club audiences who only wanted one "schnapper" (joke) after another. If an audience was playing footsie under tables or falling down drunk, The Revuers were dead unless they could cut through the noise and smoke and reach them. Later, when Judy stepped out upon a real stage for the first time, her early ordeal at the Vanguard made facing an orderly theater audience as easy as breathing.

Often during that year at the Vanguard she wondered why she stood it, but the question was not hard to answer. Her parents had separated, and Judy and her mother were trying to make a go of it alone. Judy was earning money that was needed at home to eke out the sum her mother brought in by giving music lessons.

Judy Holliday was born Judith Tuvim, the only child of Helen and Abraham Tuvim, a tall, solemn man whose business was and is fund raising for Israel. Tuvim means "holiday" in Hebrew, and Judy adopted this translation during her first stay in Hollywood, because people were always misspelling Tuvim or mispronouncing it. She wearied of being called Twin or Turmine—even Termite—and her mail, especially that part of it which was addressed Youkin or Tomb, went astray.

An only child, Judy was the precocious type who preferred the company of adults to that of other children. Her parents tried to persuade her to go out and play, but she was happier sitting near them and reading. "I've always loved words," she told me. "I ate up all the books I could lay hands on. If I couldn't get books, I read candy wrappers and labels on cereal and toothpaste boxes. They were words, too, weren't they?"

When she was a ten-year-old student at P. S. 125 she wrote a Christmas play, Tucker's Christmas. She also directed it and played the lead role, Mother Tucker. When she graduated from New York's Julia Richman High School, the principal suggested she train her sights on the Department of Drama at Yale, but she discovered that she still was a year below the minimum age requirement for admission. She cushioned her disappointment by taking a job as a switchboard operator at Orson Welles' Mercury Theater. It was her hope to spend most of her time watching theatrical wheels go round, but her job never took her backstage at all. The angry flashings of the switchboard terrorized her. "At times the whole board seemed to vibrate with an irritated humming," she told me. "When that happened, I pushed or pulled everything I could reach or I just sat there and howled." Orson Welles was only a disembodied voice that yelled at her when she left him with a telephone conversation dangling in mid-air.

It was while she was at the Mercury that the strep throat laid her low and her mother took her to the summer camp where she met Adolph Green. Born in 1938, The Revuers had one meteoric moment in 1941 when they shot up to the Rockefeller Center Rainbow Room from their lowly Village cellar; after leaving the Rainbow Room, they scored critical successes in more intimate night clubs. "We gained a great deal of prestige, but not much money," Judy told me. "We liked to work so much we couldn't hide it, and the club owners paid us accordingly."

Egged on by one movie producer, who gave them an oral promise of a picture if they would deliver themselves in Hollywood, The Revuers were victimized by their own eagerness. They didn't know that in Hollywood an oral promise is worth no more than the breath consumed in making it, and they borrowed the train fare west, only to find upon arriving, that the picture had been called off.

They had very little money and they knew nobody from whom they could borrow. Because it was wartime, they could stay in any one hotel for only a limited time. To complicate matters further, Judy and Betty Comden had picked up flu bugs and were running temperatures. Sick as they were, they trudged miles, knocking on doors and looking for rooms they could rent. Judy was so ill that she sat on a curb and wept. It was then that the episode began to resemble an implausible B-movie. An open convertible passed. The girl behind the wheel waved gaily, slammed on her brakes and asked Judy "What's with you?" Judy recognized a girl with whom she had worked in a New York night club, and poured out her tale of woe. "Your problem is over," the owner of the convertible said. "I'm leaving for New York tomorrow. You can have my apartment." This safe harbor was over a real-estate office, and Judy described it as being "in a very nonresidential district, from which it took us hours to reach any studio, even the ones on Poverty Row."

Fortunately, The Revuers landed an engagement at the Trocadero, a night spot on The Strip. They told one another hopefully, "Once the important movie people see us, they'll send a man to put us under contract." Producers did see The Revuers, but departed saying, "You're smart and you're funny—too damn smart. I understand your stuff, but nobody else does."

Judy, however, began to receive offers, but the offers didn't include the other Revuers. She had worked hard to become one of the group and she wasn't going to give it up on what she regarded as a slim chance of becoming an actress. If The Revuers were cast in a picture as a team, she believed, even the blindest producer could see their virtue.

"So there we were," Judy says, "all of us are living together, the phone is ringing and I'm mumbling into it, and lying and saying, 'No,' and having a bad time because the others are listening." It is a safe Hollywood rule not to utter cries of joy at the first offer; if you control your enthusiasm for money when it is first mentioned, the price that

Answer to

What's Going on Here?

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When Maj. Gen. John C. Frémont, United States Army commander in the West and unsuccessful presidential candidate of the Republican Party in 1856, proclaimed all slaves owned by Missouri "rebels" free as of August 30, 1861, President Abraham Lincoln virtually canceled Frémont's order. At the time, Lincoln sought to hold the border slave states, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, in the Union by assuring slave owners that they would be paid for slaves set free. He advocated Federal financing to pay for gradual emancipation. Finally, however, he issued his famous emancipation proclamation effective January 1, 1863.

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studios are willing to pay you goes up. Accordingly, every time Judy answered the phone and said "No," she was offered more. Word got about that she must be "hot" (if not, why is she so hard to get?) and before long, she was offered $400 a week to become part of Twentieth Century-Fox's talent stockpile. "If you put all of us in a picture, I'll take it," she said, and grudgingly the Fox management said "O.K."

"It was a lot of money to pay for somebody who wasn't a sex object and who wasn't beautiful," Judy told me seriously. Aptly, the picture in which The Revuers appeared was titled Greenwich Village. They did three numbers, but all three were swept into an ash can. Only one flash of Betty Comden remained as she said, "Check your hat, sir?" to Don Ameche. Judy didn't appear in the film at all.

Betty and Adolph returned to New York, to embark upon a career which was to lead them on to fame and fortune. Since then they have carpentered the lyrics and books for such plays as On the Town and Two on the Aisle, as well as the lyrics for the songs in Mary Martin's stage and TV presentation of Peter Pan. Judy remained in California to work out a year's contract with Fox. "I didn't do a stitch of work for months and months," she said. "I was the most miserable, homesick, sullen, nonactress you ever met."

At last, as a result of one of those changes of policy which lick through a studio like a brush fire, Fox decided to use her in a film. This posed quite a problem, for she was classified as a musical-comedy actress. Betty Grable or Alice Faye starred in the studio's musicals; both of these ladies were having babies in 1944, and no musicals were being made. It was decided to test Judy for a dramatic role. Director George Cukor called her into his office and asked her to read a scene from his projected movie, Winged Victory. She was nervous and she wore too much make-up, but she did it well.

"Go home," Cukor told her, "wash your face and report for work tomorrow."

Having washed her face, she found herself in a small but artistically satisfying role in Cukor's film. Then, in due course, Betty Grable and Alice Faye had their babies and once more the studio buzzed with talk of musical pictures. Judy was asked, "How would you like to have a comedy role in a musical production?"

She was no veteran of the cinema wars, but she knew enough to be wary, so she said, "Let's see the part." She was handed a single piece of paper. On it was written one line: "I once knew a girl who got Carborundum on her teeth, and it turned her into a radio receiving set."

"You mean you need a comedienne to say that?" Judy inquired.

"It has to be read fast," she was told. So Judy said her one line. She said it so fast she has never met anyone who remembers it.

Many times during the next few months she held imaginary conversations with Darryl Zanuck. In them she refused to renew her contract, in spite of Zanuck's anguished pleadings, and from time to time she haughtily mentioned such matters as ". . . certain interests in the East who are after me." Suddenly, she was dropped from the payroll. The next day she was on an eastbound train. No one ever made a faster getaway. "I simply couldn't wait," she said.

Back in New York she had luncheon with Adolph Green, and after luncheon she waited in his office while he chatted with a producer friend of his, Herman Shumlin. When Shumlin saw Judy, he went into a bit which might have been borrowed from a cornball movie. "You're just the girl I'm hunting for my new play," he told her.

"No, I'm not, but thank you just the same," Judy said. She explains her refusal now by saying, "I didn't think I'd proved I had any acting talent."

Green brushed aside her protests and she found herself in a fast-moving comedy, Kiss Them for Me, based on the novel Shore Leave, by Frederic Wakeman. As a result, the Derwent Prize of $500 went to Judy, together with a scroll which proclaimed her "the best supporting actress of 1945."

It was then that a second Max Gordon entered her life. This one was a producer with a string of more than fifty shows to his credit. When I went to see him about Judy, he talked to me in an office papered with "To my darling Max" photographs.

"Judy is not the Broadway type in any sense of the phrase," he told me. "The first time I saw her, she dropped in for an interview, but I had nothing for her. Later we were rehearsing Born Yesterday. It was due to open in Philadelphia but its star, Jean Arthur, was ill. I remembered the job Judy Holliday did in Kiss Them for Me, and I put in a call for her."

When Judy arrived in Philadelphia she was met by the play's author and director, Garson Kanin, accompanied by his stage manager and his assistant. They installed her in a hotel room with the script and told her, "When you've finished it, come into the next room." She read it, went in to them and began to explain that she couldn't take the part without devoting a lot of time to studying it. Kanin studied his wrist watch patiently. When five minutes were up, he said, "O.K., everybody; let's go."

For three nights and three days Judy memorized her role almost continuously. She lived on cup after scalding cup of coffee. She was also subject to fits of weeping; she was all right while studying or while on stage during rehearsals, but with each exit she burst into tears.

I talked to one veteran Philadelphia first-nighter who remembers her opening in Born Yesterday in January, 1945. "I've never heard such laughter rocking a theater," he said, "and I'll never forget the look on her face when the applause washed over her and she knew that she was in a hit." During the show's run of almost four years, Jack Benny saw Born Yesterday twice. After the second time he told Judy's father, "I think I know timing. It's my business, and if I didn't know it I'd be a bum, but you tell Judy there are still a lot of things about it I could learn from her."

With Judy ready, willing and able to step into the Billie Dawn role in any film version of Born Yesterday, you might suppose Columbia Pictures, which had bought the play, would look no further for a star. Anyone who thinks this doesn't know Hollywood. With her mother, Judy had moved to California to wait for Columbia to do the logical thing and cast her in the role she had brought to perfection. But Harry Cohn, Columbia's president, announced he was "looking for a name." It broke Judy's heart when Louella Parsons announced, "Rita Hayworth is all set to do Born Yesterday."

"And I was heartbroken for this reason," Judy said: "I thought Rita could do it."

Judy Holliday and her son, Jonathan, at home in her New York apartment. Her husband is David Oppenheim, a long-hair musician.

Months went by—months in which almost every actress was discussed for the part except Garbo. At the end of the year, Cohn announced that he wanted an unknown for the role. If Judy had been upset before, she was in a ferment now. If she wasn't an unknown and she wasn't a name, what was she? She was still in a low frame of mind when Garson Kanin, George Cukor and Katharine Hepburn suggested that she appear in Adam's Rib, a film story Kanin had written as a co-starring vehicle for Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

This part of the Holliday story I got from Katharine Hepburn in her New York home. She made strong hot tea, handed me a cup and told me, "Gar wrote the part of the canny but thickheaded *Hausfrau* in Adam's Rib for Judy, hoping that she would do it. But at first she thought the part was too small. She had been a big, big star in Born Yesterday."

Katharine Hepburn is reluctant to accept credit for persuading Judy to take the Adam's Rib role, but I heard elsewhere that she, Tracy and Kanin had sold Judy the notion. During the shooting of the picture rumors of the phenomenal nature of Judy's work began to "leak" out. The source of the leak became apparent when Miss Hepburn allowed herself to be interviewed by the press. "This Holliday girl is stealing the picture," she announced. "She is running away with my scenes." Harry Cohn, Columbia's president, hadn't thought Judy photogenic enough for Born Yesterday, but presently he asked if he could see some of the shots Cukor was making of her. Many of the scenes in Adam's Rib were filmed with stark newsreel reality, but there were also shots which glamorized Judy. Katharine Hepburn saw to it that Cohn was shown only this glamorous footage.

Finally Cohn decided to test Judy for Born Yesterday, and pretty soon he announced that his quest for a star was over. Columbia was aware of the bargaining lever they had in Judy's passionate desire to play Billie Dawn on the screen, and before committing themselves they offered her a contract to do three pictures a year. She refused. She could see her coveted role flitting away from her, but she set her jaw, said, "Only one a year," and in January of 1950 Columbia signed.

"After all, my family and roots were back in New York," Judy told me. "I was bargaining for time away from Hollywood, and Columbia was bargaining for money. I got what I wanted and they got what they wanted. They knew I was so anxious to do Born Yesterday that I'd have done it for a dollar. They gave me the next best thing."

Her work in Born Yesterday set up a merry tinkling in box-office tills and brought its star the motion-picture industry's highest award as an actress. When I asked if the pictures she's made since then have been financially successful, Judy replied, "I don't check on them to make sure. Anyhow, you hear about it quickly enough if one of your films goes in the red. They bring the news to you on the set during the first day's shooting on your next picture. Someone says, 'Well, kid, your last one lost a sock of money. Let's hope this one is hot enough to be booked someplace except a few tunnels and bowling alleys.'"

Judy's usual screen portrait is that of a wide-eyed, helpless doll "just trying to get along," and succeeding remarkably well. In her next film, It Could Happen to You, she played a dim-brained dame who was obsessed with a yearning to be famous. So she blew all of her savings in one large gesture, leased a billboard high above New York's Columbus Circle and had her name painted on it. The subsequent goings-on were wacky. "One writer said that I started as a moron in Kiss Them for Me," Judy told me, "and I worked up to be an imbecile in Adam's Rib. What I want to know is: where does a girl go from being an imbecile? Maybe, if I'm lucky, I can be an idiot or a cretin?"

Eventually a growing cult began to complain that the world would be robbed of a great actress if Columbia continued to type Judy as a female Mortimer Snerd. Then the studio made a movie called Phfft, and Columbia's publicity department spread the news that Judy Holliday had escaped from the Billie Dawn character that had entrapped her. In Phfft she played Nina Tracy, a literate Park Avenue society girl who wrote clever TV scripts.

"It was Billie's life or mine," Judy says grimly. "Billie had to go."

But her film roles keep backsliding into what critics had called "shrewd featherhead" and "sensible screwball" roles. In her next picture, The Solid Gold Cadillac, she plays blond Laura Partridge, who attends stockholders' meetings of the powerful International Products Corporation and asks embarrassing questions—she owns ten shares. To shut her up, the corporation offers her a job. This brings her into contact with the retiring president of the firm, Paul Douglas, who is going to Washington as a dollar-a-year man. To a dedicated Holliday fan, there is no need to say more about the plot. Scenes for this picture were shot in Washington, which was also part of the background for Born Yesterday. Cameras

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were set up outside the Pentagon, and in the Senate subway. One of the subway employees almost lost his heavy dignity when Judy asked Douglas, "What is this—a Government-subsidized Tunnel of Love?"

Judy's husband is David Oppenheim, a serious musician, who earns his bread by selecting the repertoire and artists for Columbia Masterworks recordings. He also plays the clarinet with the Budapest String Quartet. The Oppenheim-Holliday romance flourished during the run of Born Yesterday.

"We'd known each other for a long time," Judy told me, "but we liked each other in spite of that. Then David went away, and I heard that he was carrying a picture of me he'd cut from a magazine, and that he was telling people, 'That's my girl.' When he came back, I made an honest man out of him. I really was his girl."

Judy lives in New York with her three-year-old son, Jonathan, in a high-ceilinged apartment in a Victorian building, all carved oak, polished brass and checkerboard-marble floor. When I'd passed the scrutiny of the watchman at the gate, an elevator creaked me upward in heavy dignity. Judy stood in her doorway to greet me. "All we need is a moat," she said, "but living here is one of the reasons why I like New York."

Another reason why she prefers Gotham is that Hollywood means dieting to her. Her weight leaps up and down, twenty-five pounds at a leap—lower when she's working; higher when she's at leisure. "I hurry past restaurants the way reformed dipsos rush past saloons," she said.

There are those who think that in spite of the addlepated character she has made famous, she is sex personified, but time was when she was told to look sexy for portrait photographs and succeeded only in looking blank. "They told me to wet my lips and open my mouth," she said. "I did that and I looked sick instead of sexy. Then they said, 'Half open your lips and wet them. I still looked like a moron. One day one of the men said, 'Boy, did I have a great dinner the other night!' He mentioned an Italian restaurant. I asked, 'What did you have?' and he told me. Suddenly there was a yearning look on my face, and he said, 'Hold it! That's what I want!' After that, when they wanted me to look sexy, they showed me a menu.

"New York is better than Hollywood for most New Yorkers," she went on. "But only if you don't happen to be a baby. Having Jonathan changed my attitude about California. Out there you don't have to bundle a child up and take it down in an elevator and out to a city park to play outside. Your own back yard is your park. You put your baby in it."

Jonathan was playing with his toys in the living room with us. Judy said, "Excuse me," and getting down on her hands and knees, crawled to him. Together they disappeared under a large table, making "Bee-ah, bee-ah" and "Boop-boop" noises. When she came back, she said, "We were trucks. Did you hear him say, 'Mamma truck'?"

I shook my head.

"Well, he said it," she assured me.

She has no plans for Jonathan; she thinks that parental plans and ambitions can be a drag on a child. There are a few things she hopes Jonathan doesn't do, but if he does them anyhow, she'll keep quiet. "Even if he wants to be an actor," she said. "That's a terrible life. Men actors are not a happy breed. They're worse than actresses and, goodness knows, actresses aren't happy."

However, she is working on a way to handle the Billie Dawn myth. "It could be very simple," she said, "and I'm not the only one who's thought of it. All I have to do is to remember to be dumb when I'm out, and smart when I'm home."

City on the Campus (Continued from Page 25)

the ball carrier, the coach is seventy-two-year-old Colbert Coldwell, senior member of a real-estate firm. Coldwell gives his time although he is neither a member of the board of trustees nor an alumnus.

In 1950 the Stanford board of trustees asked Coldwell to serve as their real-estate adviser. Meanwhile, Brandin had been trying to increase university income by growing vetch, flax and wholesale flowers on the unused acreage. He concluded that there was only one promising crop for the land—people. When he suggested lease-hold development to Coldwell, he found ready support.

Under Coldwell's tutelage, Brandin prepared a preliminary proposal for the trustees. They asked for further studies. Trustee John Cushing, who had just retired as president of the Matson Navigation Company, became an enthusiast. Cushing, Coldwell and Brandin were a persuasive trio. Finally, to prevent haphazard development, the trustees engaged the land-planning company of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. This firm had laid out the atomic-energy city of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and had master-planned 4000 acres in the heart of Dearborn, Michigan, for the Ford Motor Company.

As a starter, Skidmore, Owings and Merrill surveyed the entire San Francisco Bay area to determine what commercial and residential developments were needed. Then the Stanford acreage was plotted topographically to show how each parcel could be best used. Areas were chosen for homes, stores, light industries, recreation and civic centers. The main network of thoroughfares and the primary utility lines were laid out. Finally, an analysis of development costs was related to anticipated income. From this report, and with studies made by an advisory faculty committee, the trustees evolved the blueprint of a model city.

"If this had been a routine real-estate development," Brandin says, "the job would have been a cinch. We would have cut it up into lots, sold out fast and dashed off to Palm Springs to enjoy the profits. But Stanford can't run away. If we make a mistake, we'll have to suffer with it for ninety-nine years."

The university currently uses some 1200 of the 9000 acres. To provide for future expansion and to preserve the rural atmosphere, an additional 2580 acres have been set aside for the campus. The remaining 5220 acres wrap around the campus in a rough horseshoe shape, with both tips touching El Camino Real, the San Francisco-San Jose highway. At one tip of the horseshoe is the new regional shopping center, with the area for professional and administrative office buildings nearby. At the other tip is the light industrial development; in between is the residential area.

The $15,000,000 shopping center is made up of seven major buildings, housing fifty stores. Encircling the buildings is a parking space for 4300 cars. September saw the opening of the first stores. The largest shop will be the Emporium, a $3,000,000 department store that will be completed in time for the formal opening of the entire center before Easter.

Three firms hold land leases and are financing their own buildings—the Emporium, I. Magnin, and Purity Stores, a grocery chain. The other buildings are being constructed by Stanford. Leases call for payment of a percentage of the gross sales, varying from 3 to 10 per cent, with a guaranteed annual minimum. So far, Stanford has invested some $5,000,000 in the shopping center. It is estimated that the guaranteed minimum rentals alone will cover amortization and pay for maintenance and parking expense. For profits, the university can expect its usual 4 per cent on invested money, plus a minimum of $250,000 annually.

According to the Skidmore, Owings and Merrill surveys, the Peninsula will need in the next fifteen years over 80,000 new dwelling units, half of them in the $16,000-and-up bracket. Stanford will provide room for 9000 houses with lots ranging from one quarter acre up to four acres. To test the plan with a pilot area, fifteen acres were leased for ninety-nine years to the Peninsula Pacific Construction Company at $5000 an acre. The company began to build ranch-style homes to sell for $20,000 to $45,000. Brandin held his breath; the crucial question was how much sales resistance there would be to the lease idea.

One of the first customers was a real-estate broker, looking for a home for his own family. "When the ninety-nine-year lease was mentioned," Brandin says, "he didn't even scratch his head."

Harry Arnold, president of the development company, reported that only 20 per cent of those who inquired showed any resistance to the leasing arrangement.

Back in the wooded hillside area, where the rugged terrain is best adapted to estate-type homes, the university is leasing two- to four-acre lots directly to individuals. Most of the residential area, however, will be developed as self-contained neighborhoods, perhaps nine in all, with elementary schools as the keystones. It has been determined that a neighborhood of 750 families can support an efficient school with the least tax load on individual residents.

While the regional shopping center provides major facilities, each neighborhood will have its own grocery, drugstore, barber and beauty shops, shoe repair, dry-cleaning and laundry pickups. One or two church sites will be provided, as well as a park and small playgrounds. Approximately 100 acres are set aside for an open-park apartment district.

Another major part of the model city, the Industrial Park, has been promoting itself with a minimum of help. The university has no brochures, no salesmen, no advertising program. The lump-sum lease price is rather high, $21,000 to $65,000 an

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IN NEXT WEEK'S POST

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acre, and the university has set up what are perhaps the stiffest restrictions on any light industrial area in the world.

Surprisingly, these restrictions have proved attractive to prospective tenants. For one thing, a company knows in advance that it will have pleasant neighbors. Already, nine firms have leased acreage, and inquiries from other industries are received almost daily.

The industrial area has the appearance of a park-apartment development. Few homeowners work more diligently to outdo their neighbors' landscaping than these industrial tenants. Varian Associates, disappointed with their first effort, plowed up much of the original planting and started over again. This same company was about two thirds finished with its $1,000,000 electronic laboratory when it appeared that a twenty-eight-foot air stack was needed for a room where infinitely precise microwave measurements would be made.

"I hate to bring this bad news," a Varian spokesman told Brandin. "But at least the stack isn't for smoke. It'll be clean."

"It's not bad news to me," Brandin replied. "You've read the lease. No stacks. You'd better get back to the drafting board."

Within a month, Varian Associates found a way to modify their plans; no stacks, and everyone was happy.

Companies have located at the Industrial Park for various reasons. One is "We like it here." Another attraction is the tie-in with scientific work going on at the university. In the first category is Eastman Kodak Company, which had checked the Bay area for land on which to build a film-processing plant—without seeing the Stanford tract. Executives flew in from Rochester to choose between two sites. A Stanford attorney happened to meet Bill Shephard, one of the group, and extracted a promise that they would at least drop by Stanford before leaving. They did, on the way to the airport, with only thirty minutes to spare.

Brandin looked at his watch and took a deep breath. Just as he was launching into a high-speed sales talk, Shephard pulled the rug from under him; Eastman would never, never consider leasing. Brandin switched to a scholarly dissertation on the problems of universities. The thirty minutes were almost up. Casually now, he mentioned the restrictions that made the Industrial Park compatible with a university atmosphere.

Shephard jumped up. "Say, a setup like that would be perfect for us," he exclaimed. "The environment would discourage employee turnover." The plane reservations were canceled. Four days later, Eastman Kodak signed an agreement.

There is a prestige element in having "Stanford University Industrial Park" as an address. This may have something to do with the decision of two publishing houses, Houghton-Mifflin and Scott-Foresman, to build their West Coast sales offices and warehouses there. Three other book concerns are considering the location.

A major reason for plant location at Stanford—the tie-in between academic research and industrial application—is proving beneficial in many ways. Faculty members can supplement their salaries through consultant work, and in return Stanford can get part-time professors from industrial staffs.

So far, this community of scientific minds has centered on the electronic and microwave research in the university laboratories. Microwave tubes have revolutionary applications in television, radar, communications and guided missiles. For the home, they make possible new electronic ovens which will cook meals in minutes instead of hours, and visual telephones based on television principles.

H. R. Oldfield, manager of the General Electric Microwave Laboratory, explains why his company set up a laboratory almost 3000 miles away from General Electric's main centers of research: "Because Stanford has the nation's outstanding faculty in microwave research, it becomes a tremendous source of original ideas for us. We can get many of these scientists on a consultant basis.

"We compete with other companies for top men to do research and development. Here at Stanford we can offer an attractive package—intellectual environment, climate and an opportunity for scientists to take advanced studies at the university while they are working for us."

The program for advanced study is now in operation at the Stanford School of Engineering, with six companies doing electronic research. A full academic year of work toward an M.S. or Ph.D. degree can be completed in two calendar years. Sometimes the graduate thesis is combined with company research.

In the beginning, Stanford's land-development scheme met strong objections. Loyal alumni felt that hallowed ground was being desecrated. Businessmen and property owners in Palo Alto, Menlo Park and other nearby communities feared competition from the university.

For nearly a year Brandin gave five reassuring speeches a week before alumni groups; civic, garden and service clubs; chamber-of-commerce directors; real-estate boards and professional groups all over the Peninsula. To nearby merchants he showed that people in the area traveled to San Francisco to spend $264,000,000 annually. It was inevitable that a shopping center would be built on the Peninsula. Did they want it close by, where the influx of shoppers would stimulate their own business, or did they want the center miles away? To property owners he pointed out that a handsome new residential development would enhance their own real-estate values. And, he argued, pay checks from the Industrial Park and the office-building area would benefit all types of business.

To persuade alumni, Brandin dug deep into the history of the founding of Stanford. Leland Stanford, an attorney, had come to California during the gold fever and amassed a fortune in merchandising. During the Civil War he was governor of the state, and afterward he was one of the "Big Four" who built and owned the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific railways. From 1885 until his death in 1893, he was a United States senator.

Senator and Mrs. Stanford had only one child, Leland, Jr. In 1884, just before his sixteenth birthday, the boy died of typhoid fever. As a memorial, the Stanfords decided to devote their entire fortune to founding a university. Its site was the 9000-acre Palo Alto stock farm.

In his address to the trustees who received the deed of conveyance, Senator Stanford said: "The endowment of lands is made because their proper management will insure to the university an income much greater than would be realized were their value invested in reliable securities. They can never be alienated, and will, therefore, be an unfailing support to the institution." At the formal opening of the university in 1891, the senator became lyrical over the beauties of the campus and climate. It was a place, he felt, to which graduates would return to settle and raise their children.

Armed with this history, Brandin told the alumni that Senator Stanford had envisioned the land-development program, had meant the land to be a source of revenue, had pictured a residential group on the campus.

Now that the program has actually begun, there is a widespread impression that it will put Stanford on Easy Street. "Unfortunately," President Sterling says, "this is far from the fact."

Stanford's gross budget is around $20,000,000, of which $11,000,000 is for more or less self-supporting items such as sponsored research, hospitals, dormitories, dining rooms and athletics. Running the university proper takes some $9,000,000 a year, and about $2,000,000 of this must come from gifts.

"The land-development program will help," says President Sterling, "but for major capital improvements Stanford will remain dependent on those who believe that private universities play a vital role in the nation's life."

In the meantime, Brandin is too engrossed in the Land Development Program to consider offers from private business. Besides, he likes living on the Stanford campus. The Brandins "own" their home in an area where faculty and staff members are permitted to build on lots leased from the university. They have four boys, the oldest of whom entered Stanford last fall. There are sentimental ties too; Brandin met his wife-to-be on campus when they were freshmen.

"There's more here," he says, "than you can measure by the pay check."

He'd better believe it, because this is the same story he's been selling to others for years.

The Perplexing Case of M. Ramonet (Continued from Page 21)

confidence. This does not prevent Edouard from taking a keen interest in the campaign. Crossing the town square of a quiet burgh in Eastern Indre, the two of us met a few local citizens who stopped to chat with Ramonet about the weather and their hogs. When they moved on, he turned to me with a glad smile. "They shook my hand, you noticed? It means a lot down here."

Having spent a few weeks with Ramonet, having observed him both in Paris and among his constituents, I find that he wears neither horns nor halo. For one thing, he is honest—even his enemies concede the point. He also is hard-working. He's endeavoring to do his best for his electorate, and if he is guilty of a crime, it's that of trying to please everyone.

As long as Edouard can remember, he's been intent on going forward. Born in the busy little border town of Cerbère, where France melts into Spain and where the Pyrenees slope down toward the blue Mediterranean, he quickly learned that there were brighter worlds beyond the hills. He was a clever boy with a sharp ear, who had no trouble picking up the languages and dialects spoken around him. Today, he speaks, besides his native French, Spanish, Catalan, Portuguese and Italian.

The Ramonets, winegrowers from way back, were proud of their Catalan blood and of the sweet and heady Banyuls wine they harvested each autumn. It was Edouard's father who broke away from the good earth. A lady's hairdresser, he moved to Paris when Edouard was twelve so that the boy could get a proper education. And the young man, even before finishing his studies, discovered in himself *l'animal politique*. Soon he was happily at home in the thick, lively jungle of prewar politics. As secretary to one of the youth organizations of the Radicals—his father's and grandfather's party—he darted in and out of party headquarters, well liked by the old guard, which saw in the young militant a future standard-bearer for the cause.

Owing its name to the radicalism with which its founding fathers fought for constitutional reforms, the party, by the time young Edouard joined its ranks, had become fat, contented and conservative. It still was what it had set out to be, the party of the little man. But as the proletariat, on its left, had found leaders in the socialists and communists, the Radicals' "little man" was, by and large, the bourgeois—the local shopkeeper, the small and middling businessman, the teacher, doctor, lawyer, and, in some regions, too, the farmer. Allergic to big government and to an influential Church, the party was a catchall large enough to hold a rainbow of opinions, allowing it to make alliances with Right or Left as political expediency might dictate. Some called it "typically French," and others said it was a way of life. From the beginning of the century until the outbreak of World War II, the Radicals controlled French politics.

The Vichy Government which followed the collapse of France sent Edouard Ramonet, by then known as an expert on Romance languages, to Portugal, where he was to direct the Institut Français. Immediately on his arrival, early in 1942, he turned that outpost of French culture into a Free French citadel owing allegiance to General De Gaulle. And so, after the liberation, we find him back in Paris, resuming his old contacts with the Radicals and looking for an academic job in France. He was just thirty-six years old when Fortune tapped him gently on the shoulder.

It happened in a little town in Central France, not far from Châteauroux. Edouard had come down from Paris to make an election speech, and the local Radicals, who had no candidate for the department—their prewar leader, a bicycle manufacturer, had been shot as a collaborator—invited the young stranger to run on their ticket. "He looked like a dynamic fellow," one of them recalled. "He seemed what we needed." Ramonet, who had just been offered a professorship in Romance languages at the University of Dijon, accepted with a becoming show of modesty.

Everywhere in France, the Radicals were in bad shape. Burdened with a large part of the responsibility for the collapse of 1940, and undistinguished in the resistance, they were considered by the electorate to be out of date, if not already dead. Confronted with the massive power of the Big Three—the Communists, the Socialists, the Catholic MRP—they seemed doomed from the start. The 1945 election gave them no more than nineteen seats in the Constituent Assembly. One of these went to Edouard Ramonet, who, in a whirlwind campaign, had stood up well to Indre's communists, although their booing had occasionally drowned his oratory.

The constitution which he helped produce, and which is still in force, acknowledges no authority save that of the Assembly. It brusquely sweeps away the checks and balances of prewar France. What used to be the Senate, the influential upper house—roughly comparable to our Senate—is now the Council of the Repub-

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lic, a largely decorative body without veto power. The ministers, chosen from among the 627 deputies, are responsible only to the Assembly, which can, of course, dismiss a government which it no longer likes. Conversely, the Council of Ministers in consultation with the Speaker of the House may dissolve the Assembly only in the freak contingency that, within eighteen months, two governments have been brought down by an absolute majority. In point of fact, no president has dared dissolve Parliament since 1877.

It's of the people, by the people, for the people; it is democracy in its pure state, and that may be one reason why it does not work.

Enter the sacred halls of the Palais Bourbon, home of the National Assembly, and see what's wrong with France. The building, to begin with, has known better days. Built in 1722 as a town house for Louise Françoise, Duchess of Bourbon, natural daughter of King Louis XIV, it was one of the glittering, aristocratic homes of pre-Revolution Paris. A likeness of the duchess, preserved in the Assembly's library, shows her, a happy blend of Marilyn Monroe and French movie idol Martine Carol, attired in a costume either of these ladies might borrow with pleasing results. No wonder that the duchess' lover, the Marquis de Lassay, wished to be close to her—the graceful residence he built himself next door now houses the Speaker of the National Assembly.

Because the place, all previous alterations notwithstanding, is catalogued as an artistic monument, no further structural changes are permitted. As a result, the deputies as well as the Assembly staff of some 600 discharge the complex duties of modern legislation in acute discomfort. When Parliament is in session, you can see deputies doing their letter writing with pen and ink at one of the desks in the crowded Conference Room or talking with constituents on a bench in the drafty Hall of the Lost Steps. Even the privacy of a personal locker has been encroached upon; Ramonet shares his with a fellow Radical, André Morice.

But this sardine-can squeeze is as nothing compared to the distressing way in which the ideologies crowd one another in the House. As Ramonet, before the dissolution, let his eyes sweep the huge red-beige-and-gold amphitheater, he registered twelve groups: Ninety-four Communists, on the extreme left of the Speaker, and, flanking them, four fellow-traveling Progressives. The Socialists whose 104 members make them the largest group. The Catholic MRP, whose 88 votes are usually swelled to 104 by the support of 16 Overseas Independents. Next, the 24 deputies of the Resistance Party, UDSR.

Next, Ramonet's own group, the Radicals, who, since the lean post-liberation days, have quietly increased to 74. Then came a hodge-podge of four parties known loosely as the "Moderates"—56 Independent Republicans, 27 Independent Farmers, 21 plain Farmers, 34 former Gaullists (A.R.S.). And, forming the Assembly's extreme Right, 71 Social Republicans, or Gaullists. Eleven mavericks brought the total up to 624—there were three vacancies toward the end. (As the Assembly also lays down the law for most of France's empire, roughly one tenth of the deputies are of non-French origin.)

Because the new elections will be held under the old system, the next Assembly is likely to be once again a thoroughly mixed company, and as it must be made to function if France is to survive, a coalition must be found which represents a workable majority. This, at first sight, is not an easy task. In 1951, the year in which the outgoing Assembly was elected, the center parties had successfully attempted to broaden their base by changing the electoral law. In that election, parties banding together on a departmental level shared all of the department's Assembly seats if they polled more than half the local votes. This cunning measure was devised to whittle down the two extremes, Gaullists and Communists, who rarely find an ally willing to form a bloc with them. Take Indre, Ramonet's department, which is allotted four Assembly seats. Although the Communists remained the strongest local group, the 40,843 votes polled by them in the 1951 elections—out of a total of 121,194—did not yield them a single deputy. The Radicals, by contrast, being partners in a five-party combine, obtained three seats with their 31,079 votes; their Socialist allies, with 15,719, got the fourth seat.

It's done with mirrors, and it works—up to a point. The French Communist Party, which under the pre-1951 system of pure, proportional representation had sent 166 deputies to the Assembly, was reduced to less than 100—even though, with a total vote of 5,000,000, it represented one fourth of the electorate. And yet, the fundamental problem had not been solved. For there remain, when all is said and done, six great political families in France whose points of view are woefully divergent.

The Communists, since their expulsion from the government in 1947, have been untouchables whose role as a Fifth Column makes them ineligible for a national partnership. Likewise, the Gaullists, who advocate government from the top, would evidently make poor coalition partners. Unfortunately, the four big democratic groups, which do see eye to eye on many issues, split on the crucial question of religion. Briefly, while almost everyone is Roman Catholic in France, the MRP and a majority of "Moderates" favor a stronger influence of the Church in public life and uphold the existing law granting government aid to Church schools. By contrast, Socialists and Radicals are anticlerical.

Hence, if you form a coalition of Socialists and MRP, based on their general accord on social issues, sooner or later the religious question will divide them. And if you get the Radicals and Socialists together, the conflict between socialism and free enterprise will ruin everything.

"How satisfactory to have two parties only!" one deputy exclaimed. "How nice," he added thoughtfully, "to have no more than three or even four."

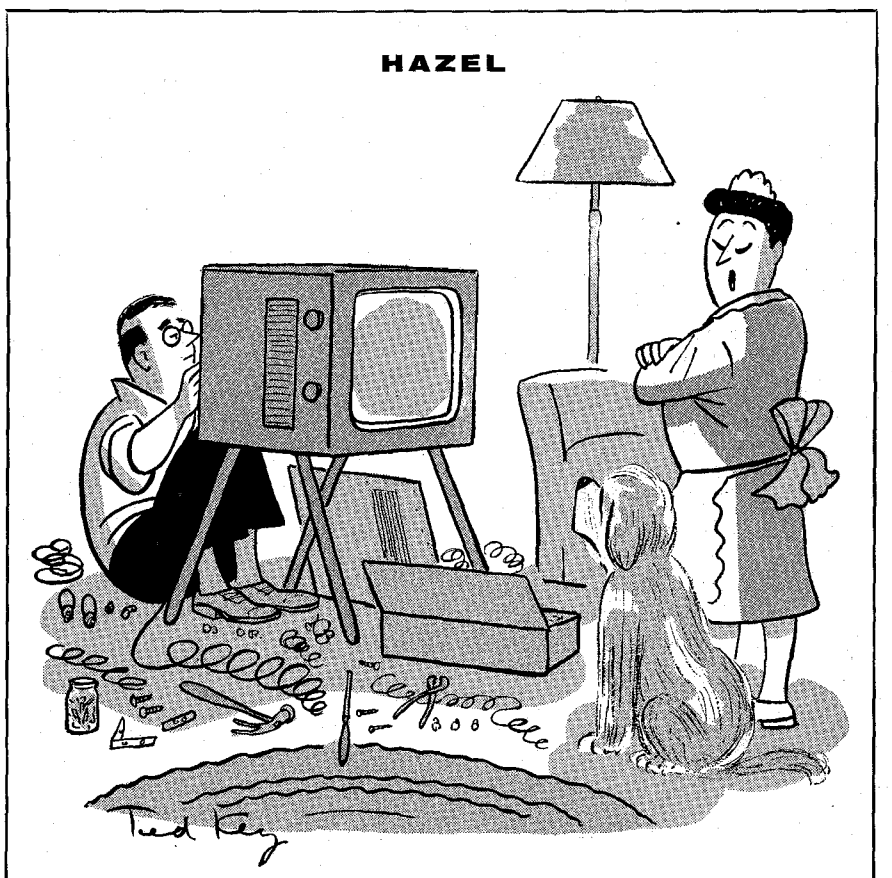
The thing to do, then, is try as hard as possible to stay away from big decisions—decisions which might break the ruling combine. Where the American congressman likes to have an important law or two connected with his name, his French equivalent knows better than to try. A favorite device is the *solution à la petite semaine*—a measure which will carry things along for just "a little week," meaning until Friday afternoon, when members of the House are off again to their constituencies. Whenever the Assembly can no longer avoid taking a stand, a big debate is likely to ensue. The chances are, it is a night debate, starting at nine P.M., when deputies have finished with the day's routine, and droning on and on, with both the government parties and the opposition hoping for victory by attrition.

Though sometimes hot and turbulent, these broad discussions are now very rarely marked by violence. The blood-curdling scenes of 1950, when helmeted Gardes Républicaines had to eject the howling, clawing, boxing deputies twice in a single night, are happily forgotten—fisticuffs have become a rare occurrence in the House. On the other hand, the postwar system by which deputies are elected by way of departmental lists rather than after a face-to-face popularity contest, has noticeably lowered the intellectual quality of the Assembly. There is a dearth of personalities and, as you might expect, a really high-level debate is an exceptional event.

A final magic touch is added by the lobbies. It may be of some comfort to the reader to hear that France, not the United States, is the classic playground of vested interests and pressure groups. Scores, if not hundreds, of the people's chosen representatives are active on behalf of potent groups, such as the Patronat—the national manufacturers' association—the trade-unions, the winegrowers, the beetroot growers, the home distillers, the textile manufacturers, and so forth. The moral code, again, differs from our own—a deputy practicing law sees nothing wrong with representing his client's interests in Parliament. At times, one or the other of these groups succeeds in changing, through its hold on Parliament, the course of history. It was the powerful North African lobby which, in February, 1955, brought down the government of Prime Minister Mendès-France, whose policy of "softness" toward Moslem nationalism it disliked and feared.

Now, Parliament, in France, is like the weather: no one does anything about it. Major reforms, some of them envisaging a stronger executive and therefore touching on the constitution itself, are frequently put forward by enterprising deputies or groups. But how to get majority support for anything curtailing the power of the people? And even if you cure the symptoms, where is the cure for France's real malady? Who can renew the nation's moral fiber, supplanting apathy and selfishness with a new surge of civic pride?

Curiously enough, while the prestige of the Assembly has reached an all-time low by now, the individual deputy is still a man of consequence. "We sneer at our army," one Frenchman said, "but we respect the army officer. We laugh at the Assembly, but we respect the deputy."



"What we call louse-it-yourself."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When Edouard Ramonet arrives in his department, he grows to several times his size. Leaving the capital on Friday afternoon, he spends the weekend mending political fences and, incidentally, attending to his functions as chief executive of Châteauroux. Proud of its mayor who is a member of the National Assembly, the town does not object to taking a back seat in Edouard's busy life. Though he rents a small house in Châteauroux, and though he is now putting up a cottage of his own on a piece of ground he recently acquired, Ramonet makes his home in Paris, where he and Madame Ramonet live in a four-room apartment on gray, unfashionable Rue de la Convention.

He's not plagued by ennui in Châteauroux. Each Saturday morning he solemnly presides, in his 130-year-old town hall, over a session of the town council—nine Communists, six Socialists, nine Radicals, and seven miscellaneous—while his understudy of the week reports on current business. At midday he'll be guest of honor at a lunch given by the cattle breeders, the firemen or the real-estate agents. He may make a nice noncommittal speech, much like an American. And, in the afternoon, ensconced behind the desk in his large, oak-paneled office, he will receive the favor seekers.

Sunday, unless there's a local Rugby match he'd hate to miss, is devoted to a swing through the department. He owns a small French car and, until recently, his pretty wife would chauffeur him around, as he himself does not like driving. But since last September, when the Ramonets had their first baby—a healthy boy named Didier—he has been using the old town-hall Citroën on these occasions. There are 248 towns and villages in Indre and Ramonet makes it a point to visit all of them during the year. These are his grass roots. If the community he visits is safely in the Radical camp, he will receive constituents in the local town hall—otherwise, at a corner café. His personal machine, consisting of a scattering of small-town mayors, local merchants and young party militants, lets people know—sometimes by way of stickers—when Ramonet will be available.

Indre is largely agricultural, with good-sized wheat farms in the north, small holdings in the south. There is some textile industry, the outgrowth of an old tradition of weaving. Châteauroux boasts a woolen mill, three or four shirt and lingerie factories; also, a foundry making pumps, and a government-run cigarette factory. The biggest thing in the department, however, is the enormous United States Air Force base at La Martinerie, just outside Châ-

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teauroux, and its nearby dependency, the Déols landing strip.

Laid out in 1951 as the United States' major supply depot for our Air Force units stationed on the continent, as well as for the air forces of our NATO allies, the base had to be big, efficient and well stocked. There's nothing shabby or makeshift about this vast American establishment functioning, somewhat incongruously, deep in the heart of France. A $60,000,000 investment has been turned into a going concern—huge warehouses, sprawling administration buildings, barracks, and clubs for officers and men. Two theaters, a modern church, a hospital, a large department store, a bowling alley and a school for 600 children round out the picture of a bustling American community at home 3000 miles away from home.

Needless to say, a backwoods town of 40,000, finding itself invaded by 10,000 strangers—counting women and children—has certain reactions. Prices went up and rents skyrocketed when the Americans appeared. And as the airmen, at the start, depended for their relaxation on the cafés and restaurants of Châteauroux, there being no facilities for entertainment at the base, there were the usual incidents and street brawls.

Tires were slashed, insults flew back and forth, and many Frenchmen wished the Americans had never come.

The ones to benefit from this unhappy situation were the communists, who represent one third of the department's vote. With the Americans "occupying" Châteauroux and "preparing for war" at the nearby base, with shiny American automobiles flashing past ramshackle French homes, with the newcomers renting some of the best houses and apartments, they had no trouble stirring up local opinion.

It is to Edouard's credit that he has tried his best to stem the tide of anti-American feeling—and, incidentally, fight communism in his bailiwick. Finding that the town's major social problem was a lack of houses, he embarked on an ambitious building program. A drive around the suburbs shows that he has been remarkably successful. Neat rows of modern apartment houses, where former slum dwellers can live in decent, low-cost homes, now gird the city, and more of them are going up each month. At the same time, the base itself has given forth prosperity—more than 4000 French civilians are now employed at La Martinerie and, as the mayor is on the best of terms with the American base command, hundreds of job seekers have asked him to put in a word for them.

Money percolates through the town, there is no unemployment, and many local citizens, including not a few card-holding communists, secretly dread the day when the Americans pack up and leave.

In the Assembly, Ramonet is not known as a platform hugger. No great orations by him are on record—unlike his colleagues in the United States House of Representatives, he likes to keep out of the limelight. Occasionally, he will make a few appropriate remarks on such good homespun subjects as building subsidies for townships or the recruitment of French labor for American establishments in France. And, now and then, he'll strike a blow for the Radicals' old pet, the little man. "Why is it"—he once asked, in connection with the licensing of filling stations—"why is it that the projects of powerful oil companies run into little trouble, while independent distributors meet with insurmountable difficulties?"

Questions like this, made from the floor and faithfully reported in Châteauroux, are worth a dozen speeches and parades. Nor has friend Ramonet let down his trusting constituents by voting, in the House, for anything that might cause head shaking and eyebrow raising in the market square. For one thing, he opposed his fellow Radical, Pierre Mendès-France, sworn enemy of vested interests, and helped eject him from the office of prime minister. And, though he likes to call himself "a European," he voted against EDC, the American-sponsored proposal for a European army, as well as against the Paris accord calling for German rearmament within the framework of an integrated Western defense structure. Although, in all of these instances, Ramonet sided with a minority of Radical deputies, his attitude met with widespread approval in his own department. German rearmament remains a bugaboo in France's backwoods—even the communists applauded his stand on EDC. And Indre's manufacturing and business interests are frankly hostile to a policy of European integration which might throw open their protected market to cheaper foreign goods.

These interests will be expected to pitch in now, with an election campaign at peak.

It is precisely because of his party's long-standing association with the world of business that Ramonet in the outgoing Assembly presided over the House Economic Affairs Committee. While each of the Assembly's nineteen committees reflects, on a small scale, the composition of the House itself—so many Gaullists, so many Radicals, so many Communists—the various chairmanships are subject to a bit of reciprocity. The Socialists are after Foreign Affairs? The MRP is eying Education? Very well; we Radicals have no objections, if you'll let us have the Economics chair. True, with the exception of the Finance Committee, which works out the budget, none of the House committees cut much ice; their political importance lies largely in the fact that, once a bill has been referred to a committee, a skilled committee chairman may bury it for good if burial is what his party wants.

In Paris, when he can snatch a couple of free hours, Ramonet makes the rounds lugging a heavy brief case. Having no staff, like his American equivalent, he finds this part of his job hard on his shoe leather. He may have to harry the Ministry of Industry and Commerce on behalf of one of Indre's textile manufacturers. Or he may see someone behind an ink-stained desk about the pension of a war widow. Or call on an old friend in this or that government department to wangle the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor for a faithful constituent.

It is the sort of thing a good French deputy is well advised to do if he wants to be re-elected. And it's the sort of thing many a deputy instinctively prefers to marching into the arena and slugging it out, in full view of the public, with the rest of them. North Africa? The Saar? Indochina? Increased industrial production? Taxes for the rich and higher living standards for the workingman? All pressing problems, to be sure, but slip your ballot into the big urn—white for aye, blue for nay—and you have made a million enemies. The big-name deputies, of whom there are a few in every party, may boldly advocate this or that course of action and get away with it. But if one is a small fish in a big pool, how much more comforting—and how much safer—to spend one's time attending to the little worries of the folks back home.

Critics may say that this philosophy turns France's average deputy into an errand boy for his constituents. If he followed a bolder course of action the average deputy might yet bail out his nation. Or could it be too late for such an effort? Is a dictatorship of Left or Right the logical next step? As a bewildered French electorate goes to the polls once again, Democracy is getting one more chance in France. It may well be the last. THE END

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

out-of-the-way country that has only a dim ray of hope brought in by Rev. Nott.

Actually it's a beautiful, thriving basin, surrounded by ranges of mountains, where many guests come from the East each year to spend their vacations. They hunt, fish, ride horseback, relax and enjoy the scenery, or most any other sport they might enjoy. . . .

RUSSELL BOND
Greybull, Wyo.

Dear Sirs:

May I add a post script to the article. . . . The baby #2 mentioned arrived on Nov. 5, and they call her Mandy Lyn Nott. I am the maternal grandmother.

MRS. HAROLD M. BISHOP
Milford Center, Ohio

Elderly Jurors?

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial [WHY NOT JURY SERVICE FOR ELDERLY CITIZENS? by Lawrence Rust Hills, Nov. 26] . . . is a dangerous suggestion.

The only virtue in the jury system is to have a cosmopolitan group of various ages and backgrounds who are supposed to bring their collective judgment to bear on a case, most certainly NOT a selected group as to age and occupation (retired!) who are eager to preserve their position as jurors to occupy their minds and pick up a bit of money. . . .

ETHEL M. PORTER
East Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . Elderly people dislike jury duty as much as their sons, but would not have as much chance to get excused. I would hate to be tried by an elderly jury. . . . A young person would not get a fair trial. . . .

MRS. E. W. MINNEY
Morgantown, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Senior Citizens, as we call the oldsters in California, could not only be the most readily available source of capable jurors, but they would themselves be immeasurably benefited by renewing their interests in the active business world. . . .

WALLACE E. PROPST
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The men of sixty-five and over can administer justice with mercy far better than the younger folks, on account of their experience and judgment. . . .

HUGO BERMANN, O.D.
Metuchen, N.J.

The Mission of the Marines

Dear Sirs:

While thumbing through your November 26th issue we came across a letter from a Mr. Jack Johannson, of Miami, Florida, in which he made some very adverse comments with regard to the Marine Corps and "Reckless." His remarks indicate that he is either ignorant or sadly misinformed of the traditions and mission of our "Corps."

Contrary to Mr. Johannson's beliefs, our main mission is not erecting statues in our own honor. The Marine Corps Memorial in Washington was erected by Marines in honor of their buddies who fought and died so valiantly on the battlefield to preserve the freedom of our nation. It seems a shame that some people show such an evident lack of gratitude to the many brave men who made the greatest of all sacrifices, their lives, so that the same people could live in freedom. . . .

CPL. PIETER R. WESTERVELT
PFC. WILLIAM W. GOLZ
PFC. ROBERT M. VINGE
2d Marine Aircraft Wing
Cherry Point, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

. . . If that little pony had enough courage to walk into the fire of the war I believe she had the right to come to this wonderful country. . . .

P. PERKINS
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

A rose for your story by Andrew Geer [RED CARPET FOR SERGEANT RECKLESS, Oct. 22] . . . and an onion for Jack Johannson's letter. . . .

NOEL G. HAYNES
Sgt., U.S.M.C.R. (Inactive)
Elmira, New York

Dear Sirs:

. . . What's the matter, Jack, couldn't you qualify for the Marines?

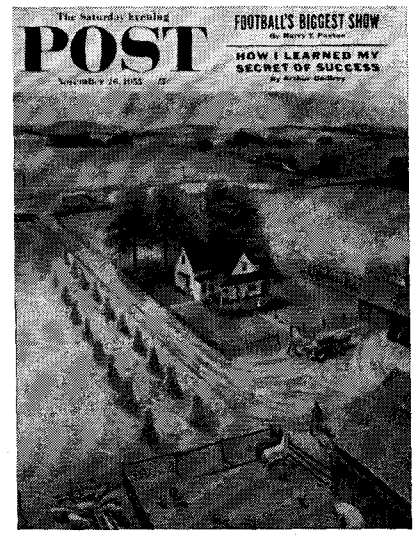
S/SGT. BILL ELIAS, USMC
Maysville, Kentucky

Thanksgiving

Dear Sirs:

The Nov. 26 cover . . . seems to me to be the personification of the best of America's Thanksgiving holiday for families—down to the last small detail, such as the cat and kittens marching behind the farmer and his full milk pails. . . . It all looks exactly as Thanksgiving really should—especially to a city dweller. . . .

MRS. FRANK S. HESS
New York, N.Y.



Dear Sirs:

That's a nice neat modern-looking farm grandpa has. . . . Modern enough to include a television antenna on the housetop—but where does the electric power come from? Not a sign of a wire did artist Clymer include. . . .

BLAIR M. STITT
Ely, Minn.

● *Underground cable.* —ED.

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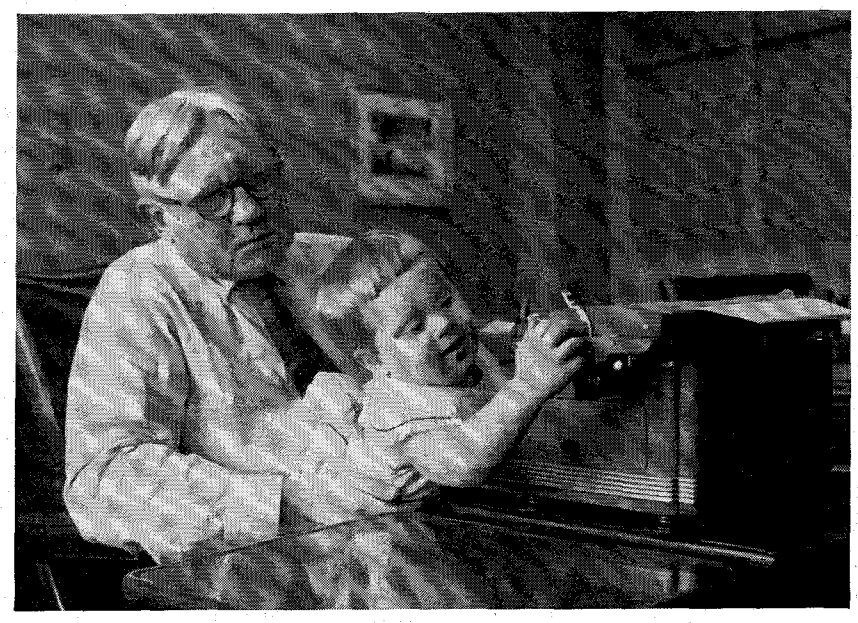
Keeping Posted

A New Foreign Editor Coming Up?



Advantages of grandfatherhood: girl helps editor do his daily work.

One day a couple of fellows named Pete Martin and Frank Kilker were trudging along the Post's editorial corridor not expecting to see anything Bohemian, and suddenly their eyes were brightened by the image of a young lady sitting on the lap of foreign editor Marty Sommers in his office, writing industriously on his typewriter. Flash news trudges to the Keeping Posted office; wherefore, observe John Wells' photo of granddaughter Joanne, who won't grow up to be what ex-newspaperman Sommers might (if he should go into the movies) call a sob sister, for obviously she will be a smile sister.

Let us, in a flash, relate a love story. Some time ago a lad named Edward J. Bracken was a star halfback on an undefeated football team of Friends Central School in suburban Philadelphia, and in the same school was a pretty lass named Jetta Sommers, who, in addition

A kiss for mother.

to her book chores, was stressing the culture of a fine soprano voice. Eddie and Jetta were sweethearts, and by and by, as sweethearts tend to do, they got married.

So nowadays it is a custom that on Sundays, when Jetta sings in a choir, little Joanne visits grandpa Marty and charming grandma Betty. At first, Joanne took over half of grandpa's study for the stocking and deployment of toys; then, realizing the foolishness of half measures, she took over his typewriter as one of her favorite toys. Incidentally, this situation could become complex, for Marty Sommers has a younger daughter, Sara Ellen, but while Sara pursues her studies at Oberlin College, let's not put romantic ideas in her head.

For a time Joanne Bracken enjoyed the unusual distinction of being a baby with three grandmothers. Until very recently the Sommers family circle included a beloved housekeeper, a Frenchwoman named Mlle. Maria Theveney, who always refused to reveal her age or her birthday during the twenty-two years she was a member of the Sommers household. Last fall Mlle. Theveney retired and, amid grief all around, sailed away to her native land. But one day before she left, she exclaimed, "Now, *this* is my birthday, and I'm sixty-six!" It was also Joanne's birthday, and she was two.

Speaking of age, young Marty Sommers grumbles, "I don't go too much for this grandpa publicity." You should see the gleam in his eyes when Joanne professionally shifts the typewriter keys from lower case to caps. He loves it.

Your Old Friend is a New Indian

Speaking of Indians, as page 27 is doing, last summer in Washington State the veteran Post contributor Bill Gulick was made a chief of the Nez Perce tribe and named Me-u-hkart Sekam Hyh Hyh. He can pronounce this, and it means Chief White Horse. The Nez Perces chose that title because they have long been famed for their wonderful horses, and because white is the Indians' most respected color. Gulick was crowned with a magnificent eagle-feather headdress, after which the crowners took it back again. This wasn't Indian giving, though, for the headdress was beyond price both in value and sentiment. To procure eagle feathers, one must go to a mountaintop, cover himself with brush and set out some meat for bait, grab an eagle when he comes, tweak out a few tail feathers, and let him go to grow some more items for a headdress. This does no harm to the eagle except to make him very mad. The Indians are willing to make Gulick a headdress when he gets the feathers, but he can't seem to find the time.

Chief White Horse was honored because he wrote and produced a pageant in Walla Walla for a centennial treaty observance by five Western tribes. This reminds him that he talked with one of the Indian leaders about doing a scalp dance during the show, and the chief, sadly shaking his head, said, "All I got is two or three old scalps." Then, brightening, he added, "But maybe I could get some more." Gulick says the Post had just then rejected one of his stories, and a couple of book reviewers had been unreasonable, and he gave the Indian several names. "Us Indians," he points out, "got to stick together." The Indians with Gulick in the picture are Caleb Carter

Chief Bill Gulick, center.

and Joseph Garry, the latter being president of the National Conference of American Indians.

When Gulick's current story wasn't rejected, Bill and his wife, Jeanne, performed a traditional rite; they always buy a little trinket to salute the arrival of each new manuscript check. Bill bought a pipe and Jeanne a new sofa.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"How I Got This Way"

The fascinating life story of a man who slugged and snarled his way up from New York's East Side to Hollywood's top honors. Colorful Jimmy Cagney, describing his career to Pete Martin, brings you a reader's treat.

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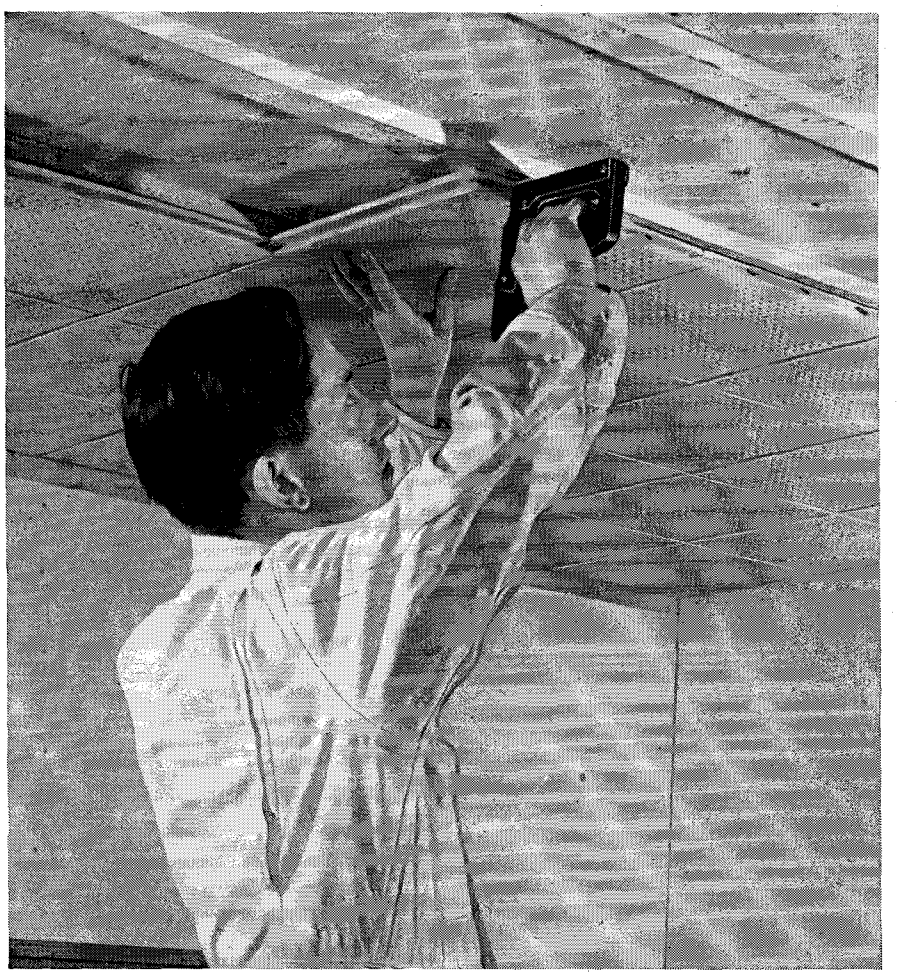

Best way to put up ceiling tile: Use a Bostitch T5-8 Tacker with Bostitch 9/16″ or 1/2″ staples. Press nose of tacker firmly into cove formed by tile flange. Squeeze the lever. Driven staple secures flange to wood strip with great holding power. Each squeeze drives a staple. Spot staples about 4″ apart. You can position tacker quickly, drive three staples in about three seconds and go on to next tile. With the T5, you never mar the face of the tiles—and you can wear gloves to keep them clean.

Fastest way to apply insulation: Use either the Bostitch T5-8 Tacker or the Bostitch H2B Hammer, with Bostitch 3/8″ staples. The hammer is faster with a little practice. You can drive staples with a flick of your wrist. Each blow leaves a staple firmly imbedded. But anyone can use either of these Bostitch stapling tools much more rapidly than hammer and nails. These Bostitch tools leave one hand free for positioning the insulation. Both are available through your building supply dealer or local Bostitch representative.

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In co-operation with leading makers of ceiling tile and insulation, Bostitch has prepared a booklet which gives detailed instructions for installing these materials. The following firms have contributed information for this booklet and approve this method of installation.

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The Celotex Corporation	makers of Celotex Tile Board and Finish Plank and Celotex Regular and Reflective Rock Wool Blankets.
Infra Insulation, Inc.	makers of Infra Multiple Aluminum Thermal Insulation.
Minnesota & Ontario Paper Company	makers of Insulite Tile Board, Plank, and Interior Board.
National Gypsum Company	makers of Gold Bond Insulation Board Products and Rock Wool Insulation.
Reynolds Metals Company	makers of Reynolds Reflective Aluminum Insulation.
United States Gypsum Company	makers of Twin-Tile, Panel-Tile, Quietone, Auditone, USG Insulating Plank, and Red Top Insulating Wool.
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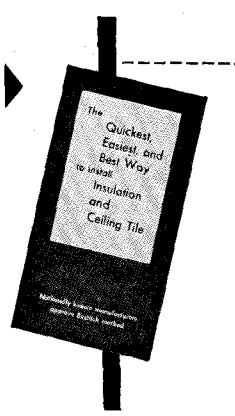

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